

Outdoor America

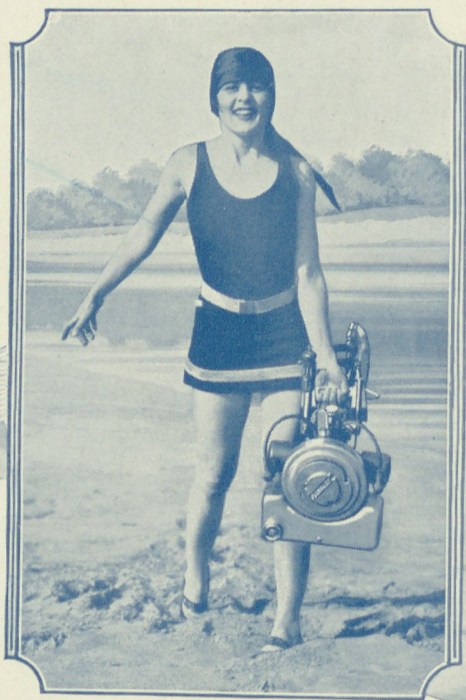
APRIL,
1925

Price
15 Cents

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE



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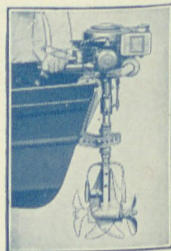
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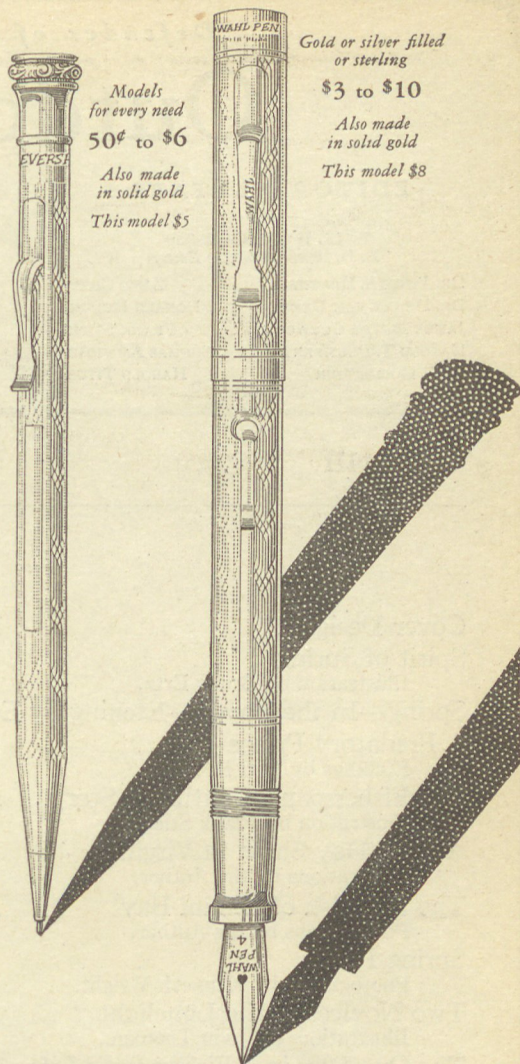
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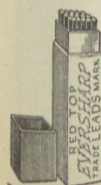
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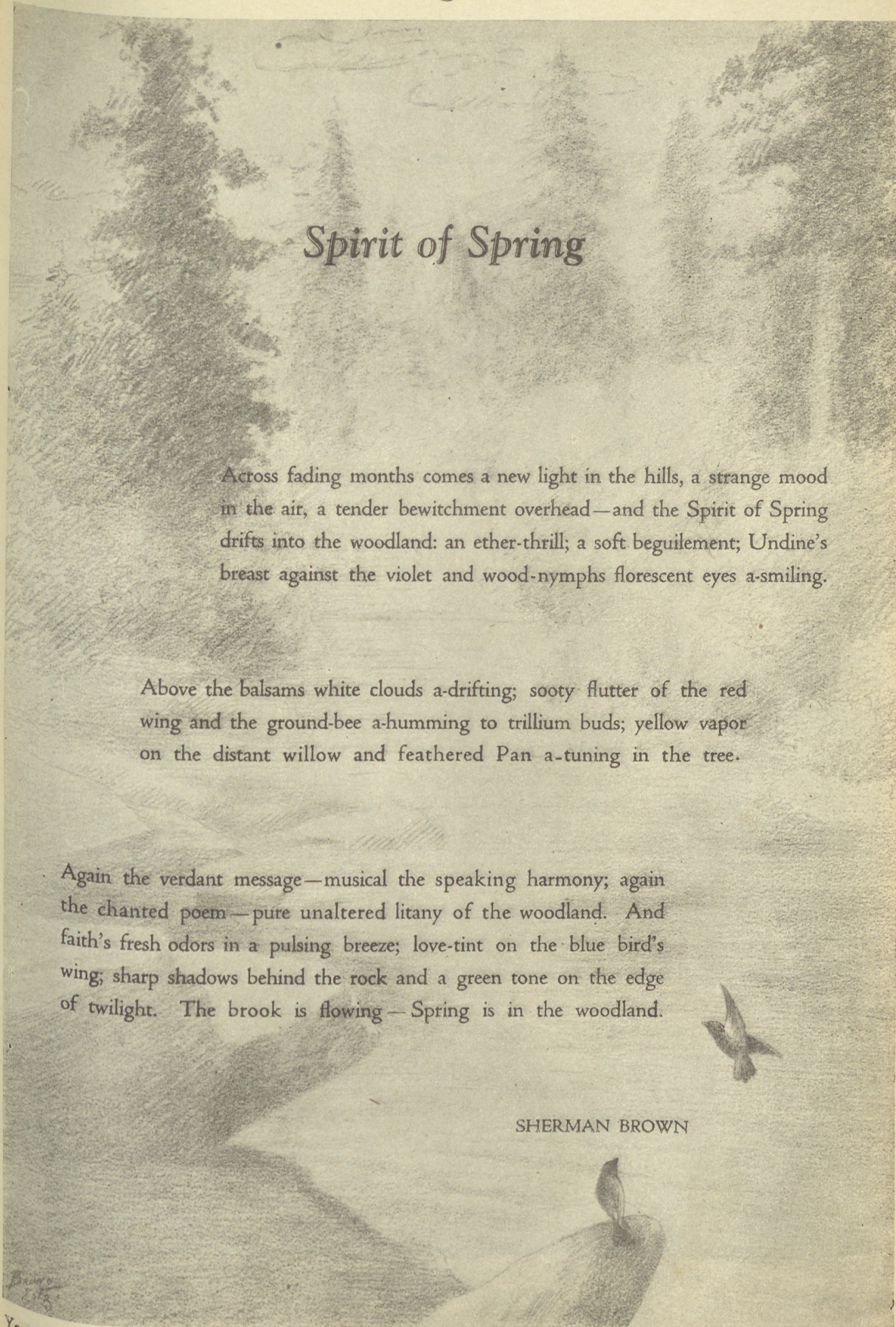
APRIL, 1925

Number 9

CONTENTS

Cover Design	Frank Stick	
Spirit of Spring	Sherman Brown	3
Illustration by Bruno Ertz.		
Spring—In the Bayou—Etching by Earl H. Reed	Frontispiece	
A Predatory Prince	Charles B. Reed	5
Etchings by Earl H. Reed.		
The Fisherman—Continued Story	Zane Grey	9
Illustration by Frank Stick.		
A Four Day Shoot in Virginia	Allen H. Wood, Jr.	12
Illustrations by the Author.		
The Bonefish of Bimini Bay	Van Campen Heilner	14
Photographs by the Author.		
Spring Poets	Donald Hough	16
Photographs by Kenneth Wright.		
Two Novices in the Limelight	I. M. Augustine	18
Illustrations by John Thoman.		
The One Day in a Fisherman's Life	Thornton W. Burgess	20
The Forest and the Sportsman	Harold Titus	21
Photographs by the U. S. Forest Service.		
Captain Bob and Old White-Face	R. P. Harriss	22
Illustrations by G. D. Armour.		
The Three Graces of American Game Fish	Louis Rhead	24
Illustrations by the Author.		
A Waltonian Creed		25
Speaking of Thrills	Elmer E. Rawden	26
Photographs by Kenneth Wright.		
Summer Days and Moonshine	El Comancho	28
Illustrations by C. Otis Wilson.		
Congress Passes League Amendment		30
The Cat's Meow	Bud Ross	32
Illustrations by David M. Newell.		
The Best Trout Fly Patterns—Continued	George Parker Holden	34
Stories and Reminiscences—The Oaks	Jacob M. Dickinson	35
The Jackson Hole Elk		36
The Third National Convention		38
Pollution	Edited by Dr. James A. Henshall	41
When Game Was Tame	Edited by M. L. Gochenour	42
Mostly About Boys	Edited by Ben East	46
A Congressional Classic—Concluded	Finis J. Garrett, M. C.	48
Illinois State Convention	William Lewis	49
Waltonian Nook	Edited by L. C. Murdock	50
Trap Shooting Department	Edited by Jack Smith	54
Outdoor Literature	Thomas Ambrose	60
Kennel Department	Andrew Brooks	86

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.



Spirit of Spring

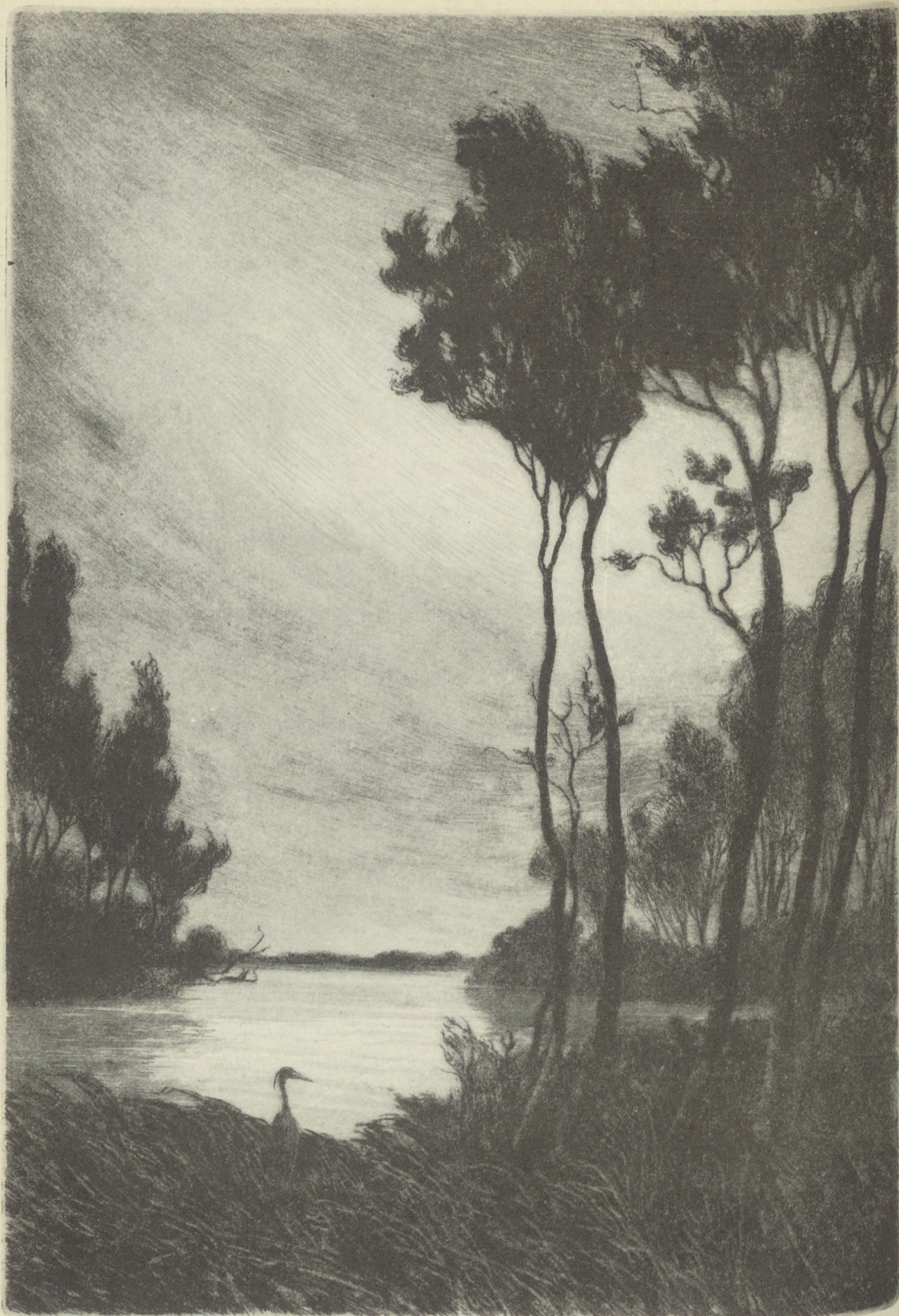
Across fading months comes a new light in the hills, a strange mood in the air, a tender bewitchment overhead—and the Spirit of Spring drifts into the woodland: an ether-thrill; a soft beguilement; Undine's breast against the violet and wood-nymphs florescent eyes a-smiling.

Above the balsams white clouds a-drifting; sooty flutter of the red wing and the ground-bee a-humming to trillium buds; yellow vapor on the distant willow and feathered Pan a-tuning in the tree.

Again the verdant message—musical the speaking harmony; again the chanted poem—pure unaltered litany of the woodland. And faith's fresh odors in a pulsing breeze; love-tint on the blue bird's wing; sharp shadows behind the rock and a green tone on the edge of twilight. The brook is flowing—Spring is in the woodland.



SHERMAN BROWN



Spring—in The Bayou

Etching by Earl H. Reed

A Predatory Prince—By Charles B. Reed

Author of "The Four Way Lodge"
and "The Curse of Cahamba."

Etchings by
Earl H. Reed

MING was a prince in his own right. He was not a member of the Chinese dynasty as the name might suggest but a tyrant just as exacting who ranged about the forested hills and silver waterways north of Lake Superior.

The Ojibways call the wolf Ma-in-na-gan, but such a combination of sounds irks the Anglo-Saxon tongue and so this single stalwart individual was distinguished by the tribal name, shortened and melodized into Ming.

As a potentate of peculiar power, Ming ruled the Pinguisibi from the source to the mouth, and for twenty miles at least on either side. His knowledge of government was neither broad nor altruistic, but it sufficed. "L'etat, c'est moi," kill or be killed, eat or be eaten are principles easily understood and quite authoritative

when enforced by jaws of iron and sinews like steel springs. Throughout the period of his reign, no weakness tempted him even momentarily to mercy, and while he ruled by brutality, it was associated with so much cunning that his sway was rarely questioned. He became in a way a significant if not the dominating influence of the forest rather than one of the minor elements that move about in the great mass of its shadow and mystery.

Whoever wears the purple is marked by some peculiarity or token, like the Hapsburg lip, which not only sets him apart from his fellows but accentuates his superiority. So Ming, through frost, the zeal of his enemies or as a penalty for his own inordinate curiosity, bore with him the symbol of his suzerainty. He had but three toes on his left forefoot. By this sign he was known. It was the seal of his presence.

Ming was no swivel chair executive but restlessly inquisitive. He examined minutely and supervised in person every incident and every adventurer that happened upon his domain. To gratify this impulse, he apparently made systematic trips across the country. He was a wide ranging wolf.

When human visitors entered his district, he noted it, if not on every occasion, at least as often as he cared to. But for the visitors, his existence was neither a series of meetings nor even of proximities, but mostly such recognitions of his presence as he was willing to concede. Through a sign here and a pattern there, his characteristic features were finally assembled. His mental qualities were worked out by induction, while by accretion, by articulation of episodes and finally by ocular manifestation, Ming was envisioned by these intruders as a huge, black, timber wolf. He was broad between the eyes and broad of chest, long of body and tucked up in the loins, while his paws measured four inches in length and the same in breadth—the left forefoot excepted.

His method of disclosing his presence was sometimes intentional and sometimes merely incidental to the gratification of his appetite, or curiosity. It was curiosity that impelled him to learn about the man-scent when first he began to encounter it at infrequent intervals. Almost from the first also he was conscious of a certain irritation. This arose not so much from a sense of danger, apparently, as from a realization of intrusion. He recognized a spirit of inquiry stronger than his own and meddlesome in quality rather than hostile. It nettled him.



Story of a Black Wolf

He first became aware of this influence when he met the man-scent one afternoon near the shore of the Big Lake. It came from a wide trail at his feet and he considered it earnestly with his super-sensitive nose. In spite of its repugnant quality, he was impelled to find its meaning. So he followed the footprints along the shore. As he approached a small brook, the scent became fresher and he traveled with more caution. He was going down wind anyhow and this always made him fidgety.

At length he stood still with his four feet planted squarely in the path. It was unsafe to venture farther. Nose in air, he sniffed the foreground comprehendingly. The man was somewhere about the brook. Having assured himself of this, Ming left the trail, made a wide detour through the woods and

came down on the brook from above.

He now trotted briskly along the bank which, being cross wind, put him more at ease, though he neglected none of his woodcraft. He came upon the footprints again and again as they went in and out of the water with curious irregularity. Finally they left the brook at the shallows and went back up the trail.

Ming gobbled up a small trout which flapped feebly at the edge of the stream and sniffed the spoor of the man till he came to where it left the path. Here something strange had happened, for the man had come back on his own trail, hung a savory basket of fish on a nearby tree and entered the woods on Ming's trail. The wolf studied this new phase in all its bearings. He rose on his hind legs to measure the height of the fish basket but things did not look right. Why did the man tracks follow the wolf tracks? While he was working nervously on this problem, a small dog rushed upon him. Here was something concrete and a swift crunch of the dog's backbone met this emergency, but at the same time the man himself came into view, so Ming glided stealthily into the shelter of the bush. He watched the man kneel over the dog, then rise and travel down the shore of the lake. In the gathering darkness he trotted alongside, either near or far as concealment demanded, until an overpowering wave of man-scent warned him to beware. With a howl of defiance he went about his business.

No arbitrary ruler likes to have his methods questioned or his acts investigated. So the man's ill-bred and ill-timed curiosity naturally aroused Ming's resentment. The black wolf was himself an expert in meddling with his neighbor's affairs but he needed centuries of inheritance before he could hope to compete with Man. It is easy to imagine one's self to be the civil arm of a spiritual power, and once the human animal gets the idea of regulating his brethren he will leave his own affairs unwatched while he gives himself to the more agreeable occupation. Ming henceforth felt himself a victim of this system. Neither his hunting or scouting expeditions nor yet his home was to be safe apparently from scrutiny or from alterations that aroused his ire. Not only was his royal domain publicly overrun, but he was to find even his domestic privacy open to invasion.

Ming had selected his den with extreme care. Twenty miles south and east of the mouth of the little brook, lies a small



body of water. It is one of those lakes, unhappily rare, where speckled trout will rise to the fly in mid-summer. The Laurentian Hills form an insurmountable bulwark on three sides of the lake, but on the fourth they fall away in a wide arena of tumbled debris and massive fragments of granite. From this side access to the lake is easy.

Close to the wild shore of this secluded water, Ming and his mate had found a home. They dug out a hole under an overhanging rock and raised a family. In the late summer the half-grown whelps frolicked about over the scraggy terrain which furnished innumerable channels, corners, and crypts for their amusement. Their runways twisted around the boulders, burrowed through the tall grass and spread out along the edge of the beach in endless entanglement.

In this lonely sanctuary the wolf family was surprised one day by a strong wave of the offensive man-scent which rolled in from the tumbled rocks of the play ground. With muzzles high, the two old wolves tried the air currents from various angles. The scent grew stronger and for a time the wary animals drew back a short distance into the forest. Nothing happened, and later, as the danger signals became stationary, they returned to their cave.

Occasionally queer sounds floated by which made the hair ridge up on their backs as they walked stiffly to and fro, or sat suspiciously in front of their lair. Next, a series of delicious odors wafted in upon them that made them drivel and drool. Night came and with it the deep stillness of the North Woods wherein only the wind and the trees, the white throat and the loon, feel a liberty of expression. Among the rest of the wood folk, when darkness falls, the furtive hunt for food begins.

Under the shelter of this kindly night, Ming and his savage mate investigated the unwelcome intruders. They glided stealthily down a runway from bush to rock, from log to tree, and from hollow to high grass. They noted with angry interest three white mounds which rose boldly from an erstwhile barren shore of wide sand. Near the mounds and to one side, smoke floated upward and outward from the embers of a smouldering fire.

Twice they circled the white mounds at a safe distance on the forest side, and each time as they swung in toward the beach they smelt the mouth-watering odor of pork. Foot by foot they stole closer to that tantalizing fragrance which became stronger every moment, but so, alas, did the man-scent. They finally stopped, shifted sideways and slunk back and forth in eager silence. They sat on their haunches and slobbered in great streaks. They dug their huge paws into the hard sand in a frenzy of desire, but they feared to venture nearer to the unknown conditions that might linger around the pork. The night faded and they slipped invisibly back to their den, but they had left on the shore a full record of their operations.

The next day they heard voices. The man-scent grew thicker and stronger, and in real alarm the whole wolf family filed off into the woods. It was time. They were hardly gone before their home was beset by a number of men who laughed and talked and poked about the den with long inquisitive sticks. The wolf family abandoned its cave, but in sullen reluctance lingered in the neighborhood. In a few days the white mounds vanished from the beach, the man-scent disappeared and Ming and his family sniffed in a stiff and morose curiosity about the vacant beach. They snapped up occasional bones, bacon rinds, and fragments of fish which they found on the sand, but Ming made long circuits and constantly tasted the air with his nose.

This experience was followed shortly by another. Ming and his mate were seeking whom and what they might devour, when, about eight miles from their den, they came upon the trail of a doe and started her in desperate flight across the ridges and down the river valley toward Lake Superior. Closer and closer with tireless speed they pressed the leaping deer. Almost they could feel their great fangs in her flanks when suddenly the whole group plunged into a dense cloud of the offensive man-scent. The wolves checked themselves so abruptly that they slid forward several feet through the leaves and soft loam before they could stop. The doe bounded on till she came close to the men, then slowing down to a walk, she passed quietly and wearily through their midst, dropped into the stream beyond and swam bravely away. One of the party followed her down stream until she seemed safe and then drove her out of the water on the side away from her pursuers. The wolves were very properly disgusted. To be robbed of a delicious meal which was almost in their mouths was bad enough yet comprehensible, but to have their dinner stolen only to see it cast aside uneaten was an unintelligible caprice.

Two seasons passed, and while Ming doubtless reconnoitered as industriously as ever, yet he must have conducted himself with less boldness or more craft, for he left no records. His unsocial attendance was not discovered and it is probable his authority was not challenged nor his operations appreciably impeded.

The next winter, however, was long and bitterly cold. The snow was deep, game was scarce and hunting difficult. In consequence Ming fed himself largely from the traps of Waboosons. Indeed, there came a time when this young Indian traveled homeward laden with skins and a prize moosehead on top of his pack. Ming and his starving pack took the trail and in an ecstasy of hunger drove the boy to take refuge in a tree. Here, with a fire at the foot which he fed with occasional branches dropped from above, Waboosons kept the wolves at bay. Nevertheless they prowled around all night. Morning brought a new wave of man-scent and Ming and his pack fled from the reinforcement.

Spring and summer came on. Ming resumed his watchful patrol. One of these excursions was marked by two incidents which he associated with the perversity of man. In one case he stumbled on a strong odor of pork and a weak odor of man. Suspecting a trap, he sniffed and circled the place warily. Strangely enough the appetizing fragrance seemed to settle down from above where some kind of a bundle swung between two trees. It was surely meat, and who but men would have food which they did not eat. He rose on his hind feet but still he lacked much. He jumped time after time in vain. Once with a mighty leap he set the package swinging but it did not fall. Then Ming settled down on his haunches and drooled wistfully as he stared upward and thought. He rose and walked to and fro. He saw no solution of the problem and finally gave it up and cooled his frothing mouth in the river. One more look at the swaying pack and he went away. The next day he visited the place again but the package was gone and the man-scent was very strong.

A week later he smelt the meat odor once more as he stood in a thicket and watched a number of men file by laden with the usual pack. The last pack was especially savory and he ventured to follow after, but unaccountably the men turned back and he fled, leaving behind him in the still air a thick layer of his own characteristic effluvium—a vile mixture of wet dog and carrion.

It was this particular group of travelers who seemed to make the most trouble for Ming and indeed, to seek it. It might be well to try them out and see exactly what they meant. An opportunity came soon. The wolf was passing through a beaver meadow when a rabbit sprang from the grass. He was too late. Ming had him in an instant and crunched him down. He was licking his chops and picking up the fragments here and there when he heard the rhythmic beat of footsteps. He glared down the trail expectantly and tested the wind, which was against him. A moment after a man appeared with the inevitable pack. All the man-scent creatures carried packs. Ming was in no mood to withdraw but stood squarely across the path. The man stopped. This was a long desired event. He studied the wolf attentively. He measured him by the bush at his side and later found the height to be thirty inches. He admired the healthy black of the thick hair which was unusual for the season. He noted also the long body with the loins tucked up like a greyhound. This gave the animal his speed just as the powerful shoulders and deep chest gave him strength and endurance.

Doubtless Ming was busy with a similar series of observations, for the black wolf yielded to no one in curiosity. His eyes burned with a fierce savagery, the hair on his back bristled slightly and the lips drew back in aversion and scorn. Almost he snarled. Then as he watched, he saw the man swing the pack to the ground, open it and take out a short black stick and a thick brown one. He saw the man put these together with an ominous snap, which agitated even his iron nerves. Then the man reached behind him in a movement which had in it something so sinister and significant that the wolf thought it best to withdraw. He was cynical but not foolhardy, as he proved by springing into the bush. He was out of sight in a second, but so near that he heard the man chuckle. What was that? Angrily he turned back to find out about that strange and irritating sound and ventured a bit too far. The man saw him and raised the stick quickly. Ming dodged at the motion and just in time to hear a terrific noise together with a splintering of bark from the tree where his swift receding head had been.

The next year there were no intentional visitations from the



Ming was a prince in his own right, a tyrant who ranged about the forested hills and silver waterways.

black wolf. His curiosity was satisfied but yet he and the men were fated to meet once more. To Ming the encounter brought an unusual measure of discomfiture and disgust. To the man it brought the graceless gratification of having intervened in one of nature's laws and brought it temporarily to naught.

The wolf was especially hungry one morning as he stood on a ridge and saw the rising sun flood the valley below with light. It was a deep cut valley, filled with a dense white vapor which the currents of air were slowly dissipating. Hunting had been bad for Ming and he stretched his legs and back and tried the air greedily with muzzle high, first one way, then another. There was something floating about which the mist could not entirely hide. His lips drew back over his white fangs and his nostrils widened and twitched anxiously. Yes, it must be deer and not so very far away. With nose up, the wolf went noiselessly forward, for none knew better than Ming the value of silence in the forest. No sound escaped him save in sheer wantonness or in moments of idle gratification or calling.

Some distance along the valley, a stag had risen from his leafy bed at the first suggestion of dawn and begun to crop the scattered clumps of vegetation as he fitfully made his way toward the water. Occasionally he raised his head with its crown of slowly hardening antlers, listened with ears tipped smartly back, then quivering forward, and sniffed the air with vibrant nostrils. The slow moving mists told him nothing but he felt a vague apprehension. Some intuition developed from centuries of intimidation gave him subtle warnings of danger. There was menace from somewhere. He ceased to graze and looked about anxiously. His ears pitched nervously. A minute later his nose confirmed his intuitions. With a mighty bound, the stag began a race with death, for after him, black as night and running low, came the silent shape of doom. Up hill and down valley, across streams and through windfalls

the stag strained and strove while closer and ever closer drew Ming, the wolf. Mile after mile was passed without a sound save the rustle of leaves, the crash of brush and the rush and swirl of the chase.

The fog lifted. Nature's face was changed but ever the deadly race was run. With heaving sides and dilated eyes, the stag turned to the water hoping his inexorable foe might halt at the brink. The hope was vain. The deer plunged but the wolf was only a few feet behind. Slowly the hunter gained on his exhausted prey. He nipped the stag's rump, tore at the roots of his tail and strove to fix his long fangs in the flesh, well knowing if once his teeth held, he could run up the back and sink his murderous jaws in the neck. The stag knew it too and by convulsive kicks with his hind feet he managed to tear the teeth loose at each fresh attack. Both were so engrossed in the life and death struggle that they failed to notice two canoes bearing swiftly down upon them. Stern and bow, Indian and white, all were paddling madly with an axe close to the bow paddler's hand. Seventy-five, fifty, twenty-five feet separated the canoes from the combatants. Ming buried his teeth deep in the rump of the stag. The victory was won. But at the same instant he sensed the new threat in his rear. With one swift glance behind, he slipped off the stag and swam like a streak for the shore. He reached it with his pursuers shouting in his wake. The margin was so narrow that the canoe grated up on the sand just as Ming finished his spring from the shallow water to the shelter of the bush. He was gone, but if he had turned aside on the top of the first ridge, he would have seen two canoes herding his rescued prey like a sheep. He would have seen the stag draw his torn and bleeding haunches out of the water, to seek and possibly to find relief for his pounding heart in some remote thicket. But Ming was sore. He knew as well as Waboosons that the stag was fagged



to the point of death, and that the interference was probably as futile as it was unwelcome and wanton.

The wolf's meetings with men had always been humiliating and usually associated with some loss. Nevertheless, another meeting was destined to occur. It was to be a tragedy, this last, for Ming was approaching the end of his reign. His next appearance to the white man would be as a skeleton bleaching on the wind and wave swept sands. He was to fall, however, not by human hands, but, like many another royalty, through self-confidence and the natural laws of an all too hazardous existence. Meanwhile, his courage in no way diminished. He still felt abundantly able to master any deer, be it buck or doe. Indeed, he avoided no antagonist save the bear, the bull moose, and some of the larger cats. It was this deep confidence, born of long success, that made him lord of the forest and kept all rivals from his range.

Summer merged with autumn. The frost crisped the ground, crimsoned the maple and yellowed the birch. Again the black wolf found the spoor of his prey. His eyes flamed as he inhaled the warm scent. A short trail led him down a steep incline to an open sandy shore where a stag awaited his mate. If the wolf had not been reckless and under such headway as to make retreat impossible, he would have checked his assault, for in an instant he knew his failure. The stag was young and sturdy, his antlers new and sharp, while the season endowed him with unusual courage and aggressiveness. His chest swelled with pride and rage as the wolf came whirling down the slope. The stag lowered his broad antlers to meet the shock. Ming was dismayed by the unexpected fierceness but it was too late to fall back. Then, too, his pride and battle lust rose dominantly. His appetite was sharp and he flew eagerly to the fray. He sprang for the neck, but the stag whirled aside, and as the wolf missed he received a glancing blow in the ribs from the antlers. The buck charged in turn and the wolf gave way, then leaped again for the throat, but his fangs met with an empty snap.

Always those wide antlers stood fence-like between him and his goal.

Hour after hour the two warriors circled and charged. Both suffered punishment and bled profusely. The deer from the terrible slash and cut of the jaws and the wolf from the jab of knife-like hoofs or the merciless thrust of the antlers. Warily they attacked or shifted, fiercely they charged or prudently gave way. Alertly they thrust or parried but ever wearily the duel continued. The wolf had lost his blood-lust and his head warned him to retire, but the stag was battle-crazed and pushed the wolf toward the water in a blind rage. Both fought in a silence that was uncanny. The soft sand muffled even the sound of their feet.

However, on that bleak shore, amid swirling gusts of wind and falling leaves, the conflict at last came to an end. Flesh and blood, nerve and sinew, were alike exhausted. The tired stag slipped in the wet sand and in his recovery raised his head. The wolf saw his opportunity and shot forward. His jaws closed on the throat like a vise but his teeth no longer had their vise-like tenacity. The sharp hoofs of the stag cut him to pieces underneath and at the same time tore the fangs from their deepset grip. Ming fell on his side and rolled quickly away, but not quickly enough. Before he was out of reach, he received another blow from those deadly feet that broke his back. It was the last effort of the stag. Blood gushed from his latest wound. Slowly he sank to his knees. His breath came in gasps and in a few seconds he expired on the field of his gallant victory.

Meanwhile, Ming crawled feebly away, dragging his helpless haunches. He was bleeding freely from many wounds and his body slowly chilled. Then his eyes glazed and he also died, not far from his foe.

The drama was ended and Nature went indifferently about her affairs. The wind whirled in wild fleeting squalls, the trees bowed and dropped their leaves, and from the lapping waters nearby came the weird cynical laughter of a loon.

When the Days Are Short

By K. V. BENNIS

*When I was young it seemed to me
The days were all about the same;
If some were short and some were long
I didn't notice when they came.*

*But now it's different, in the Spring
When fishing time is drawing near,
The days are getting mighty long—
I've overhauled my fishing gear—*

*And when at last, beside a stream,
In full content, the limit caught;
My stomach says it's supper time—
By Gollies—but the days are short.*



Scene along the Izaak Walton League's Upper Mississippi Fish and Wild Life Refuge.
The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.

The Fisherman

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Frank Stick

LORRY saw the old fisherman catch more than a dozen chubs and shiners before being discovered.

"Hey! Here you are," shouted Mr. Miser, heartily.

"Welcome as May flowers!"

"Hello, Mr. Miser. You bet I'm glad, too," returned Lorry, thrilling with the fact of his presence there and that he had been looked for. Swiftly he took off his shoes, and then followed a little path through the green brush to a point above the rocky ledge, and down to the level of the water. He waded in boldly, and when up to his knees he found it difficult to keep his balance. There were swift little channels to cross, where the bottom was rough and footing insecure. Soon, however, he got out upon smooth flat rock, where the water was shallow, and hurried to meet the outstretched hand of the old man.

"Well, Lorry, I've been looking for you these many days," he said.

"I—I couldn't just quite make it," stammered Lorry.

"You got here finally, and now you must come often, especially later in the summer when the bass bite best. . . .

I saw you nearly fell as you waded out. You must learn to be careful. After high water the rocks are covered with slime. It's as slippery as slippery elm. Push your foot ahead of you over the rocks and rub off the slime before you trust yourself to step.

You'll learn quickly. You're a sturdy lad. But I've had some mighty hard falls. Only last week I hooked a big bass out there, and forgot to be careful. I slipped—and the bass is there yet for us to catch."

"Was he a big one?" asked Lorry, eagerly.

"Biggest kind of a bass. Six pounds easy."

"Did you see him?" blurted out Lorry, breathlessly.

"Saw him take my bait. It was one of these blue chubs I'm catching now. Best bait for bass. Lively and strong. You hook one through the lips carefully, and it holds, but doesn't kill."

"I watched you catch a good many before you saw me. It was just wonderful. I thought I was a minnow-catcher. But—I guess I've worlds to learn."

"A fisherman can learn all his life," replied Mr. Miser, earnestly. "Not only how to find and catch all kinds of fish, but to understand nature, and the beauty and mystery of the life God has created on earth."

These words sank deep into Lorry's heart, never to be forgotten, never to fail of the inspiration they breathed.

Old Muddy Miser, despite the reputation of pauper and hermit and outcast accorded him, despite his rags, and the apparent wreck of his life, loomed up greatly to Lorry.

And just then the long stiff mustard reed switched, to jerk out of the green current a wriggling chub, that shone blue and white in the sun. Lorry heard the line whistle as the old fisherman swung the chub round his head and waded over to the bucket. The chub was almost stiff with dizziness and had to be lowered into the bucket before it would shake off.

"Lorry, a real fisherman must be adept at catching bait," said Mr. Miser, returning to his post. "It takes as much patience and skill as fishing for the large fish. Look at this hook. It was made from a needle. I took out the temper, bent it suitably, you see with a slight offset. For bait I use the tail of a small hellgramite. It sticks on the hook. A piece of worm is just as good bait for minnows but you must put on a fresh piece after every catch. You see my pole is quite long, very light and stiff. The single thread is about eighteen inches longer than the pole. There's a tiny piece of lead a few inches above the hook. This is the best kind of rig for minnows that I have learned to use in forty years. . . . Now, watch. I cast quarteringly up and across this shallow swift place. Just a few inches of water there. You'd not expect to find chubs in so shallow a riffle. But they hide behind stones, waiting for feed. You see how the bait drifts, as lightly almost as thistledown. But it should be under an inch or so. Therefore the bit of lead. You see the chub strike like a little tiger. And you must jerk at the same instant. Otherwise you miss. . . . There! That one was too quick! I'll cast again. Watch.

See the bait drifting. There! See that silver shiner with blue fins. He's after it. . . . Another miss! . . . Aha! There's a good big chub. And out he comes."

But in swinging this chub, which was fully ten inches long, the old fisherman threw it off the hook.

"Too big, anyhow, except for the biggest kind of a bass," said Mr. Miser. "Now, Lorry, you take the pole, and let's see how apt a pupil you are."

What a wonderful little tackle, Lorry thought! It was so easy to handle. The pole was nothing but a weed with pithy center. It had been dried, and seemed no heavier than a feather. Lorry made a cast, at which the old fisherman nodded

Let's Go Fishin'

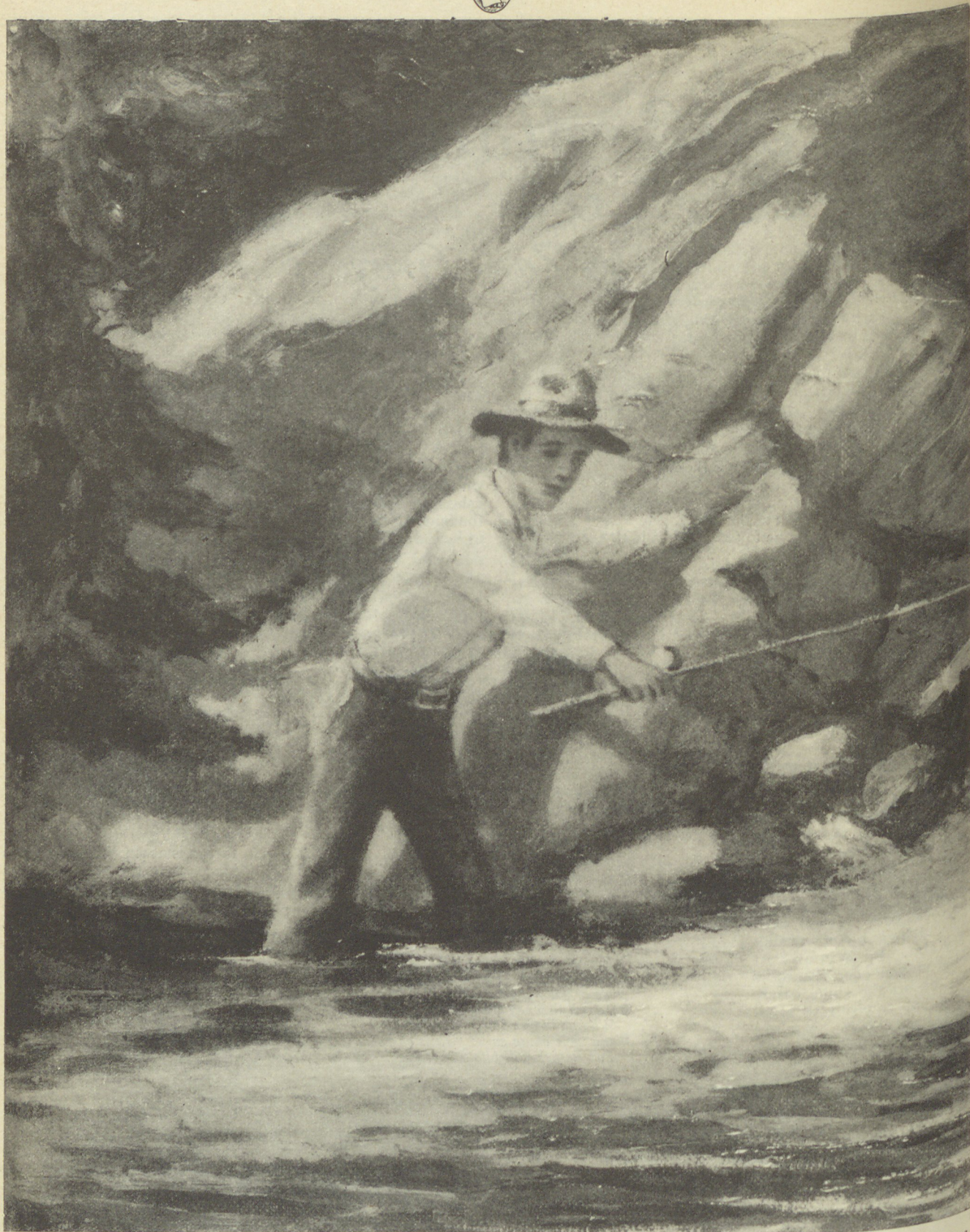
By ROBERT SHAILOR HOLMES

*When a man ain't got no money
An' his wife begins to stew;
When he feels a storm a-brewin'
An' the lan'lord is past due:
Why, it makes him feel like shoutin'
When a neighbor comes to say:
"Come on, Pal, let's go a-fishin'
For the fish will bite today."*

*When th' creditors are crowdin'
And you cannot sleep at night;
When the lawyers are foreclosin'
And you've 'bout give up the fight,
It is like a voice from Heaven
When a call these words convey:
"Hey there, Pal, let's go a-fishin'
For the fish will bite today."*

*There is some that says that fishin'
Is a wastin' of yore time,
That a feller what goes fishin'
Never will be wuth a dime;
But I pity money chasers
Who no boyhood thrills betray
When their chum says: "Let's go fishin'
For the fish will bite today."*

*Mebbe some may think it's canny
Chasin' gold from sun to sun;
But what's the use of livin'
When you've lost yer sense of fun.
You can do yer work far better
When you mix it with some play.
Call me dead when I quit wishin'
For the fish to bite some day.*



On the sixth cast he saw a glint of blue, a little swirl back of his bait. Like a flash he jerked, too quickly he thought. But there

approval. Lorry felt that somehow a great deal depended upon how he acquitted himself. Never had he been so keen and tense to imitate what he had observed in another. He cast and he watched the tiny bait float down. No boy had a sharper eye than Lorry. On the sixth cast he saw a glint of blue, a little swirl back of his bait. Like a flash he jerked, too quickly he thought. But there came an instant when the pole felt a tug, a resistance, lively and strong, and then out of the water splashed a wiggling chub. Lorry swung it out and up,

and then round his head, careful to keep the line taut. He watched the chub stop wiggling, grow limp, and straight. Then swinging it over his head Lorry waded over to the bucket, and cautiously let the little fish down until the momentum ceased just over the bucket. The chub gave a gasp, and a kick, and slid off the hook.

"Oh, what fun!" exclaimed Lorry, going back. "It's just as fine—takes just as much as big fishing."

"Lorry, you will make a great fisherman," replied Old



Illustration by Frank Stick

came an instant when the pole felt a tug, a resistance, lively and strong, and then out of the water splashed a wiggling chub.

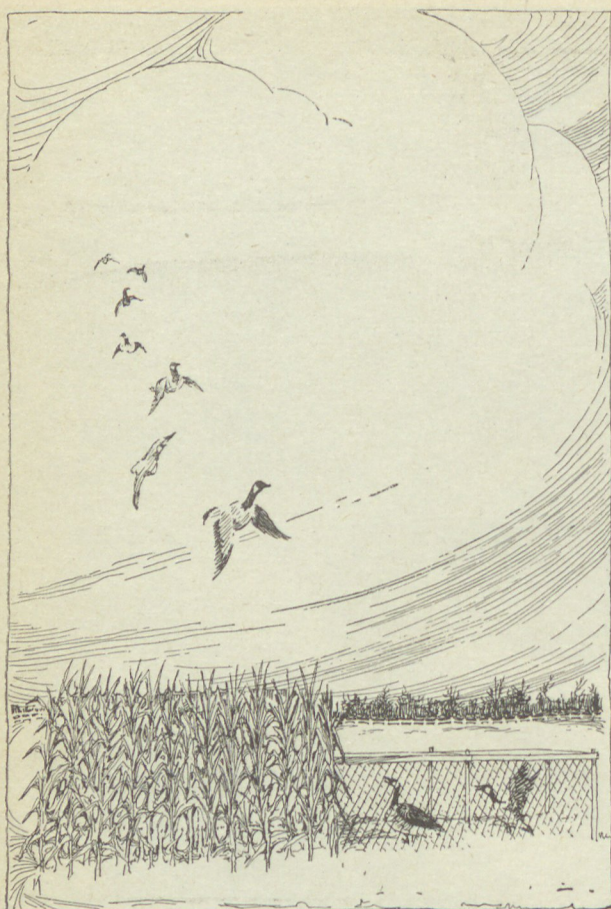
Muddy Miser, simply. "I see that in you. I prophesy it. And by great fisherman I do not mean one who merely catches fish. Once you seize upon the something that cannot be put in words you will understand what I mean. Do not let anyone ever blind you to the dignity and worthiness of fishing. Christ's best disciples were fishermen. Whatever you give from yourself to fishing—whatever you find in it—will have an incalculable effect upon your life. You will become somebody some day. Not that I mean success in life is the only coveted thing.

He also serves who only stands and waits. . . . I came of a good family. Your father will tell you that. I was rich and respected. I lost wealth, position, family, friends—not from wickedness or selfishness on my part. Now I am old and poor—Pogie, as that boy called me—but I find content in fishing. And it is going to make me happy to teach you all that it means."

Lorry was so astonished that he could scarcely conceal his feelings. How utterly incongruous this old man's dignity and eloquence in contrast with his name

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 61]

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?



Soon we heard a roar of wings as the geese circled to the field.

"THERE'S a few of 'em, sah, as must have got lost." The colored porter on the Pullman was pointing to a bed of several thousand ducks floating a quarter of a mile from the shore on the Potomac River.

"What do you mean, lost?" I asked him. "Them ain't no ducks at all, sah, you ought to see 'em further down the river!"

I was on my way to Fredericksburg to stay with some friends for a few days, and incidentally to get some shooting. The sight of those ducks and the porter's remarks about more ducks and geese immediately aroused me from that lethargy that all travelers fall into after riding for any length of time on a train.

About an hour after seeing and crossing the Potomac, we arrived at Fredericksburg and were met by our host who drove us to his home, where we were greeted in the usual hospitable southern way. After removing an accumulation of soot and cinders, my host, Emmett, took me out on his back porch where two beautiful big, red-legged, wild turkeys were hanging. "We'll go after some more of those babies tomorrow," he said. "This afternoon we'll try to locate and scatter a flock so we can get at them tomorrow."

The method they use in hunting these turkeys is interesting. The evening before the hunt, the sportsmen and their dogs travel through the turkey country until they locate a flock of roosting birds. The turkeys roost in flocks of four to ten in the tops of thick pines, as a rule. If these roosting flocks are disturbed in the late afternoon they separate and do not come together again until the following morning, when some one of the flock will start calling, and the others will join the caller. After the hunters have located and scattered a flock, they come back to the same locality the next morning, before daybreak, and locate in a rough brush blind built for the occasion. They then imitate a female turkey's call by means of one of several kinds of artificial calls.

The artificial call used in and around Fredericksburg is similar to the one illustrated. Two pieces of red cedar, one longer than the other and rounded, are separated by other strips of wood. A piece of slate about two inches long by an inch wide and one quarter of an inch thick is drawn across the rounded piece of cedar; if the wood is of the proper thickness, a remarkable imitation of a turkey call can be coaxed out of this device. Of course a certain amount of practice is necessary, and a thorough knowledge of just how a turkey *does* call, but with these two

A Four Day Shoot in Virginia

By ALLEN H. WOOD, Jr.

Illustrated by the Author

points taken care of, the results with this apparatus are wonderful. The greatest of care is necessary in using this call or any other, as the turkey is a very wary bird and any slip in imitating the call results in a ruined hunt.

Usually several birds of the scattered flock hear and respond to this call, and come stalking majestically through the brush to join, as they suppose, one of their companions, only to be greeted by a heavy load of number two's.

Of course circumstances differ as in other kinds of hunting and it is sometimes impractical to scatter turkeys the night before. It then becomes necessary to hunt them with a dog and shoot them on flush. This is *real* hunting with odds in favor of the turkey. A turkey when flushed is off like a shot, making a noise like the falling of several large trees. A novice is usually so bewildered by the sight and noise of the large bird making off in the woods that by the time he remembers he is carrying a gun the turkey has passed over several other counties!

We started out this Sunday afternoon to try to locate one of these turkey flocks. We walked for mile after mile through swampy bottoms and thick pine forests, but never saw or heard a single turkey. We scared up several coveys of quail and heard the whistle of startled doves' wings, but the wild turkeys were either too wary for us, or else they just weren't in that section of the country.

The following day, Monday, we set out before daybreak to try our luck at the turkeys again in a different part of the county. The section we chose to hunt is recorded in history as the territory over which the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House, or "Bloody Angle," was fought during the great struggle of 1861-64. In the depths of the thickest pine woods we penetrated were mile after mile of old Confederate trenches and breast works, and in the cleared spaces where corn is grown, the plow unearths every spring grape-shot, minnie balls, buttons and all the typical debris of a war.

We walked twenty actual miles and fifty mental miles, and still no turkeys. We saw places in the woods where they had scratched in the leaves for food, but that was all. The scenery was beautiful, the day was sunny, and the hunt interesting, but the shooting was rotten that day.

We concluded that if time allowed we might get a shot at a turkey, but time didn't allow, so we decided to go goose shooting Tuesday. So at four o'clock, Tuesday morning, we drove



He had taken less than a dozen steps when he froze on point.



thirty miles out in the country to a large farm bordering the Rappahannock River. After warming ourselves at a cheerful fire in the farm house, and partaking of a little pre-Volstead fuel, we walked to a large cornfield in the middle of which stood a corn husk blind. Outside of the blind, two tame geese were enclosed in a pen, and in front of the blind cracked corn had been scattered on the ground. Four of us crawled into the blind in the dark and cold and prayed that our chattering teeth and shaking knees wouldn't make too much disturbance in the dry husks. We had been in the blind about half an hour, and the sky was just lighting in the east, when from out of the sky we heard a faint "honk." Immediately the two tame geese began a loud "honking" on their own behalf and flew against the sides of their pen in a furor of excitement. Soon we heard a roar of wings as the wild geese circled the cornfield before alighting. After circling the field several times on the watch for anything out of the way, they finally made up their minds that all was well, and coasted down to the field behind the blind. There were only seven birds in the flock, but the noise they made wheeling overhead sounded like an army of them.



With a squawk of alarm all the ducks rose from the water.

About fifteen minutes later another flock of geese, this time forty-two birds, circled the field and lit in front of the blind, where they stood preening their feathers and pecking at the corn on the ground. The first flock of seven geese which had lit back of the blind walked by us in single file to join the new arrivals in front. Forty-nine large Canada geese offered us as good a target as we could hope for, so waiting until they were all busily engaged in feeding, Emmet whispered, "All ready, now, aim." When he had allowed sufficient time to elapse for us all to pick our bunch of birds and draw a good bead on them, he gave the signal to "fire!" What a racket! The four guns went off as one. The unwounded geese sprang in the air and rushed away from this unknown cataclysm of thunder and destruction. The wounded geese flopped away in all directions hissing and grunting, and a half dozen birds lay prone on the ground unmindful of the commotion around them.

After the unwounded geese had gotten well out of sight (it is important that they never see persons near the blind) we all rushed out and dispatched the wounded birds who were scattered all over the field by this time. Packing the dead geese on our backs we trailed back to the farmhouse and enjoyed a hot breakfast, which was most welcome, as we were all chilled to the bone.

This was my first experience in shooting geese on the ground in a cornfield, and while it was a mighty interesting event, I do think that I prefer the northern method of shooting geese on the wing over water. I'll admit that we don't get as many geese wing shooting, but those we do get we have reason to be a little more proud of.

As it was then only eight o'clock, we took the dogs and hunted the nearby territory for quail. Often, as we crossed the wet bottom lands, a flash of fire would dive into a nearby thicket

and we would hear the weak, insipid "chip" of a cardinal. Beautiful spots of vivid green and red proclaimed the presence of holly trees, their color enhanced by the dull brown, withered foliage surrounding them, and higher up, on the branches of leaf-denuded oaks were clusters of green and white mistletoe.

The quail shooting was very poor in this particular spot, so we all climbed into the flock of Fords patiently waiting at the farmhouse, and drove back towards Fredericksburg. About half way between the goose blind and Fredericksburg is a

long stretch of country covered with Peafields, cornfields and swamps, an ideal place for quail. Here we stopped. Two of us—Montgomery and myself—set off in one direction and the rest of the party in another direction.

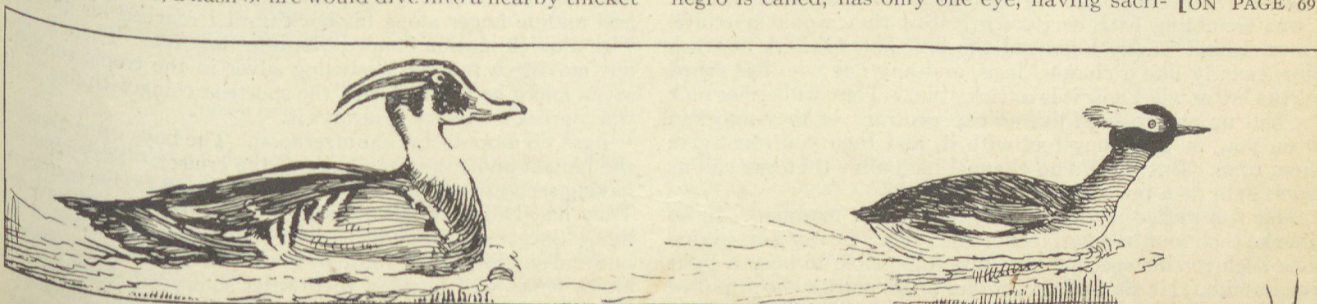
We struck our first covey on the edge of a large watery swamp, but the brush was so thick we only succeeded in knocking down a single bird. At the report of the gun several hundred mallard and pintails arose in a cloud from the middle of the swamp, where they had been feeding, and flew off noisily in all directions.

Montgomery's dog discovered a rabbit hiding under a bush just where we had flushed the quail a moment before. Bunny was soon added to the game bag.

The next covey of quail the dog pointed were wild and flew up while the dog was still on point, scattering into a nearby cornfield. We climbed a fence surrounding the field and began to hunt the birds, one by one. I had just dropped a bird and my dog had picked him up to bring him to me. He had taken less than a dozen steps when he froze on point with the bird in his mouth. To dog lovers an incident of this kind marks a red letter day. Coming to point with a bird in mouth! I have been told that this occasionally happens, but I had never before been fortunate enough to actually see it.

We picked up about a dozen quail in this particular cornfield, and about a dozen more in a neighboring field. This satisfied us for the day, so we went back to the car to wait for the rest of the party. They trailed along about half an hour later and we all started back to town to catch up on a little sleep in readiness for the next day's hunting.

The following morning we were up and started at 3 A. M. for the duck marsh to tussle with the mallard, black ducks and pintails, or sprigtails, as they are called in Fredericksburg. The duck marsh is located on one of the numerous creeks that empty into the Rappahannock River. Six-inch boards have been laid for about a mile through this swamp to a small lagoon on which the blind is located. Woe to anyone who slips off those six-inch boards! The mud is watery, viscous and very deep. About half way in there is located a shack with a stove and several bunks. The shack is in command of an aged negro who cooks the meals, baits the lagoon with corn, retrieves the dead birds, watches and cares for the decoys and makes himself generally useful. Uncle Bill, as the old [CONTINUED] negro is called, has only one eye, having sacri- [ON PAGE 69]



A beautiful male wood duck and a perky little horned grebe were engaged in a swimming contest.

The Bonefish of Bimini Bay

By VAN CAMPEN HEILNER

THE great flats lay like glass beneath the burning tropical sun. I stood upright in the canoe and poled slowly along looking all about me for signs of bonefish. Every object, no matter how small, was clearly visible on the ocean floor for hundreds of yards. The canoe grated softly on the shallows. It was dead low water, or just on the turn, I couldn't be certain. Stepping overboard, I dragged the canoe up over the banks and toward the mangroves until she was high and dry. The tide would be coming in shortly and in a couple of hours I would be afloat. Driving down a stake, I made the canoe fast amidships and settled down to my lunch.

I could hear the faint putt-putt of the launch. The boys had towed me up and gone on to a favorite patch of their own. Well, it was going to be a long wait but if one waited a year for a bonefish it was worth it, I mused, as I finished my last sandwich and glanced over my tackle.

In another hour, I noticed the tide creeping up around the canoe and in a comparatively short time the water, a good cast's length away, began to look propitious. I chopped a conch up very fine and threw out a lot of chum. I repeated this about every twenty minutes thereafter. Then I saw a fin, off to one side. But it was a small shark who began feasting on my chum. I stood up and waved my arms, but he paid no attention. Then I cast my sinker at him and he moved slowly off.

It was right after this that I saw a bonefish, a very big one. I do not know where he came from. The first I knew, he was there, about twenty feet from the canoe, gliding like a blue gray shadow over the bottom. I baited up with a nice piece of crawfish and cast near him. In a flash he was gone. Then I saw more bonefish, a whole school of them. They were coming in with the tide, and they were headed straight for my bait! But though they went right past it, and I believe over it, they would not take it.

The shark put in an appearance again and instantly found my bait. I reeled in madly to get it away from him but he followed it closely and seized it. He ran off a great deal of line before the gut leader parted. He appeared to be badly frightened.

The tide was well up now and I saw bonefish frequently. They were all big bonefish; not one of them weighed under six pounds. There were many I judged would run ten and twelve. I had never seen so many big bonefish at one time in all my life. I was trembling with excitement. But they would not bite. Toward high water, I hooked the first bonefish. A bonefish bites exactly like a channel bass, and any one who has fished for the latter will know it is a tricky bite. They will either pick the bait up and rush off like an express train, or they may run in on you, or they may fool with it, and then you must give them time. But there's no channel bass alive that has half as much fight as a bonefish.

This fish picked it up and rushed off like a madman. In no time he took four hundred feet of line. Then he ran towards me with such terrific speed that it was impossible to keep a tight line on him. He shot off at another angle and the hook pulled out.

I rebaited, threw out some more chum, and cast onto a white

To many, the mention of Bimini Bay suggests exotic tropical romance. Van Campen Heilner praises it as being a veritable angler's paradise. However, his description of the bonefish, "the sportiest thing with fins," may get a rise from devotees of fresh water fishing.



The sportiest thing with fins.

he's dead. Every ounce of terrific energy has been expended in his wild rushes for freedom. But as I remarked previously, channel bass can't be spoken of in the same breath with bonefish—nothing can! The incomparable wonderful silvery meteor of the seas!

The bonefish I had just hooked ran off nearly all of the line on my reel before I stopped him. No sooner had I stopped him than he ran towards me equally as fast as he had run away. About fifty yards from the canoe, he swept in a wide circle—not a slow dogged circling, but a rush that made the line cut through the water with a strange zipping sound. With such speed did he make the circle that never for more than two or three seconds was I facing in the same direction. I was kneeling on a cushion in the center of the canoe so that I could face him easily, and it required a marvelous feat of balancing, so quick were his motions, to keep from upsetting.

Three times he sped past me. I could see nothing but a gray shadow flit over the bottom, an elusive will o' the wisp that bent my rod into a perfect half moon and jerked the line savagely from my reel.

As he finished his third lap I saw he was done for and turned him. This was the first time during the entire fight that the battle was in my favor. I drew him near the canoe, stood up and paraded him back and forth with his head above water, then guided him alongside. Reaching over, I slid my thumb and middle finger along his back until I reached his gills and with a quick motion flopped him into the canoe. There he lay, not moving a muscle, glistening silver in the tropic sunlight, seven and a half pounds of "the sportiest thing with fins." It was a great moment; it always is.

I got no more bites that afternoon. The boys came along in the launch and towed me back to the cruiser. They reported having seen great schools of bonefish, ten and twelve pounders. They had had them all around the boat, but they would not bite. Back to the cruiser across a channel that reflected every hue and shading of the rainbow in the glorious sunset. Greens, blues, pinks, and purples, with water so crystal clear that one seemed to be floating in air and looking down at enchanted gardens of waving sea fans and great coral heads of indigo and

piece of bottom I had seen bonefish crossing a while before. In a very few moments my line went slack and something ran in on me. I looked intently but could see no bonefish. I tightened the line and waited. Again the pick-up and the run in. Old channel bass tactics! Before I could tighten the line this time it started off at a fast rate, and I hooked another bonefish.

It is difficult to describe the fight of a bonefish. It is, I feel sure, the most thrilling experience an angler can have from fresh water sunfish up to swordfish and that is no exaggeration. I have taken them all, and there are hundreds to corroborate me. It is a bewildering succession of lightning-like rushes and wide fast circles that actually strip hundreds of feet from your reel. It requires just as much skill to catch a bonefish as it does to take the largest fish that swim the seas. And when you have him alongside the boat at last he is beaten—finished. Just like a channel bass, he will give perhaps one flop of his tail and



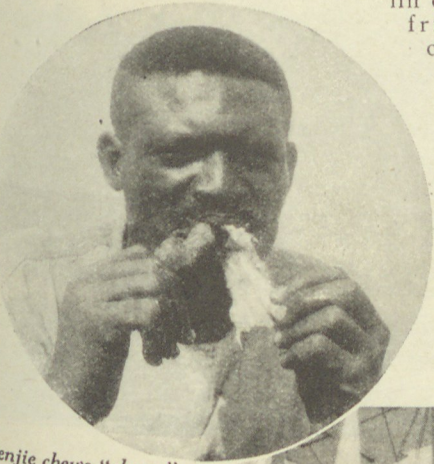
ochre. Did not Bimini have some of the most wonderful fishing in the West Indies, I would love it just the same. I would love it for its gorgeous coloring, for its wonderful picturesqueness, its great groves of coconut palms whispering in the trade wind, its cliffs and rocky shore line, its moonlight nights which are like no other moonlight nights, its island aloofness. Ah Bimini! little emerald gem of the Bahamas, I hope they never profane you!

The next couple of days we spent fishing in the Gulf Stream which laves the very shores of those islands. Big wahoo, dolphin, amberjack and tuna gave us all the fun we wanted and though we got no marlin ourselves, some friends of ours caught three. It was most satisfying fishing.

The tide serving right a few days later, we again sallied forth after bonefish. This time there were three

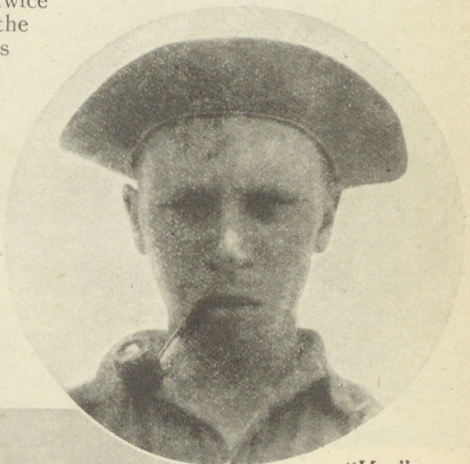
circling would foul this stake and we all gave a groan, for it would mean the finish. Quick of thought, Benjie, our dusky guide and owner of the sailboat, jumped into the canoe, and paddling as if the fiends were after him, reached the stake about fifteen feet ahead of the bonefish, and pulled it out! Noble Benjie! Your heroic deed will go down in the bonefishermen's hall of fame!

But Harry's troubles were by no means over. He was forced to run into the bow of the sailboat and pass his rod around the mast and guy ropes. This was a ticklish bit of work, but he acquitted himself with credit. Two complete circles of the sailboat the bonefish made at topspeed and twice was Harry in the bow passing his rod back and forth between the ropes and mast. Once we thought he was going to lose his line, but at last he had him alongside, but still



Benjie chews "chum."

of us in a small native sailboat, the canoe being towed behind. In about four tacks we reached the grounds and proceeded as before. But though we fished the tide up faithfully, we got no bonefish, though we saw many. When the tide began to fall off, we dropped back to the edge of the channel and fished, hoping to meet them as they came off the banks.



"Van"

heading away from us. "My goodness! Dat sho' am a big one, Chief!" exulted Benjie as he leaned far over the side and grasped the bonefish in a vise-like grip. Another instant and the beautiful creature was in the boat, the late afternoon sun flashing from his scales like burnished silver. We shook Harry by the hand, for it was truly a noble fish—nine and a half pounds of pure gameness.



The Bimini Islands.



"Here's how."

Several hours of inaction and I laid down my rod and curled up in the sail for a nap. I had just reached the dozing off point when I heard a loud "Ahhhhh!" from Harry and heard

That finished our captures for that day. We tried it an hour more for luck. Benjie chewed up in his mouth vast quantities of



The smile of success.

conch which he spat upon the waters in the hopes of chumming them up, but only one answered the call. He was the grandfather of all bonefish and he took my bait with such a savage rush that the rod was nearly jerked from my hands. This fish took line so rapidly that my thumb-stall burned right through and blistered my thumb. The line became fiery hot to the touch and I was forced to pour water

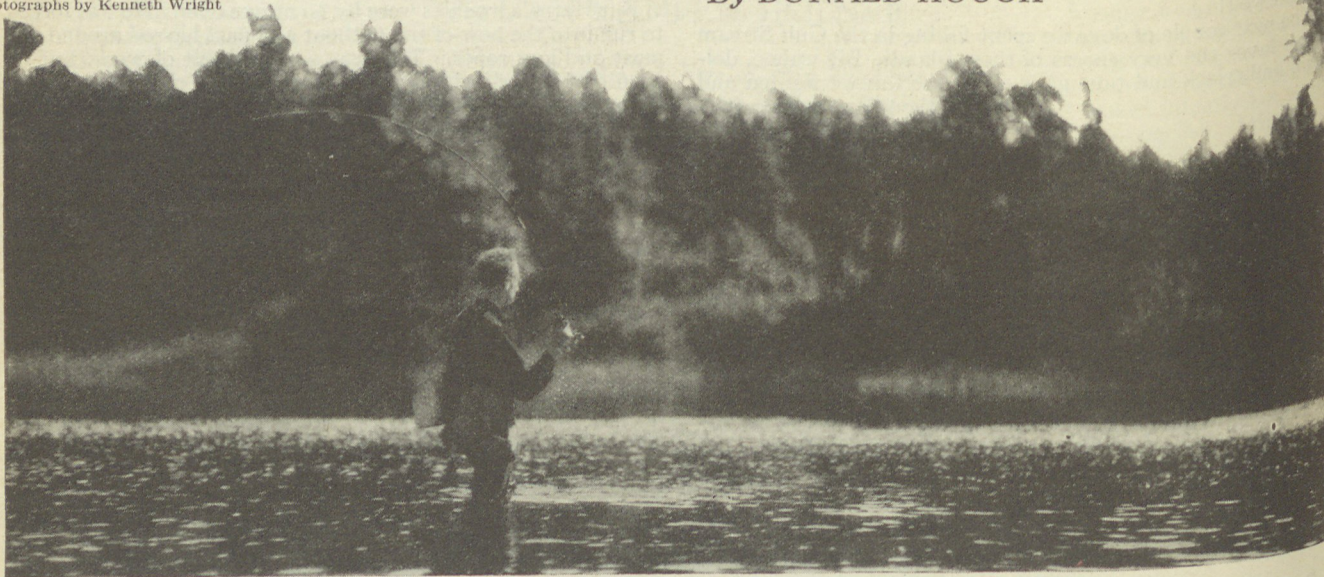
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the hiss of his line as it rushed off the reel and sped through the guides. I struggled to a sitting position to see his rod bent nearly double and the line diminishing at such a rapid rate that it became alarming. At last he had him stopped. Then he was off in a great circle, the line cutting through the water like a flash of light. About two hundred yards away a small stake protruded from the water. We saw that the bonefish in his

Spring Poets

By DONALD HOUGH

Photographs by Kenneth Wright



Wading for small mouth bass, note action of rod on back cast.

O SPRING—! Shucks—I almost wrote another spring poem. Everyone who is able to sign his or her name and spell it correctly writes at least one spring poem every April.

It has become the fashion to give the razzberry to the spring poets. I don't understand this. Carrots and rutabagas sprout in the spring, and why shouldn't the poets?

It's simply the poet's way of chirping about the spring. He says it with poetry because he's a poet. The trees say it with new leaves because they're trees. The duck says it with a quack and the blue jay says it with a jay and the crow says it with a caw and the owl says it with a hoot and even the sparrow manages to get a new note in his insipid little cheep. The old car, hauled out for the summer, says it with a mixture of all of them.

Every living thing is a spring poet. And partly because he is a living thing himself and partly because he is more than ordinarily interested in other living things, every outdoorsman, especially, is a spring poet.

You don't think so? You have no time for poetry? But listen—only the other day you sneaked into the closet where your wife had dumped all your fishing things and got out your reel and oiled it up. Yes, you did. Don't lie about it that way. You got that old reel out and gave it a few turns, and took it apart and removed specks from it and oiled it up (getting some oil on Ma's clean tablecloth) and as you did it you thought of the bass that

lies in the shade of a lily pad, of the muskie that crouches with steeled expectancy behind a bunch of reeds.

That was a spring poem. You were the only one who enjoyed the poem, but please remember that spring poets are the only ones who ever enjoy their own verses.

And it was only the other day that you tipped over the rubber plant in the parlor while making a few pre-season casts

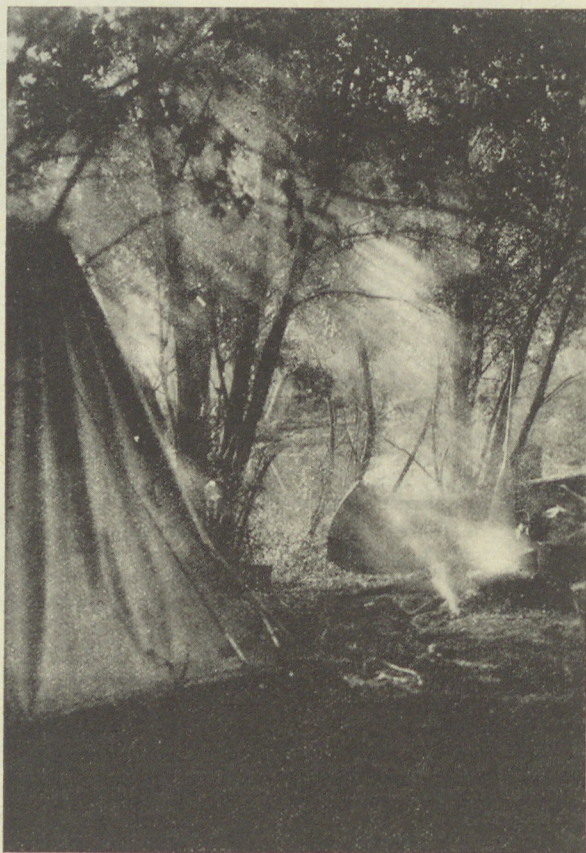
—doing a little shadow boxing you might say—with the old rod. You took it out of its case and put it together and sort of wiggled it around to see if it was equal to the strenuous season you have already planned for it.

That was another spring poem.

Perhaps you went into the attic or the basement or the garage and dug around in a lot of old clothes and boots and canvas and straps and well-blackened pails of various sizes and wondered if the old canoe would carry you down the shady aisles of the forest for another season.

That was just a spring poem, sung as the camper likes to sing it.

There is no question in the world but that you have spent many an hour lately when you pretended to be at work just going over your plans for the summer, thinking of bass and trout and good camping places and pine trees; of lakes that sparkle in the sun; of streams that dance through the forests and wander through the lowlands. More than one of your busy days of late has been seriously threatened by thoughts of mountain peaks and of highland meadows dotted with flowers; of the



Just a camp—and sunlight.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.



wild things that welcome you back into your land of dreams. You have written a whole volume of spring poems!

That is because the outdoorsman's New Year has come. The cuckoos who put the beginning of the year in the middle of winter must have been awful eggs. Can you imagine anybody without a warped soul getting enthusiastic about the first of January? It simply emphasizes the fact that you still have three more months of winter. It's just about then that the coal bills begin to pile up on top of the piano and your overcoat goes to pieces and you freeze the radiator of your car.

Spring is too far off to look near and summer is just as far behind as it is ahead. The income tax is slowly creeping up in front of you and the Christmas bills are sneaking up behind and hitting you with a piece of lead pipe.

The first of April is New Year's day so far as I am concerned. The calendar that hangs over my desk still says November and it'll keep on saying November until I get through writing this, and then I'm going to tear it off at April. What good is a calendar in winter? You couldn't forget the first of the month if you tried and as for the days of the week—well, Saturday afternoon just means that you quit work at noon and Sunday is just the day before you go back to work again.

It's different now. The birds are twittering, chittering or chirping according to their species, the trees are taking on a greenish tinge, the water in the gutters, polluted and muddy as it is, gurgles pleasantly, the Izaak Walton League is having its convention, and every evening the dining room table is cluttered up with fishhooks, fly books, lines, maps, highly colored folders from railroads and summer resorts, and poor Mrs. Sportsman is almost in tears as she tries to remember where she put the master's patent cigar lighter last fall.

It's time, too, for good resolutions. Not to start the forward cast until the line has straightened out behind you. To actually dry out your line after you have used it. To take care of your fishing clothes when you get home instead of leaving them in the middle of the living room floor.

To watch your slack line and not let it drift round your legs. To put up the tent with the regulation number of stakes instead of skipping every other one.

If you take New Years seriously, you will also make a few other resolutions. You will resolve to try some new way of fishing, some new way of spending the week-end. I knew a fellow once who had bait casted all his life. He lived on a little river full of small mouth bass, but he fished in a lake some eight miles away. Then, one day, he tried stream fishing with the fly. He has spent most of his time since then kicking himself because he was too obstinate to try it sooner.

I know another chap who likes to go out in a boat and fish for bluegills. He claims that this is the finest sport of all. For years I never went with him because I wouldn't be caught

dead out in a boat fishing for bluegills. Still, I went with him just once last summer and I'm going a lot more this summer. Outdoorsmen are noted for their strong opinions. They scrap and argue like a gang of alley-cats over what is the best way to fish, the best bait to use, and so on. Let me suggest that you make a compact with your nearest enemy in which you each agree to try the other's game or the other's way for one day during the coming summer.

In this way I'll wager you will find a lot of new thrills that have always been a closed book. You may find that the other fellow has a lot of tricks up his sleeve that he doesn't bring out for fear you might laugh at them. Last summer, in Chicago,



The old coffee bucket.

I ran into a friend of mine on the Municipal Pier fishing for perch with one of the finest fly rods made. It struck me as funny until he hooked one and let me try my luck at landing him. It was a big task to bring him in. The rod weighed exactly one ounce, and visions of its breaking in the middle caused my hair to stand on end.

I finally landed a perch about six inches long, but the fight was as full of kick as landing the largest fish I had ever hooked.

Since that time I have noticed other dyed-in-the-wool trout and black bass fishermen luring the lowly perch.

Give this plan a trial in the months to come.

And in the meantime, go right ahead with your spring poems. It's a large part of the whole game. The robin chirps his, the trees grow theirs, you think yours, and the poet writes his.

O Spring—!



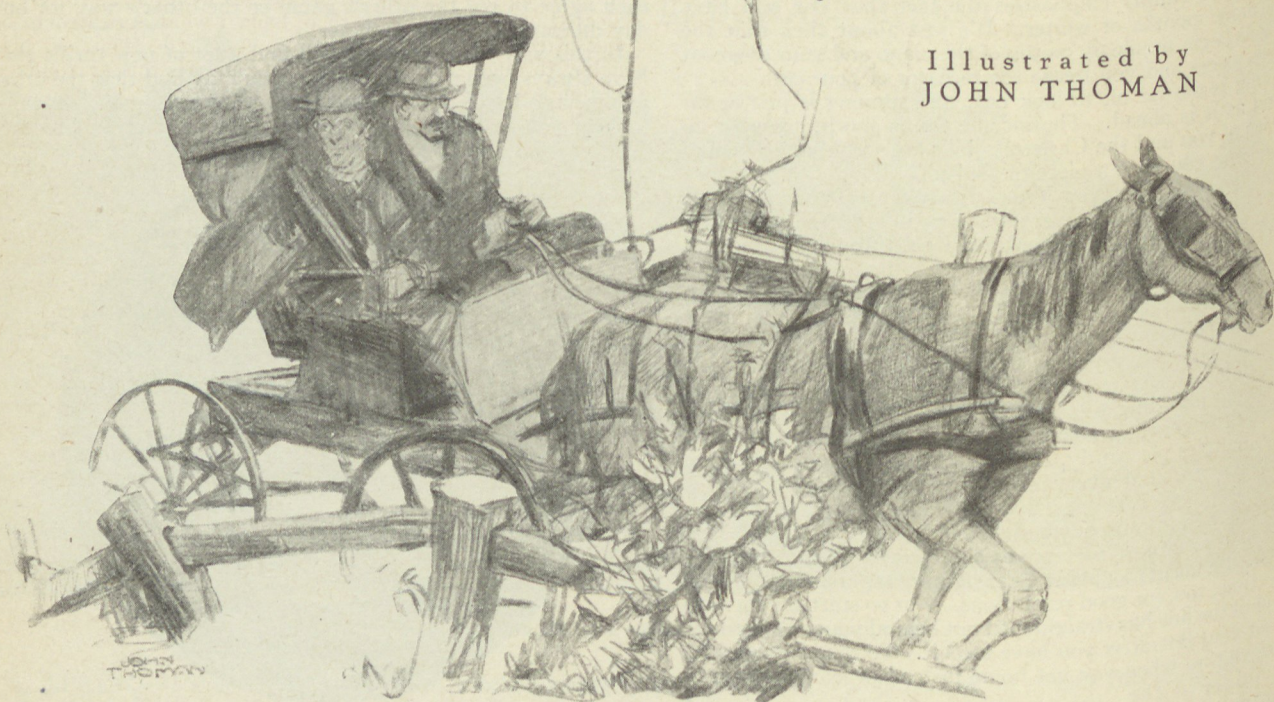
Breaking Camp.

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

Two Novices in the Limelight

By I. M. AUGUSTINE

Illustrated by
JOHN THOMAN



Primed for any emergency the Reverend sat patiently awaiting the next assault as I drove leisurely on.

THE origin of this story reverts back to the famous fall of 1896. Famous, by reason of the fact that it was the year that William Jennings Bryan electrified the commonweal with his paradoxical "Crown of Thorns and Cross of Gold." Those were eventful days long to be remembered, at least I remember them, for, as was my good fortune, I was affiliated with the losing side. The gold standard and ratio of 16 to 1 had relegated all other issues, social, civic and religious to the background, and was hashed and rehashed until it became a nightmare in dreamland. Even the hired man experienced a contraction in his hatband and felt the call of his country in the solution of that momentous problem. It was no uncommon occurrence to find a crowd of merchants, farmers and guttersnipe politicians congregated on the street corners and crossings, expounding and unraveling the complexity of our monetary system, either for or against 16 to 1. If memory serves correctly, it was the year that most farmers went into politics and their farms into weeds. All was staked either for or against 16 to 1, and the way some of those 16 to 1 crusaders did sally forth to save the country from a terrible fate was heroic and marvelous.

My esteemed partner in the hunting experience I have in mind was the Rev. "C. B." I would gladly divulge the rest of his good name were it not for the fact that there is some truth in the story I am about to relate, and for the further reason I was foolish enough to promise him, by all things visible and invisible, never to whisper it to a living soul. Of course, the Rev. "C. B." left this "neck of the woods" in the year '98, and the statute of limitation as affecting the validity of the promise may have long since outlaid itself; but fearing that both may still be in evidence, I had better stand by my promise.

To his credit, the Reverend was a real conscientious expounder of salvation, but as a cocksure marksman of the winged denizen of the air, I still think he would officiate in better form at a Fourth of July celebration. However, lest I should be mistaken, and to give him the benefit of the doubt, it was either his aversion to kill, or his inherent ambition to cannonize the atmosphere. I'll leave it to him to draw his own conclusion, as not, for a hundred ducks, would I think of impugning his good reputation.

In those eventful days ducks and geese were more than plentiful, and the gunner who couldn't bag the limit, was certainly as poor a marksman as the Reverend or myself. When

the cold winds scurried down from the North, they moved South in countless numbers. Every slough and pond seemed to be covered with them, and at feeding time the sky would be so full of them that old Sol could scarcely keep focus on the earth's "solar-plexus." Many farmers found them to be a real nuisance, as they were very destructive on the fall-wheat fields.

It was under these favorable conditions that the Reverend and myself planned and executed the hunting trip that we are about to relate.

For several days we had been told that ducks were winging themselves southward with stop-over privileges. In fact, the advance guard had already "pitched tent," which was evidenced by the sound of an intensive bombardment that evening along the north channel of the Platte River, south of Grand Island. The cannonading, as usual, had its effect, for all next day the "bug" was churning my blood to fever heat; and on my way home that evening, I made up my mind that immediately after dinner we would call up the Reverend and arrange for the day's hunting trip we had been planning for some time previous. While in the act of calling him up, the phone rang. He beat me to it.

"How about that hunting trip? When can we go? They tell me the ducks are coming in by the thousands."

"Was just in the act of calling you up. Let's go in the morning."

"All right. That will suit me fine. I will be up in a few minutes and we will make all necessary arrangements."

In about five minutes the Reverend dropped in, manifesting enough enthusiasm for a midnight sally on a Flanders front-line trench. He was simply "bilin" over, and to tell the truth I was steaming some myself. And to my surprise, he began to

"I forgot to tell you I have never used a shotgun in my life and this will be my first experience at duck shooting. I have never used anything but a rifle, and I have a good one. In fact I was considered one of the best marksmen in Somerset county, Pennsylvania. When I got a bead on a squirrel, no matter how high up he was, I seldom failed to bring him down. I have used a rifle all my life. My father and grandfather were expert marksmen, and that's probably where I get it. I can hit a five cent piece nine times out of ten a hundred yards distance. Don't you think that's some marksmanship?"

"That surely is, Reverend, but I never heard of a man going out duck hunting out here with a rifle. They only use a rifle



He stood there like that pillar of salt in Holy Writ.

out here for big game. You have got to shoot ducks on the wing. It's altogether different from squirrel shooting. Since you have no shotgun, I'll borrow one for you," I answered. "If you can hit them with a shotgun, I'll guarantee you I can hit them with my rifle. I'll take a chance on getting some of them," says he. "That's all right, Reverend, but take my advice," I continued. "Regardless of your good marksmanship, I'll wager you can't hit a duck on the wing to save your life. If you want to get any ducks, you take a shotgun. It's all I can do to hit them with a shotgun, and at that I miss them most of the time." "Well, if you think that is the proper thing to do, I'll take your advice. They tell me we ought to be out there at daylight. What do you think? I can go any time. You can't make it too early for me." "I suggest we leave at six in the morning. It's less than an hour's drive to the place I have in mind, and besides we will be there early enough to get all the ducks we want to bring home." "All right, six o'clock goes." It was Friday morning. Nature could not have presented a better "setting." Everything seemed ideal. A cloudy, hazy morning. At promptly six o'clock the Reverend showed up, and as we were driving out of the city he began to preach a sermon on "Safety First." It ran something like this: "I want to make one suggestion, and that is this, that we make it a rule not to carry our guns loaded while driving. There are too many accidents happening nowadays from reckless use of firearms. We will have plenty of time to load our guns when we see the ducks."

All right, Reverend, "Safety First." About two miles out of the city the unlooked-for happened. I really never saw it happen in just that way before. Three large flocks of ducks had already swooped down upon us so close that they nearly hit the top of our buggy. Could have hit them with a club. Talk about excitement! I never saw a man so excited before in my life, and before I could realize what was in the air, he yelled, "Stop the team! Let's load the guns." We stopped, and after loading one of the guns, I passed it to him with the remark that I was unable to both drive and shoot at the same time, and that he should do the shooting. And taking the gun, "cocked and primed for any emergency," the Reverend sat patiently awaiting the next assault as I drove leisurely on. But as fate would decree, thereafter a confounded duck sought our acquaintance while driving. They were either afraid of the Reverend, or else we had passed the last "foolhardy herd." Just about this time we turned a corner eastward and were passing by an unplowed stubble

field with a small lagoon that was partly screened by a growth of weeds and a remnant of uncut oats. And here the thing happened that we promised never to tell a living soul.

"Stop! See those geese out there in that slough!"

Pulling the reins with all our might, we put that team into a state of inertia as though we had been confronted by a twentieth century holdup. We then looked in the direction the Reverend indicated, and sure enough there looked what appeared to be about fifteen or twenty fine looking geese reflecting their personality through the screen of weeds and oats that surrounded the spot.

"You hold the team and I'll crawl up on them." All right, go to it. The Reverend very quietly stepped out of the buggy, and as he was in the act of crawling through the barbed wire fence, one of the horses gave a coughing sneeze. "Gracious sake! keep that horse quiet," came the unexpected rejoinder. In spite of the excitement, we convulsed into a fit of laughter. If he heard us, it didn't deter him in the least. He was both out of sight and hearing as to paying any attention to our performance. Having crawled through the barbed wire fence, we eagerly watched him "belly" it across that stubble field like a real professional. And while he seemed to be a long while at it, he finally got what appeared to be within shooting distance, when suddenly, from the farther end of the slough, a man arose as from the very ground and broke the silence with these identical words: "Hey! you damn fool! Those are my decoys."

The Reverend arose to his feet dumfounded and speechless. He stood there like that pillar of salt spoken of in Holy Writ. Then I thought my sides would break. The sensation was indescribable, and to break the monotony, I yelled to the fellow—that's a good one, and catching the end of the joke, he began to laugh. The Reverend, after apologizing, returned to the buggy, but a more crestfallen mortal I had never been privileged to look upon.

As we drove on, the first words he uttered were,—"that's a terrible man!" We finally convinced him of the fact that the fellow wasn't really to blame, and, furthermore, he didn't realize who he was talking to. It was here the Reverend put us through the "promise-catechism" never to whisper it to a living soul. And as we cheerfully assented, he remarked: "I wouldn't have that get out on me for a thousand dollars."

We had now arrived at the slough where we had planned to do our execution. The slough stretched out about three-quarters of a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in width, except at about the center, where it narrowed to about seventy-five yards, with a high

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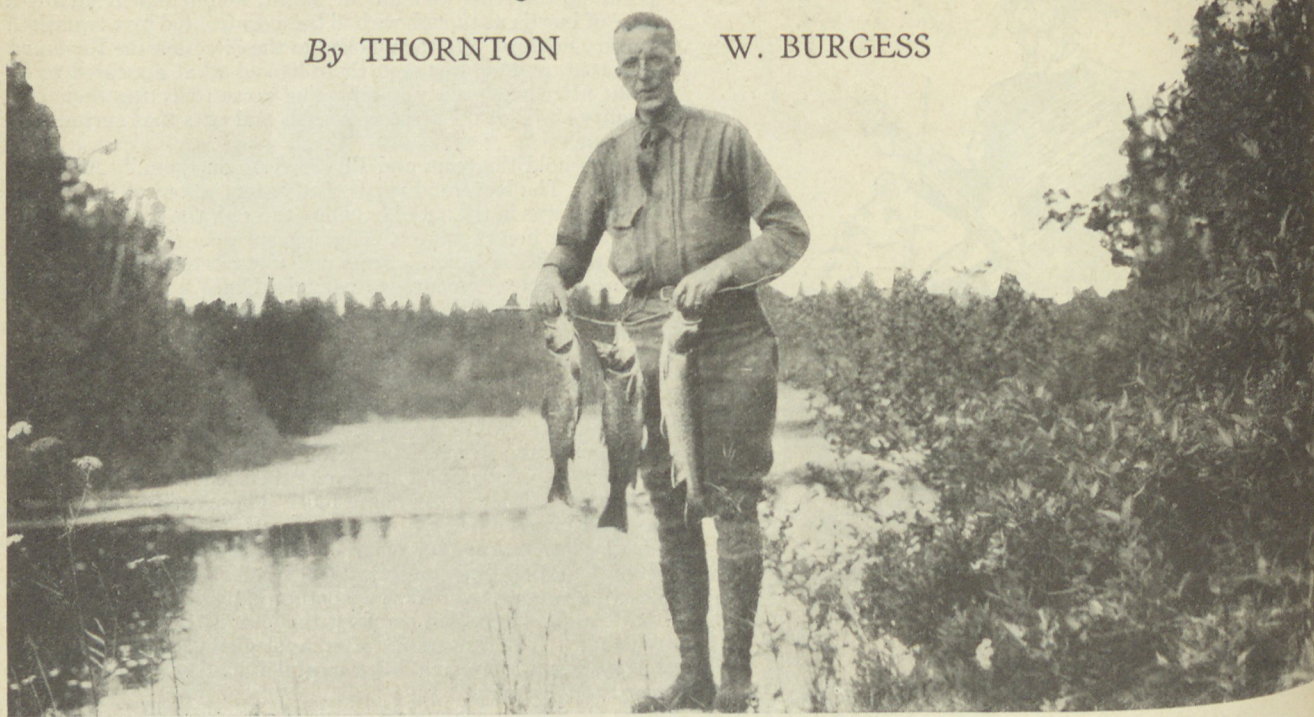
"Hey! Those are my decoys."

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

The One Day—in a Fisherman's Life

By THORNTON

W. BURGESS



The author and part of his catch.

THE one day in the life of every lover of the rod and fly is the day that for years he dreamed of without expectation, suddenly experienced, and now looks back to with the conviction that it never will be duplicated. Every fisherman dreams of such a day. A few know the reality. Oh, lucky few! They have been blest above their fellows. They are of the elect. I know. I have lived the one day.

The first of last July I had just returned from a pleasant but not overly successful ten days in quest of trout and salmon at Moosehead, Maine. A letter from a friend in Columbus, Ohio, was in my mail. It stated that he had planned a trip in the Canadian bush in quest of "square-tails" in waters of the James Bay region. He had complete equipment and the guides engaged. The waters he proposed to fish were almost virgin so far as fishermen were concerned. He craved companionship; would I furnish it? To insure that I would, he forwarded the journal of his trip in that same territory the year previous, and, being a true brother of the angle I tried to believe the daily records therein set down. I wired that I was elected.

So it was that about 1:15 of a dark, misty night in mid-August the transcontinental of the Canadian National dropped us off, Mike, myself and three guides, three canoes and endless duffle bags, in the midst of the bush some seven hundred miles west of Toronto supposedly near a Hudson Bay Post trail. We found it three-quarters of a mile from where we had been left by the train.

Then followed another three-quarters of a mile portage to the first lake. That was a deceptive lake. It was easy to find. You simply sweated and grunted and toiled with a back load three times over that aforesaid portage. You just kept going until you reached the lake. But to leave it was another matter. We paddled into bays and out of bays. There was another portage. Mike assured me of that. So did George, our head guide, and so did Pete, my personal guide. All three had been over it the year previous. Emile, our freighter, hadn't, so he said nothing. We should have found that portage within two hours after leaving the other. As a matter of truthful fact it was late in the afternoon when we once more adjusted the tump lines and left that lake.

We camped at the other end of that portage. It had rained off and on all day. Mike prepared for the night by taking off his hat. He was too tired even to unlace his boots. The rest of us considered the example good. The next day six portages, short but real, brought us late in the afternoon to beautiful Eskegonaga lake and there we made camp on an island, spend-

ing three nights and two days there while we got our duffle repacked and thoroughly organized. This lake is beautiful, with a shore line of nearly one hundred miles and contains many wooded islands. It fairly teems with big northern pike and wall-eyed pike, called by the guides "pickerel" and also "dore." Trolling near camp I took over fifty pounds in an hour and a half, letting all but a ten-pound pike go. I believe one could pretty nearly fill a canoe in a day there.

An all-day paddle took us to the outlet and two or three miles down the Eskegonaga River, and we knew that on the following day we should strike the "square-tails," the matchless fontinalis. This was the river that Mike had fished the year before, the river in which two and three-pounders were the rule according to that journal.

Mike took the first one the next morning and sure enough it was a two-pounder. I got several of the beauties myself. Some were under that weight, though I doubt if any were under a pound and a half. But as yet we had not reached the big pools. At noon on August 18 we made camp half a mile below a fall, at the foot of which we had taken several fine fish on the way down. Pete took me back there and from that one pool that afternoon I took twenty-one trout, the largest three and a quarter pounds and the smallest between one and two pounds. I kept just three of these, carefully returning the rest uninjured to the water. That night I was ready to believe any tale that might be told around the camp fire. I felt that I had had the one day.

But I was mistaken. The next afternoon we reached the biggest fall we had yet encountered. Below was a wonderful pool. The year before Mike and his companion had had some of the best fishing of the entire trip right here. So we decided to pitch camp and remain all the next day. That night we took four nice ones, but we had to do considerable work to bring them up to the flies. The continued rains had swelled the river and apparently the fish were not in the pools as they had been the year before.

The next morning we threshed that pool for an hour and took just one. Then we decided to go back to another fall a couple of miles up stream. This pool yielded me four of not much over a pound each, and Mike got none. He decided to try the water below camp. Pete proposed that he paddle me up the dead water above the fall to see if we could get a photograph of a moose.

This dead water extended for several miles and we gave no thought to trout. It was not

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A fish dinner picnic at Trapper's Lake, White River, National Forest, Colorado

The Forest and the Sportsman

By HAROLD TITUS

Forestry Editor

THESE paragraphs are designed primarily to rectify an error in reasoning which has been brought to the editors of OUTDOOR AMERICA by letters from conservation enthusiasts whose interest has been lately turned to the rehabilitation of our cut-over forest areas.

One writer declares: "More forest planting, say I! We hunters and fishermen can well afford to have a part of our old stamping ground denied us if we are certain the cover is to be improved by man-planted trees . . ."

The mistake is here: That from none of the National Forests and, so far as is known, from none of the state or municipal forests, are fishermen and hunters barred for any reason at all except when in conflict with the state game laws or during a time of exceptional fire hazard.

Somehow, the idea has been spread that as soon as the Federal or any state government commences to repair the damage areas under operation must automatically close to the recreation-seeking public. The National Forests are the freest ground America has in which to play. Property may not be destroyed, local game laws must not be violated, rules of sanitation must be observed, and fire must be treated with the greatest respect, of course, but so long as these regulations are complied with the vacationist may come and go where he chooses.

Artificial planting has not yet reached any considerable proportions in this country. With an area of over 150 millions of acres on our National Forests, only about 7,500 acres are planted by hand annually. The proportion is larger on some of our State forests, of course, and must be increasingly greater but, even at the most we can hope for, the area

under planting operations will be a small percentage of the total.

Except in severe burns where parent trees have been wiped out and no natural seeding can be expected to take place, nature, if protected from fire, will do the work. To start the best cover coming back it will be

necessary to plant seedlings in some of the older cut-over sections, but it is unlikely that any general restriction will ever be placed on the tourist for the protection of the young trees.

In fact, forest administrators welcome visitors who will obey the few rules which have been mentioned above. Only by being on the ground can the mass of citizens become aware of what has been done and of the tremendous task which lies before us in this great undertaking; and only by realizing these items can the individual be properly stimulated to efficient and intelligent aid.

The chap who is so enthusiastic that he wants to keep the public out of the forests for a year or two or ten is doing as much harm—perhaps more—than he is doing good. The idea to keep ever in the mind of the public, the explorer, the nature lover and, particularly, the fisher and hunter, is that *forests and fish and game go hand in hand*. And in no better manner can the public be educated to this truth than by visiting the forest areas which have been for a number of years under capable technical administration.

Here in Michigan, for instance, one may drive for hours through sparse stands of young oak, poplar, scattered pine, with blackened snags and stumps and a litter of half burned trees tangled beneath the brush which indicates recent and repeated burns. He sees no game; the song birds, even, are few; not a grouse crosses the road, not a rabbit appears. And then, quite suddenly, he may pass from this desolation into a section of road



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Beaver Meadow Camp Site, Pike National Forest, Colorado

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

Captain Bob and Old Whiteface

By R. P. HARRISS

Author of "The Gray Ghost," "Riding to Hounds,"
"The Art of Bait Casting," and other stories

A Fox Hunt Story

Illustrations by G. D. Armour
from "The Sport of Our Ancestors"



Whiteface popped into view, sorely pressed by the leaders.

WHEN the Cumberland hounds, back in the days of Captain Bob, failed to catch any fox they went after, Cumberland huntsmen discussed the matter with no less heat and fervor than they were wont to discuss the county elections. And politics, in that Scottish-American shire down in eastern Carolina, can be a warm subject. In those days, the fox which was able to flaunt his brush in the face of Captain Bob's fox-hounds and live to tell the tale to its grandchildren was a smart fox indeed.

But this was exactly what had happened.

A gray ranger, apparently a phantom fox, with a white streak on his forehead and nose, had become so successful that his fame soon spread over the countryside. Farmers reported monstrous activities among their hen-roosts by "Old White-Face," and attributed his uncanny wisdom to that same white spot. Huntsmen who professed to have seen him declared the white-faced fox a marvel of size and speed. As for the Cumberland hounds, the very mention of this infernal fox was enough to start a canine riot.

The matter terminated with an indignation meeting of the huntsmen. Captain Bob and his coterie of devil-may-care riders solemnly vowed that before the third frost they would nail the grinning mask of Old White-Face to the captain's stable door.

The hunt was to begin, on this particular morning, at the Buckhead Ferry, near the Cape Fear River. By four o'clock, the master of hounds having insisted on an early start, the hunters began to arrive. From Fayetteville, four miles away, and from the neighboring plantations along the river they came, mounted on horses which ranged in type from the sleek and nervous three-quarter bred hunter to the shaggy and big-boned plough horse. There were a couple of young officers from Fort Bragg, and a Yankee gentleman from over at Pinehurst, who had tired of drag-hunts and wanted to see the real thing in the way of a Southern hunt. All in all, it was a pretty little assemblage, this homespun hunt, and quite as colorful as the more sophisticated and fashionable meets which are held in the vicinity of Richmond and Baltimore.

When the entire party arrived, Captain Bob and the two Negro lads who always accompanied the captain when he rode to hounds, rode away slightly in advance. With many whoops and cries, the cast was made into the woods. It was a beautiful sight as eighteen couple of beauties scattered into the thicket—

thirty-six long eared, well built bodies which would show the visitors the way. Some were Walkers, beautiful tri-colored dogs; some were of Trigg and July stock; and not a few were of the old-fashioned black-and-tan type. In a short time they were almost out of sight, but the hunters could hear their "rustle-rustle-rustle" through the thick underbrush.

The ground was wet with what the Carolina fox hunter terms a "pert-scent-layin'" dew. The party of hunters which had stopped at intervals along the little road which wound through the woodland waited for the fox to be started. Suddenly there came a loud deep baying from far down in the thicket, answered by a sharp, quick cry close at hand. The captain rose in his stirrups and uttered a loud, musical "hurroop!" In a few seconds more the entire pack was in full cry, swinging along the course of the river swamp. The fox had been "jumped close," which meant

that it was going to be a fast race from the start, without the usual preliminary slow-trailing.

The hunters trotted their horses along the road, waiting for the fox and hounds to leave the thicket. They heard the hounds coming toward them, and just before they saw the dogs, a gray form scurried across the road and away toward the more open fields. Captain Bob noted the white spot on the gray ranger's face; noted the large body with the long, fluffy, flashing brush; and his heart warmed to the work. The next moment the dogs burst into view, running well-packed, and throwing their tongues with a sort of fierce harmony which welled-up and echoed through the trees. Across the road they swept, following the line that Reynard had taken. The captain held up his hand with a detaining gesture, and the party waited until the hounds were gone away. Then each rider turned his mount into the forest, and the race was on.

DILEMMA

By OTA HELWIDIT

*My mind is racked as though the fires of
hell*

*Burned brightly in a nook beneath my shirt
And seared my very soul in tortures weird
With all the world delighted at my hurt.*

*'Tis but a moment since I sat content
Assailed by not a shadow nor a doubt
But then, the last match flickered and
expired*

And now my bosom pal, my pipe, is out.



But the hunters reckoned not with Old White-Face, who straightened out any kinks he might have had in his running gear and "lit a rag" for another county. He was a straight-necked rascal who could and would run, and who had no notion of loitering. Away went the hunt.

There was a short check, twenty minutes later, which was entirely to his liking. He walked a rail fence for more than a mile, and while the hounds were puzzling it all out, he took a quiet rest in a hay-loft in a barnyard, a half-mile away. Discovered there by a Negro farmhand who stood goggle-eyed, too badly frightened to do anything, Old White-Face dropped out of the low second-story window, raced through the farm yard where a group of women and girls were "bilin' soap," ran down the public highway for a hundred yards with a crazy collie pup in hot pursuit, and finally headed back to the Cape Fear swamp.

Old White-Face knew his part well. And had not a rider on a slow horse seen him as he was slinking back, and given the stirring "Co-ee-here! Co-eeee-here!" call (the Carolinian version of the view-halloo) the perplexed hounds might have remained off scent for an hour. The pack responded quickly however, and the race began anew.

Nearly four hours later they drove their quarry from the river brakes. This time Reynard came out with the hounds "looking at him," and it was do or die for him in a straight-away sight race. With his coat wet and muddy, and his tail weighted down with heavy clods, he dashed past the hunters who had been quietly sitting their horses near the swamp, waiting for the dogs to "drive 'im out." With great hallooing, the pack was urged on, and when the last yelping potlicker had left the brake, the riders galloped after.

Knowing that the old fox, now nearly done for, would try any desperate trick in his repertoire, Captain Bob left the main party and, accompanied by a rider on another fast and well-bred hunter, headed for the big hog pasture on the Buckhead plantation. In a few minutes the pack could be heard coming pell mell toward the pasture. Then Old White-Face popped into view, sorely pressed by the leaders—Music, Cry, and Shot

and Powder—who were already snapping at his tail in an effort to pick him up for the death-shake.

Straight under the hog-wire fence the fox wriggled, and the flying hounds catapulted against the obstruction. Heigh-ho!—hole under the fence too small for hounds to get through; fence too high for most of them to leap. So while they were climbing over the hateful wire, Reynard stampeded the foolish swine, which panicked away, squealing and grunting. He ran among them, knowing full well that all fox scent would be destroyed.

But when he came out at the far end of the pasture, Captain Bob was waiting there, his horse blown from running. Old White-Face was too beaten to speed away, and, seeing the horse and rider, he would have darted back under the wire into the swine pasture. In his haste, Reynard was caught in the wire. Captain Bob, now dismounted, laid his whip across the trapped animal's neck and picked him up, calling the hounds at the same time. Then the captain resolved, quickly, to save the life of the white-faced fox. It was a sporting proposition.

Few resolutions are kept. The sight of a score or more of hounds, yelling and milling about him, was too much for Old White-Face. Snarling in the grasp of the huntsman, he twisted partly free and snapped at his captor's hand.

"Gosh dang it!" ejaculated Captain Bob, as the blood spurted from his thumb, "you'll bite me, will you?"

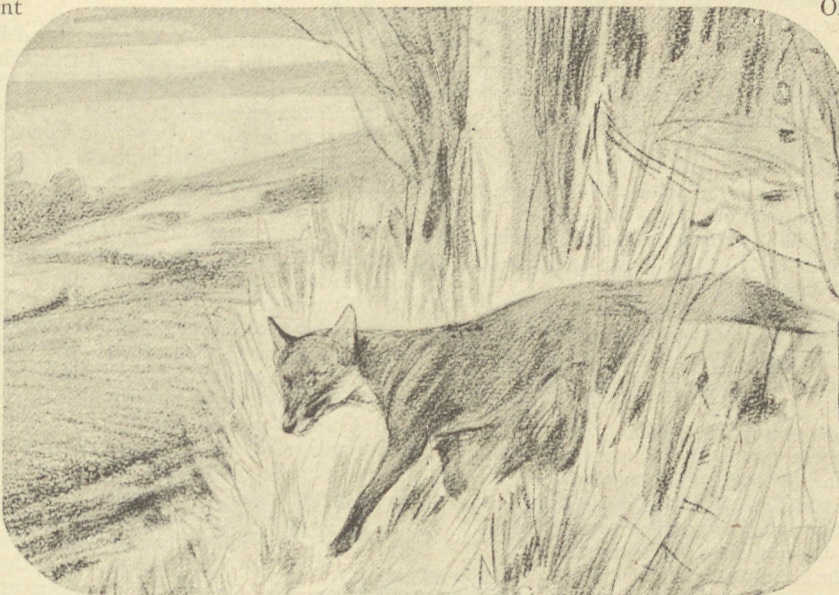
He threw the animal angrily to the hounds. And that was the last of this gray-swamp fox. It proved to be the last of the Captain's thumb, too. Blood poison set in, and the village doctor finished the job of amputation which an angry fox had begun.

* * * *

And to this day, when Cumberland huntsmen gather to talk over the "good old days," the tale of Old White-Face is told. For there never was, and never will be, another fox just like him, they will tell you. And if some young buck evidences a desire to smile, they always say:

"Hold up your thumb-hand, Cap'n, and show 'im."

And that silences all argument which any youngster may have the temerity to propound.



Old White-Face—a marvel for speed and size.



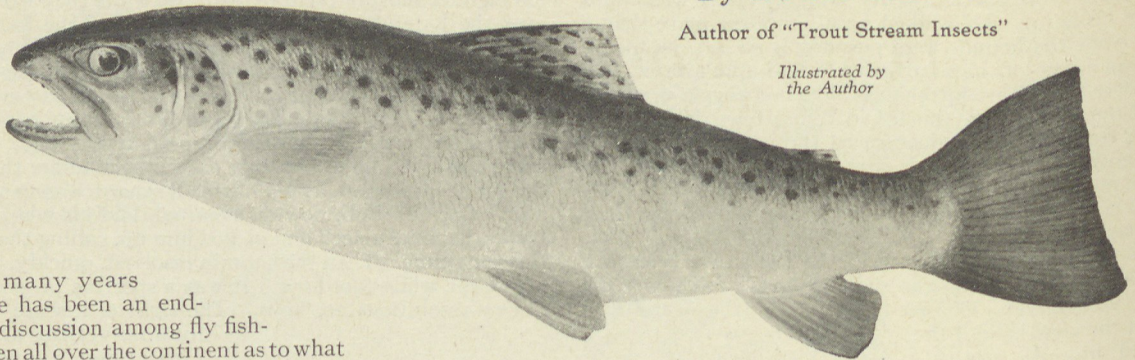
The hunters trotted their horses down the road.

The Three Graces of American Game Fish

By LOUIS RHEAD

Author of "Trout Stream Insects"

Illustrated by
the Author



FOR many years there has been an endless discussion among fly fishermen all over the continent as to what species of trout are the worthiest gamefish to angle for with rod and line, and it has been the writer's privilege to learn from a large number of sportsmen, from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard, just what the opinions are of their favorite trout and what that opinion is based on. Simmered down from the thirty-eight species of trout native to American waters and three imported from Europe, the "three graces" are, Rainbow trout (*Salmo iridius*) of the far western states and now widely distributed all over the northern continent—highly appreciated wherever planted. The brown trout is the English classic of Walton and Cotton, known two hundred years before and described as being caught on the artificial fly by Dame Juliana Berners in 1450.

For many reasons the brown trout should be known as the English trout—our methods of fishing, our best tackle, and flies, and angling books of distinction, are all English so that American editors, authors, and anglers should make every effort to drop the German prefix.

The Brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) well known as Speckled trout, also native trout, is a cousin to the Dolly Varden trout which is native to the western states—while our brook trout is native to the East, where it is a sort of fetish—worshipped by every man and boy angler, generation after generation, as a remembrance of happy boyhood days where in every clear stream it was their pride and glory to capture. It is easily reared by artificial cultivation and has been planted in almost every country on the entire globe—in Europe, Japan, Africa and New Zealand—with little or no success. In England, as with the rainbow it is a failure, perhaps due to its needs of cold, clear, swift water while their native charrs, (the same species) are comparatively plentiful in the cooler streams of the Alps.

To describe the "three graces" in detail I shall divide their qualities in two parts—their gaminess on the restraining line, their edible qualities as a table food. The opinions here expressed are a composite of many anglers along with my own experience of over forty years practice in their capture on every conceivable lure. I am fully aware of many opposite views to what is here stated but the base of them are mostly prejudice of one or the other species and very often from utter ignorance of the habits of the trout. An instance may be cited of one very famous expert with a decided repugnance for the brown trout because it has cannibalistic traits, unconscious of the well known fact that all adult trouts, including the brook trout, feed almost exclusively on a fish diet, young trout of their own kind along with the rest. Another says, "he hates the brown trout because it has scales," so has the brook and rainbow trout though less discernible.

The trout's gaminess depends entirely upon the food it is taking, the kind of water (swift or slow) and the lure used to capture it. Even different parts of the season has an influence on their active resistance. Supreme gaminess is most apparent when trout are taking insects at the surface of swift water and you offer it a floating artificial fly to imitate the natural insects

then being consumed. Under these highly favorable conditions, by far the most gamy of the "three graces" is the rainbow trout. In all outdoor sports after game, there is nothing fit to compare, nothing more sublime, not even the lordly salmon can measure up with a fair-sized rainbow's active resistance after the barb is fixed. The lightning flashes in and out of the water, the extraordinary variety of ruses to gain its freedom. This is, to the discerning angler, an epic poem, a great battle, fought at so furious a pace as to bewilder the angler, and very often to gain a well-won victory over the cool, calculating, expert fly fisherman.

It is the nature of all trout to choose a lair in quiet deep water, made so by a submerged rock directly underneath rushing surface water which drives their food along at a great speed, and it is obvious to capture their food they must dart upwards with astonishing rapidity for success, consequently they do the same with the artificial fly and get hooked, too late, alas, to distinguish the ruse played on them. All species of trout habitually lie with head upstream near the river bed and not near the surface. In still or quiet water either of lake or stream their actions are strikingly different. In such situations they choose a lair where food is most abundant and are easily captured without effort, so that when hooked their actions are correspondingly tame, merely an insipid resistance on the restraining line. Spirited action in such a situation is not natural or to be expected.

When the rainbow strikes the artificial fly on the surface with that sudden, unexpected smash to make the reel fairly shriek, the angler, be he veteran or a tyro, feels a tingle of sudden terror, made doubly so when the trout instantly leaps above the surface sparkling its iridescent rays in the sunlight. Then it is we witness a spectacle only to be compared to an "India-rubber idiot on the spree." Our vision can scarcely follow the rapid movements of this nimble fish, doubtless caused by an excessive fear, or perhaps furious anger, probably a combination of both. It is no wonder the rainbow's action when first hooked creates in the angler a tingling sensation that never palls, however often experienced.

The brown trout ranks second to the rainbow in acrobatic resistance if captured under the same conditions in swift water on a surface dry fly. I have had a brown trout leap above the surface nine times before it was netted. This, however, is unusual, three or four leaps is the average. Such a number of leaps must be that of a fish in its prime, a five-year-old, twenty inches long, about three pounds weight. Over that size, the weighty bulk retards their activity and resistance, and the play then becomes a series of powerful surges with periods of bottom "gigging," which is a shaking movement like [CONTINUED] what the dog does with the rat, which is gener-

A Waltonian Creed— Have You Written One?

COME on, you prolific scribes—where are you hiding? Where are all you fellows who asked us to write a Waltonian creed and volunteered to help? Last month Outdoor America announced a plan to allow the entire membership of the Izaak Walton League to write a creed that would be acceptable to every member and embody all that this organization stands for.

This announcement was the result of many letters from our members suggesting that such a course be adopted and each of the letters inferred that the writers would take off their coats, get out the pen, pencil or typewriter and give us a document that would go down in the history of sports afield and astream as the greatest thing of its kind ever written.

Some of these fellows came through, perhaps two hundred. But the rest of them have suddenly become "print shy" and have failed to send in their version of a League creed.

Now we want this creed and we want it bad, but we realize it is a big order—too big for one man to tackle, and too big for just a couple of hundred of our hundred thousand members to handle with neatness and dispatch.

If the entire membership will collaborate, picture the marvelous wealth of material to draw upon—the ideas of 100,000 seasoned, veteran sportsmen—and the perfectly finished product we will be able to set down for your approval.

Perhaps the whole idea was badly advanced in the March issue and most of you fellows were a bit in the dark as to just what was wanted. Right now we will try to make this clear to you, so that there will be no excuse for your not responding with a raft of correspondence that will flood this office.

We want something written telling of your love of vanishing America; something that will rouse the entire nation to a realization of the dangers confronting the future of our boys and girls; something that touches that responsive chord in the heart of every sportsman and sportswoman, and something that we can frame and hang in our homes to show our friends that will be irrefutable evidence of how we stand on the conservation of our natural resources.

You can do it and we know it.

For a poor example of what may be done, the creed in the center of this page is submitted. It was written by one of our members several years ago under rather unique circumstances. He wrote it, this member tells us, with a stub pencil in a bat-

tered notebook, one night off the coast of Haiti, during one of the periodical revolutions of this little Latin republic back in 1915-16. It was the result, the writer avers, of a combination of homesickness and the effect of the moonbeams playing upon the mirror-like surface of the harbor as the droning of the tom-toms from the beach announced another sacrifice to the Voodoo gods.

We simply print it to give you an idea of the general construction and size of the document we are asking you to help out with.

We are quite positive you can stand this "sample" on its head and run rings around it with a real creed. Just sit down and put on paper the beautiful thoughts that flitted through your head the last time you lay out in the open at night and looked through the canopy of trees overhead to the deep blue sky above.

Tell us in your own fashion how much you love America's out of doors and that you are willing to do your bit to save it. It is the ideas that count—not the professional writing touch, although professionals are welcome to come on in.

We want everybody's ideas of what an Izaak Walton League Creed should be, and the only way you will be satisfied is to write one yourself.

Please write it on one side of the paper and do it now or bring it with you to the third national convention to be held in

My Creed

No greater joy exists for mortal man than that ecstatic throb imparted through a silken line and graceful bamboo rod by some game fighting fish; no greater thrill than when the gun cracks true—a perfect shot well taken on the wing.

* * *

What sight compares with our old swimming hole as it lies bathed in gold beneath the sun? And to its destiny the stream flows on, unmindful, as we sit and watch and dream of freckled faces that we used to know. A gorgeous spectrum paints the western sky, then fades from view behind the purple hills.

* * *

What man-made thing could possibly compare with ancient oaks or graceful sweeping elms, or sycamores or birches as they sway before the wind in suppliance to God?

* * *

To me these sacred things should all remain a part of this great country, which was built on sportsmanship and human sacrifice. With this in view, I, too, shall lend a hand to curb the forces that would crucify our sports with rod and gun, so that my boy may know the joys I've known and feel the thrills found only in the heart of nature's wilds.

* * *

*When I trail on, the flare of fame's decree, sonorous tribute, flowers, even tears, mean not a thing. I only hope they say—
"He lived a sportsman and as one he died."*

© E. H. ROSS

the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, April 2, 3 and 4.

Of course it will be impossible to print them all, but we will print as many as we can and the balance will be submitted to a committee composed of famous writers well known to every Waltonian, to judge what will be adopted as our national creed.

Look over the League's platform which you have read scores of times. Study this platform and thoroughly acquaint yourself with the basis of this organization. Think over the wonderful times you have had in the woods and along the banks of beautiful rivers; think of the fishing and hunting you have had. Then picture the arid existence of your boy if such things are allowed to vanish. Think over these things and the creed will almost write itself.

Address all letters pertaining to this to

The CREED EDITOR, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

Speaking of Thrills

What Is Your Hobby—

—A Rod or a Gun?

Photographs by Kenneth Wright

By ELMER E. RAWDEN



Drop the fly as naturally as possible on the glassy surface and let it play among the sun spots that have filtered their way through the trees.

IF there is anything in the world that I love—next to fishing—it is hunting; and if there is anything in the world that my brother loves—next to hunting—it is fishing.

Sounds suspicious of an argument, doesn't it? I can assure you, however, that to argue with the good readers of this peace-loving magazine is the farthest thing from my mind. I do want to tell you, though, about an argument between this brother of mine and me.

The whole thing started one evening last January. It was too cold for fly fishing—at least in the northern part of Ohio; and too late for hunting. Consequently, since we could not completely detach ourselves from the sports, we were doing the next best thing—toasting our shins before the fireplace, smoking our pipes; and preparing for the time when we could once more follow our natural bent. I was re-winding my favorite rod, a five-and-one-eighth-ounce Granger Premier; while my brother, with woolen cloth and a can of some special kind of oil, was affectionately stroking the black-walnut stock of a little sixteen-gauge brush gun. Presently he laid down his pipe; a peculiar, little half smile played about the corners of his mouth; and I knew that something was coming. With a graceful, little motion, so slight that it was hardly noticeable, he snapped the gun to his shoulder and drew a bead on the door knob. "Now listen here, Moss Back," said he as he lowered the gun, and began polishing anew, "be honest with yourself for just once, and answer my questions truthfully. What could be more desirable than a crisp, frosty morning in the fall, with the sun just coming over the hills, scattering its golden rays through the trees and reflecting the hundreds of

colors and tints that Jack Frost painted on the leaves during the night? What could be more exhilarating than to take big, deep breaths of the half-frozen air, and blow it out in little vaporous clouds? What, if you please, could be more thrilling than the unexpected beating of brown wings among the dry leaves as a covey of quail or a grouse leaves its cover and goes soaring away among the trees and brush? Have you imagination enough to feel the recoil from the little old sixteen gauge as she voices her message of hit or miss? What more of a thrill is there than that caused by the sudden scamper of a little brown body with a white tail as he starts from beneath your very feet, leaving a trail of flying leaves and loose twigs in his path as he bounces along a rail fence? What feeling of triumph is there that is equal to the one that comes as you pick up your game, and it shows a clean hit made with one barrel? Tell me, if you can, what will send the blood coursing through your body more quickly than the sound of falling hickory-nut shucks on the dry leaves as some sly, old fox squirrel cuts away contentedly, high up in the tree tops; while you, on the ground, use every art of wood craft known to you to locate him without frightening him away? What more joyous feeling can you conceive of than the thump of his body on the ground as you bring him down? And finally, is it within your power to know the feeling of satisfaction and contentment that comes to the tired hunter at the end of a successful day? Now, can you and your fishing beat that?" he asked as he again brought the sixteen gauge in line with the door knob.

"Excellent, my dear brother," said I, "and next to fishing I believe that you have outlined a list of thrills that cannot be



found this side of Kingdom Come. However, you have never owned a five-ounce, nine-foot fly rod; one that becomes alive in your hand when you start it in motion. Well, Mr. Hunter, you still have some thrills coming. Get one; pay thirty or forty dollars for it; follow me some day, and I'll guarantee that you will get your money back the first day in thrills. Follow me to some clear, cold stream where the water tumbles over falls; around smooth, polished rocks, and through leafy arches

where the songs of birds and the hum of unseen wings harmonize with the soft music of the stream. With rods in hand, we will slip noiselessly into the water, and turn our faces up stream. Put on a fly. If possible pick one that resembles some of the insects that are flying about. Take deep breaths of air laden with perfume such as not even a queen could purchase, and carefully make your way up stream. Look intently for signs of trout. Notice particularly the pools that are to be found beneath the falls, and those that lie hidden behind the moss covered rocks. These are the places where the big ones lie in wait for the luckless minnow or fly. Whip all of these pools carefully. Drop the fly as naturally as possible on the glassy surface, and let it play among the sun spots that have filtered their way through the trees. Let it float; make it struggle to rise; make it skip a few inches; use every trick in your category, and in some of these pools you will find your reward. Sooner or later one of those big speckled beauties will come up with a splash. So sudden and fierce will be the attack that you may even forget to strike. If you hook him the quiet pool will become a chaos of seething whirlpools and spray. He may leave the pool suddenly and go up stream. Let him go, but keep a tight line. Every move he makes will be telegraphed to you through the long, slender, straining rod; and every one of those moves will send the new blood of spring through your veins with a rush. Thrill after thrill will come up the rod and down your arm. Straight as an arrow he will dart in one direction with unbelievable speed, and then he'll

turn back so quickly that you will not have time to retrieve your line. Your fingers will suddenly become all thumbs. He will clear the water a foot, lashing the spray in every direction. The sight of him will drive you nearly mad. Your heart will go to the bottom of your boots as the line becomes lifeless after the leap. You will groan, and become sick to your very soul as you start reeling in, but life will begin all over again when you discover that he was only sulking. Again you will feel

death creeping on you as he starts for a cluster of sharp, line-cutting rocks; but if Dame Fortune is with you you will turn him in time. Presently the sensitive rod will tell you that he is weakening, and you will start him slowly toward the awaiting net. One more rush, and he nearly jerks the rod from your hands—it will be so unexpected. But that one will be his last, and finally he will turn over. His silver belly will reflect the golden sun spots, and you will carefully net him. You will take out the hook, and hold the noble fellow up by the gill. Such a sight as he will be! Man, your very heart will try to pound its way out of its bony-barred cell. Thrill—did you say? Why, Hunter, you've never had a thrill yet. This kind of a thrill may last a half hour. Think of it—a thrill—one single thrill a half hour long. For the love of heaven, use your imagination once. Think it over."

Again the hunter brought his gun in line with the door knob. "Huh," he remarked, "I don't seem to remember of your saying anything about the mosquitoes as big as sparrows that hang about those lovely streams in the summer time. You know that they are all dead when hunting season comes. I've heard of fellows slipping and falling down in those nice, clear, cold streams, too, about which you failed to expostulate." And he smiled that peculiar little smile.

Well, anyway, I've had my say, mosquitoes or no mosquitoes; duckings or no duckings. And now, Mr. Sportsman, I am going to leave it up to you. I guess maybe it all depends, doesn't it? Whaddya think?

Solitude

By GRACE LYDIA HULL

*The grass on the bank of the mill-race
is dead,*

*And our feet sink through to the loam
beneath*

*The stream runs by like a shining sword
Swift drawn from its velvet sheath.*

*The white stones gleam—the waters
whirl*

*Long weeds wave their slim, green
fingers,*

*And a grey shadow lurks o'er a mossy
bed*

*Down in the depths, where the
twilight lingers.*



Summer Days and Moonshine

By EL COMANCHO

Illustrated by C. Otis Wilson

A Little River Story

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so; drop me a line and tell me why you don't if you have a kick coming. I like to please you if I know what you want. El Comancho

IT is, I know, a far cry from the roar of a white rapid in flood time to the calm of moonlight summer nights when the Brownthrasher sings to himself from the topmost twig of a high old Cottonwood to while away the hours that lead up toward midnight.

Yet must I chronicle this story as it occurred and therefore set down here many widely divergent facts.

Note then, if you please, that the Nighthawk called to his mate while he circled against the clear stars in company with the squeaking bats, dodging this way and that, intent also in garnering sustenance from the insect hordes which made the night audible with a thousand humming voices.

Note that the Horned Owl, silent as death, drifted across the hours, on wings that gave no notice of his coming—a blot against the luminous darkness, ever ready to swoop down and annex any small thing of the wilderness which promised food for his hungry maw; and many a careless mouse or trading rat, mole or other small nocturnal denizen of the wilds paid with its life for failure to remember the hunting owl and accordingly hide themselves safely from those wide, wicked yellow eyes.

The vagrant night breeze came and went or welled softly up like the steady flow of a gentle stream, from out the scented south, bringing the odor of miles of growing corn, the smell of hot, sun drenched dust, of drying, close cropped pastures, of resting herds, or the wet scent of river mud left by slowly dwindling waters.

Afar, against the darkness, a dog barked; some cow bawled uneasily to her calf; a hurrying buggy rattled, homeward bound along the rutted road, leaving behind a little cloud of dust to settle against the dew wet grass.

A child whimpered from a nearby house, restless in its sleep, and a self-centered boy yodeled a call for "Skinny," or "Fat," to "C'mon, less g'home," thus attesting the lateness of the hour.

David, unable to put in much time along his beloved little river, had learned to look for and welcome the coming of the Twins who hovered about him, anticipating his every need from early morning until midnight hours drove them reluctantly home.

In this companionship David found pleasure to make enforced idleness endurable, for every day gave something new to interest the Twins and keep David busy explaining.

One day it was a colony of ants, living under the sun, and it took an hour of questions and answers before June and Jule knew that ants work in sunshine and disappear into their dens in cloudy weather, not to venture forth again until the sun comes back. But this they learned thoroughly.

The simple things of nature were mostly mysteries to these two and they developed an insatiable desire to learn, to soak up knowledge of the wilderness even as a sponge absorbs water; all this because they saw David was always ready to explain to them the details of wild life so well understood by him as to make it seem strange to his mind that every one did not understand even as he did.

He forgot the fact that he had begun to take nature knowledge with his milk as soon as he opened his eyes on the world and had been doing the same thing ever since, hence what was often mystery to others was mostly old, proven knowledge of fact to him, to be eagerly sought and absorbed by this pair of twin girls whose every thot and care was for their David.

That he was blind to this ardent devotion did not take any of the interest out of it for them, for both June and Jule tried in every way they knew to show him that their hearts had room for only him.

David looked upon them both as sweet girl kids who had always been just as they were now, wild to go along with him when he went to the river and always ready to cling to his

June flung her slim arms up and clasped them about David's neck.

hand and dance along-side with the spider legged abandon of pig-tailed youth when he happened to pass by.

That they were now budding women—no longer the children he had always known, was yet to reach his understanding along with the fact that they both loved him more than anyone in the wide world and wanted him to love them in return.

The idea of love for woman kind had never entered David's head as a reality of now; it was something belonging to the vague future; the appeal of sex and youth left him untouched because of his daily contact with this pair of radiant girl twins who had long been conscious of a soul-filling love for the big boy who had brought June in to the doctor when life hung in the balance depending on clean cut fact knowledge backed by action which would not brook delay. David had supplied both.

Love had been born that day in the heart of June, and David had been annexed by her without rhyme or reason or knowledge of it on David's part, and this little girl love had burned with clear steadfast flame every minute since for him to see and understand—and he was blind—blind as any squeaking bat in the midday sun.

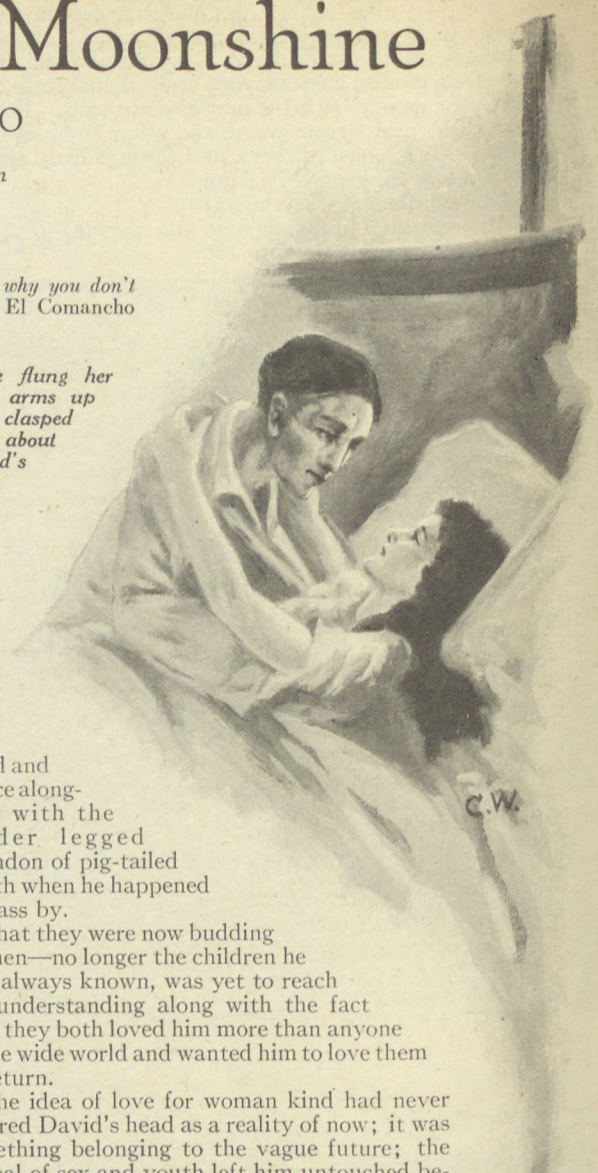
That Jule should complicate matters by experiencing the same desires and reactions which moved her twin sister was to be expected—and yet June considered David as her own love alone and counted her adored twin sister not at all.

Jule, equally sure of what she wanted, felt exactly as June did about David, and in her own mind she was fully determined to get David so firmly linked with herself that he should be like a second twin—and yet neither of the girls provided for her sister nor visioned following sequences if the other should actually marry David.

They had always been twins, sharing their all, each one with the other, and inseparable before the world; they did not sense the fact that only one could possibly marry David if such event should ever be consummated.

What was to become of the other then? The answer to that riddle had never been exacted because the riddle itself had never been propounded in as much as the Twins had never thought of themselves as becoming two separate individuals by reason of marriage.

A husband for either meant isolation from the other because





the laws of man and the laws of nature would not let them both love the same male—yet this situation had never fairly confronted them with all its far-reaching consequences, so they went blissfully on, blessing David with all the love they both could bestow upon him, and which was entirely innocent of results to both, because David did not think of either as a possible wife-to-be at some indefinite future time.

Indeed the whole idea of marriage had never presented itself seriously to him at all and if anyone had asked him whether he intended to marry either of the Twins he probably would have laughingly dismissed the idea as ridiculous—he wasn't going to marry anybody—hadn't even given it a thought, much less had he considered the idea of marrying either of these pretty girl-kids whom he had known since they were born and had always considered as "kids" along with the other children in town.

He simply did not see them as grown-up young women of marriageable age and both seriously in love with him.

While he was laid up with his hurts the two girls haunted his vicinity and he liked it, for they were very much alive and were as sweetly attentive as any woman could be.

Jule, especially, hovered about him constantly, not content unless she could touch him. He unconsciously liked that too and missed her vibrant presence when she was gone; there was a sense of something lacking if she was not close by—yet June had the same effect on his subconsciousness, tho he gave no thought as to why this was so.

Fate sometimes works out queer sequences and accomplishes her ends with the use of simple instruments; something like this happened now.

One morning June did not appear and Jule brought the information that she was sick—not seriously, but uncomfortably so, with a sudden summer cold resulting from overheating and then cooling off too soon.

"Nothing to worry about," the doctor had said, "but a day or so in bed will be wise and help, with proper medicines, toward quick recovery."

So it came about that poor June passed the restless days away from her sister and her heart's man before she rebelled and wanted to get up in spite of all advice to the contrary and it is likely she would have fretted herself into real illness if she had not been chided a bit by David himself for being impatient.

Meantime David visited the sick girl as often as seemed advisable, in company with the restless and distressed Jule, who worried because her beloved twin was not by her side as usual.

The second evening Jule had attended to the housework for her mother, who was out some three or four hours, and David sat by June's bedside in the cool twilight of the sick room, half illuminated by flood light from a full moon, which made the outside world almost like day.

We all know what a reputation the moon has had for all the centuries we have any written record of; possibly it was the baleful influence of this feminine planet—possibly also this had nothing to do with the resultant situation, but the fact remains that June's hot hand came in contact with David's cool one, and her slim fingers entwined themselves and disengaged again only to repeat the movement

restlessly until David clasped her hand and held it, inert.

They talked of the Little River and its ways, a subject that David always responded to, until Jule called to David to come sit with her for a while on the porch.

When David started to go he reached down and patted June's little-girl hot cheek, saying some simple thing about quick recovery.

Suddenly—possibly it was the work of the moon—I leave that to you—June flung her slim arms up, clasped them about David's neck and pulled his face down to hers, where she whispered, "Oh, Davie, Davie, don't go! Stay here with me, Davie—stay always, forever and ever!" and she kissed him, not once but, several times—quick, hot childish kisses such as one would not be surprised at when they came from the feverish lips of a little girl on a sick bed—and as suddenly she let go her arms and dropped back on the pillow, turning her back to the big boy and burying his face in the pillow under a screen of widespread curls.

And David had, involuntarily, returned her caresses as he would if she were a little child, and without a word had gone to Jule.

Then and there, deep down in that inner self which we all possess, and which we can't boss, or bamboozle, or lie to, David came to the knowledge that into his life had come—the woman. Never again would he walk alone.

Poor June burst out crying; sobs rocked her small body and shook the bed; she underwent a perfect storm of emotional tears, but she never felt so exquisitely, painfully happy in all her life; she tingled all over in each and every separate nerve, from the top of her head to the bare big toe of her uncovered foot, which she wiggled with pleasure, as you've seen a cat do when she purrs while you stroke her back—not that June was a cat by any stretch of the imagination, or even cat like; she simply wept with silent joy because she couldn't help it and couldn't tell why, and weeping gave her a delicious sensation of pleasure.

Presently she calmed down and rolled over to stare at the ceiling in the moonlight and think of David—of David's kiss that had come to her in the half light of the summer night.

She held her breath and listened to the subdued voices of her sister and the boy she now knew that she loved with all her heart, and her quick ear was sensitive to every change of tone which David used.

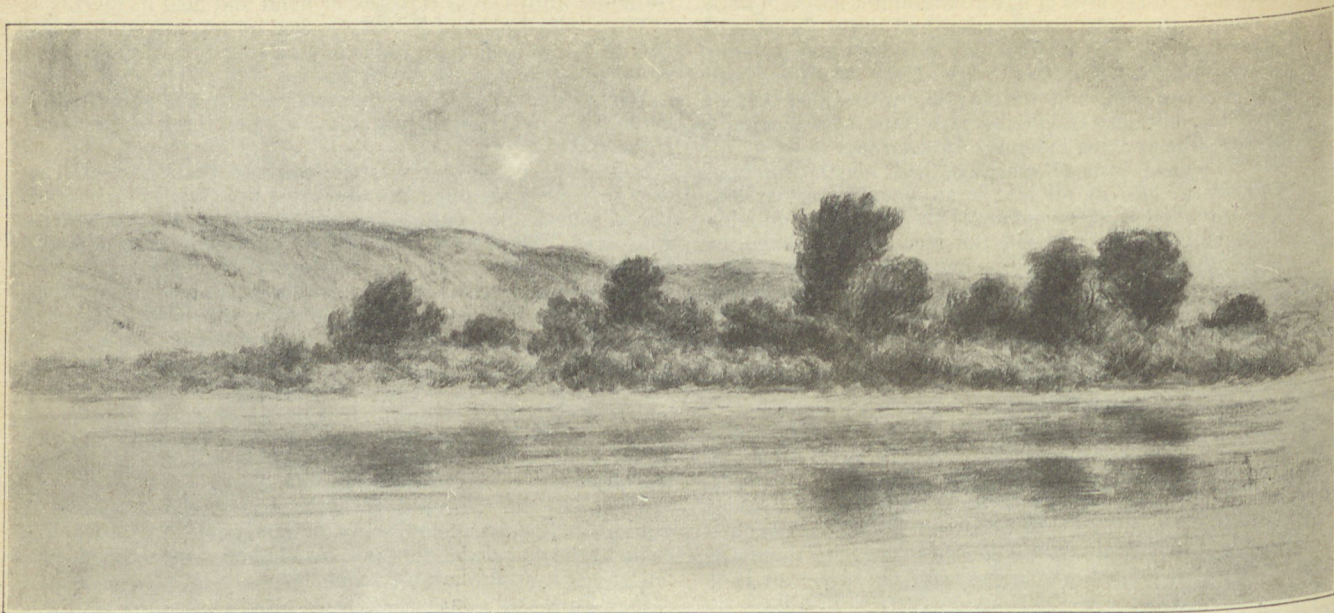
Never again would any human being, except David, give her such delicious little thrills as these she felt, just listening to his voice, and she knew, down in her inner self, that from now on there was only one man in all the world for her—and that one man was David.

Of this fact she was perfectly certain, and calmly sure beyond possibility of dispute. David, from now on, was her world and all in it, and about him the universe would forever revolve; she had grown up and become a woman in that brief instant when she had bared her soul to him and felt his kiss upon her lips.

Perhaps it was the moon—I leave that to you, for I am not an expert in such matters nor pose as such; I am merely the recording scribe and I set down the facts as they occur. (Continued on page 58)



David had gone around to the south porch where he sat down in the white flood of moonlight.



A bit of the I. W. L. A. Preserve—sketch by Earl H. Reed.

ONCE again America has put the seal of approval on the Izaak Walton League's Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge. Once again, the wheels of progress have been set in motion.

Congress in the session just ended, passed an amendment to the original instrument providing that the United States government shall not pay an average price in excess of \$5 per acre in acquiring the necessary area which extends along the banks of the Mississippi River between Rock Island, Illinois, and Wabasha, Minnesota.

All that now remains to complete this legislation is the ratification of this bill, and such action is now pending in the state capitols of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The passage of this amendment was a signal achievement for this League, for with but three hours to go before the session closed a suspension of rules in the House of Representatives was acquired by a vote of 274 voting for the measure and four voting against it.

To those unfamiliar with our national capitol just before the end of a Congressional session, it will be difficult to visualize the pandemonium which reigns. Lobbyists with hundreds of bills from each of the forty-eight states, rushing, jostling and each intent on one thing, the passage of his particular bill; legislators are besieged with requests from their constituents and every man is keyed up to a nerve-racking pitch akin to frenzy.

Under these conditions our amendment was passed after being killed three times when placed on the unanimous consent calendar of the House of Representatives and this was due solely to the tenacity, spirit and guts of one man who fought for its success every inch of the trail.

That man is Will H. Dilg, President and Founder of the Izaak Walton League. (He's the editor of this magazine and would kill that last paragraph were he here, but happily he is attending the Missouri State Division Convention as these lines are written—and we believe that

Congress Passes Amendment to Upper Mississippi Bill

credit should go where the credit is due.)

This League has friends in Washington—good friends, sportsmen every one of them—who came to the front for our bill with characteristic sportsmanlike action. They

did this for one reason—THEY BELIEVE THIS BILL IS A GOOD ONE AND THEY KNOW THE PEOPLE WANT IT.

At the instance of Senator James A. Reed, Missouri, the proposed amendment was placed on the unanimous consent calendar of the Senate and this body passed it in February.

Three times it came up before the House of Representatives on a similar calendar and was killed each time by one objector. There was nothing to do then except obtain a suspension of rules, practically a human impossibility at such a time. BUT IT WAS OBTAINED AND THE AMENDMENT PASSED.

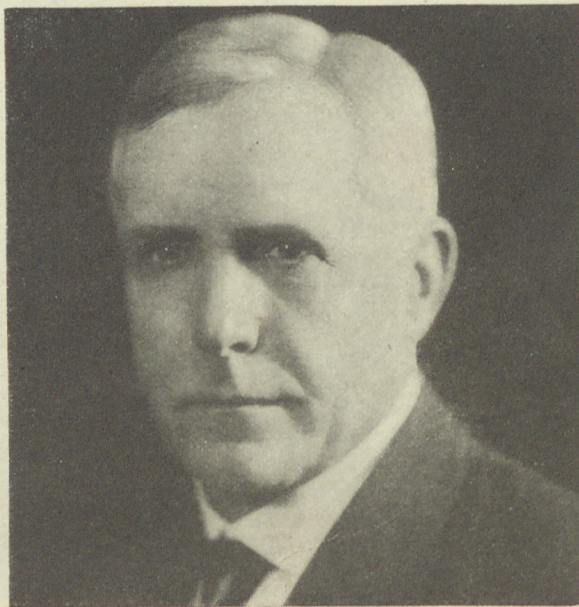
Those who fought for this amendment were Congressman James B. Aswell, Louisiana; Congressman Harry B. Hawes, Missouri; Congressman Gilbert N. Haugen, Iowa; Congressman Marvin Jones, Texas; Congressman David H. Kincheloe, Kentucky; Congressman J. N. Tincher, Kansas, and Congressman Fred S. Purnell. The following is a detailed account of

action in the House taken from the Congressional Record:

Mr. HAUGEN. Mr. Speaker I move to suspend the rules and pass Senate Joint Resolution 179, to amend section 10 of the act entitled "An act to establish the upper Mississippi wild life and fish refuge," which I send to the desk and ask to have read:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, etc., That section 10 of the act entitled "An act to establish the upper Mississippi River wild life and fish refuge," approved June 7, 1924 (43 Stat. L. p. 650), be, and the same hereby is, amended by striking out that part of said section which reads "but no money shall be available for the acquisition of any area until the Secretary of Agriculture has ascertained that all of the areas to be acquired under this act will be acquired within the amounts appropriated or authorized to be



Senator James A. Reed, Missouri.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.



appropriated therefor and at an average price not in excess of \$5 per acre, and not in excess of the average selling price, during the years 1921, 1922, and 1923, of comparable lands within the vicinity of such areas," and by substituting in lieu thereof the following: "Provided, That the Secretary of Agriculture shall not pay for any land or land and water a price which when added to the price of land or land and water theretofore purchased, shall exceed an average cost of \$5 per acre."

acre and not in excess of the average selling price during the years 1921, 1922, and 1923 of comparable lands within the vicinity of such area, and by substituting in lieu thereof the following:

Provided, That the Secretary of Agriculture shall not pay for any land or land and water a price which when added to the price of land or land and water theretofore purchased, shall exceed an average cost of \$5 per acre.

I quote now from the letter of the Secretary of Agriculture:

The first restriction is upon the availability of any part of the appropriation until the Secretary of Agriculture has ascertained that all of the areas to be acquired under the act will be acquired within the amount appropriated or authorized to be appropriated therefor.

This restriction would make it impossible for the Secretary of Agriculture to acquire any land whatever until he shall have ascertained the aggregate price of all the land to be acquired for the purposes of the act. No thought is entertained by the department that the Government would be involved by any contract of the Secretary of Agriculture which would exceed any appropriation that Congress may make for the acquisition of these lands. In fact, the amount appropriated would itself be a restriction upon the contractual authority of the Secretary. But it will be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for the Secretary to ascertain definitely whether all of the lands which ought to be acquired for the purposes of the act can be acquired within any appropriation which may be made therefor. Ascertainment of the lands that ought to be acquired will undoubtedly necessitate considerable time, during which it is highly probable that the offerers of some of the lands will

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 44]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is a second demanded?

Mr. HUDDLESTON. Mr. Speaker, I demand a second.

Mr. HAUGEN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that a second may be considered as ordered.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection?

Mr. BLANTON. Mr. Speaker, I object.

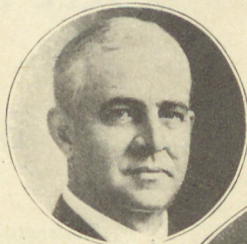
The Speaker pro tempore. The question is on seconding the demand of the gentleman from Iowa for suspension of the rules. The Chair appoints the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. HAUGEN] and the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. HUDDLESTON] to take their places as tellers.

The House divided; and the tellers reported—ayes 130, noes 3.

So a second was ordered.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Iowa is entitled to 20 minutes and the gentleman from Alabama is entitled to 20 minutes.

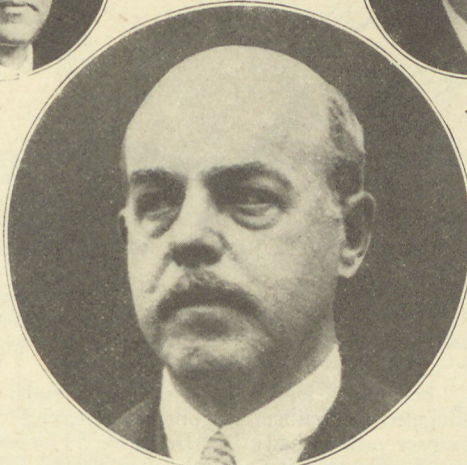
Mr. HAUGEN. Mr. Speaker, the object of the proposed joint resolution is to remove certain restrictions. Those restrictions are that no money shall be available for the acquisition of any area until the Secretary of Agriculture has ascertained that all of the areas to be acquired under the act will be acquired within the amounts appropriated or authorized to be appropriated therefor at an average price not to exceed \$5 per



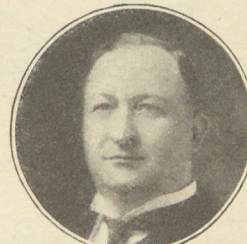
Harry B. Hawes M. C.



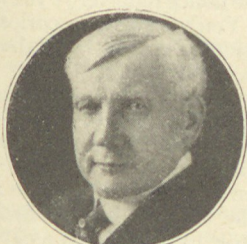
J. S. Tincher M. C.



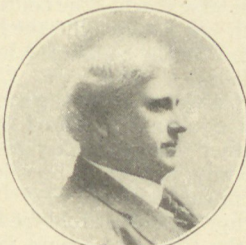
House Speaker Nicholas Longworth



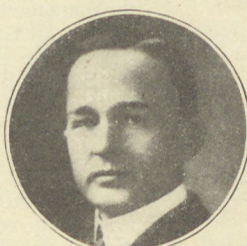
Fred S. Purnell M. C.



Gilbert N. Haugen M. C.



James B. Aswell M. C.



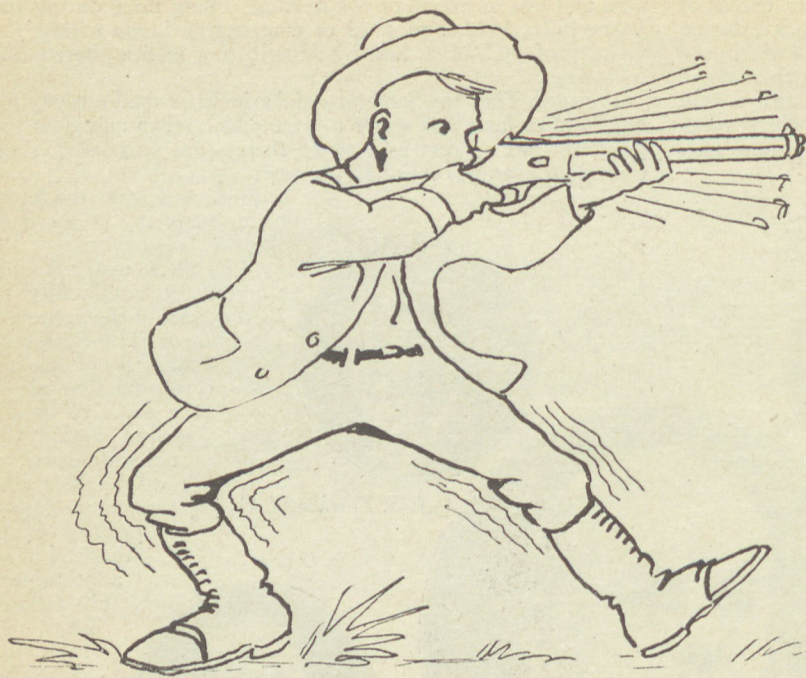
Maroon Jones M. C.



D. H. Kincheloe M. C.



Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?



It was hard to concentrate.

THE final edition was on the street. I bought one from the news kid that came in and was snuggled up against the mahogany reading a darb of a murder yarn we had scooped the brothers on, when in busts Logan, the city editor, glaring at me as though the scoop was a phoney and I was about to become a bearer of lilies.

"Where tha hell've you been?" he murmurs at the top of his voice, "I've been lookin' all over the damn town for you—ain't you coverin' police any more?"

"Don't be a boy," I counsels, "set down and tell papa all about it—are you sure you're lookin' for me—Smith is my name—one of the cough drop Smiths."

"Say," he returns, as his breath comes back, "as a humorist you get pretty close to the camembert. I didn't come chasin' over here to put on any Weber and Fields skit."

"That seems fair," says I, "you don't seem to hold up your end of the act. But tell me—ain't the ol' handbill on the

surrounded the suds. "The big boy himself and a party of highbrows, is leavin' tomorrow for Florida on a cat hunt—"

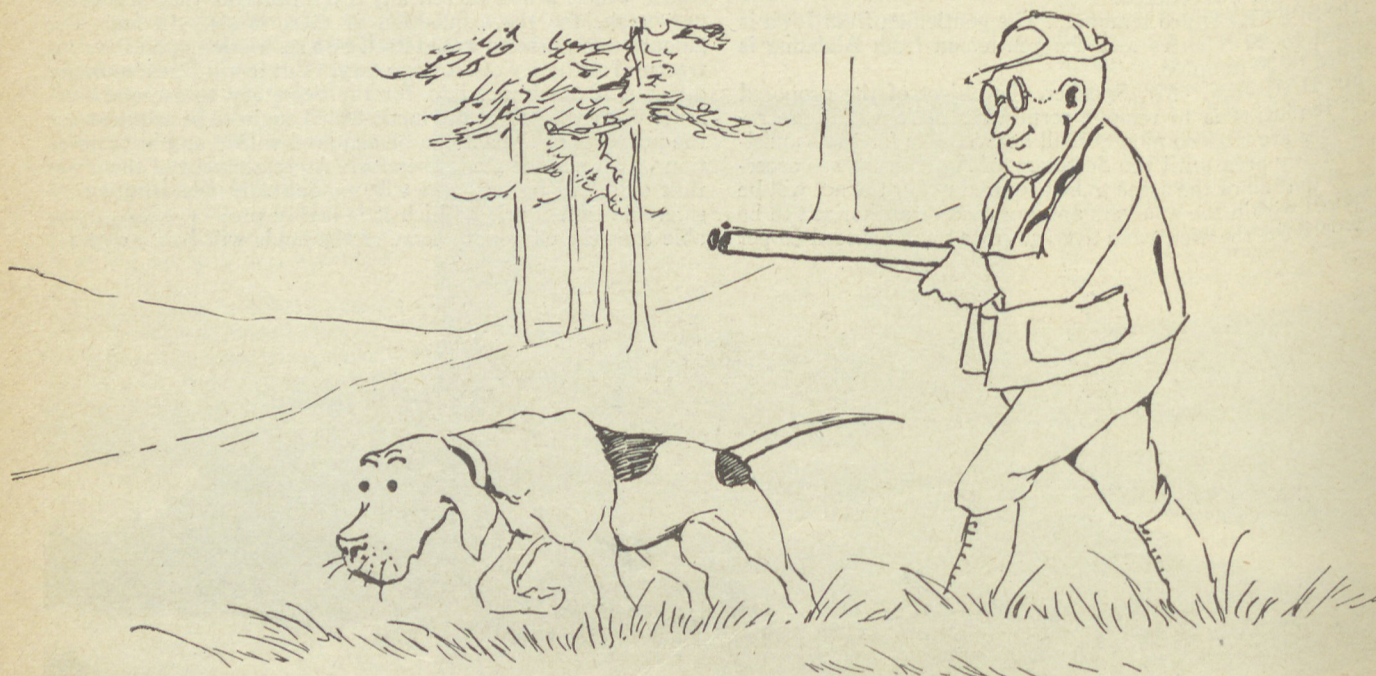
"But why," I breaks in, "go to Florida? Why not see the local talent first? Take f'rinstance the woman's club—"

"Never mind the wise cracks," he continues, "until I convey the message to you. As I was sayin' the big boy an' his friends checks out tomorrow on the Seminole Limited for a protracted stay in the everglades—"

"Sounds like a paragraph from the society page—" "Shut up! These jokers have hired horses, hounds, guides, guns an' all the other tools necessary to bring home the cats. The latter, by the way, happen to be wild cats—"

"Oh, yes! Them cats without a—"

"Will you shut up? The boss told me he wants a reporter to accurately cover the trip an' because you were successful in gettin' the diary an' pictures of that Heckler dame today—I'm puttin' my money on you to return from the everglades



Muff picked a terrier that might have played the lead in Eliza's flight.

The Cat's Meow

By BUD ROSS

Illustrated by David M. Newell

boulevards? Ain't this the final edition? Am I the police reporter or the night watchman? You've got my curiosity aroused and I simply got to have the rest of the play?"

He cracked a grin and seeing as how he was beginning to show signs of human intelligence I orders up another stein (this was Monday).

"Here's the dope," says he after he had surrounded the suds. "The big boy himself and a party of

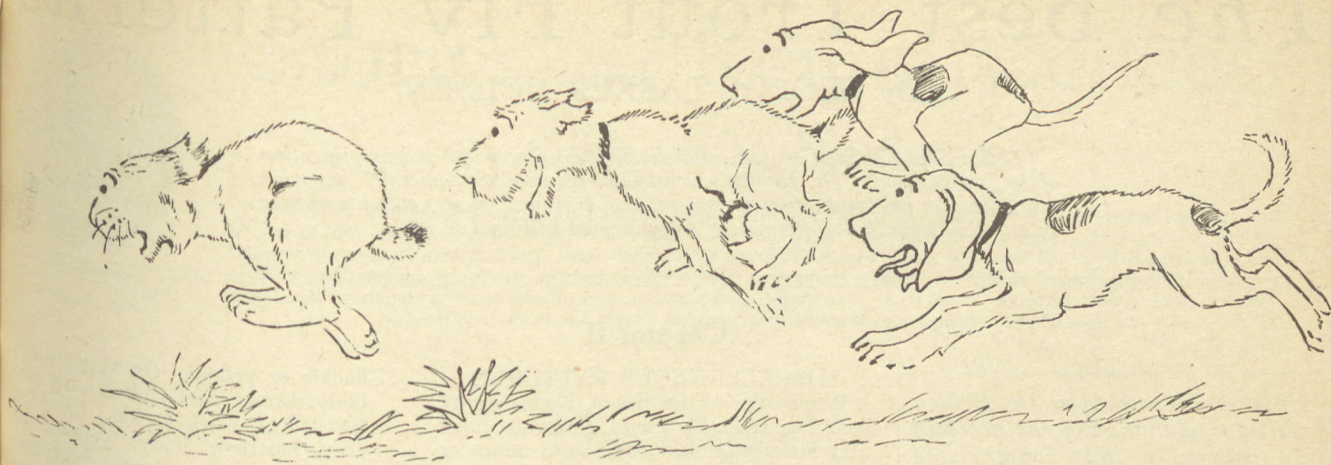
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There went the wild cat, one jump ahead of the dogs.

with a hot yarn. Get your other shirt—even if you have to throw it out the back window, and make the Seminole tomorrow mornin'."

With this as a parting shot my little playmate folds up his tent (without staging a comeback on the stein) and disappears through the portal once reserved for the exclusive entrance of families.

Pondering on the assignment, I went over to the nocturnal parking place for my hat and rendered the national anthem of the Fourth Estate to a patient but firm landlady. My exit was made with two clean collars and a tie in my pocket. No feature would sufficiently dent the lady's armor to include the suitcase.

Feeling a need for further equipment to enter the spirit of the party, I went over to Number One Engine House, and called Tommy Nolan out of a penny ante game.

"Tom," says I, "you know your oatmeal—tell me what the well dressed man is wearing on Florida cat hunts this season."

He looked at me for a moment in silence, then sadly shook his head.

"I told you to keep away from that Dutchman's on Monday," says he, "his needle beer will be the end of you one of these days."

"Hold on! hold on! I haven't had any needle beer—this is serious."

I told him of the assignment.

It took me about twenty minutes to convince him that I was not illuminated.

We went upstairs and Tom pulled out a long package wrapped up better than the late King Tut. Unwrapped, it proved to be a gun—a rare old weapon fashioned after the one Sherman likely carried when he made his comment on war.

"Ain't she somethin'?" he inquires, squinting along the barrel.

"Well, if she ain't she ought to be," says I right back at him, "where'd you get 'er, from Bertha Krupp?"

"Naw," says Tom without a smile, "the old man gave it to me twenty years ago. She's strong enough to kill a—a—a"

"Bill collector," I inserts, gathering the cannon to my bosom and starting out.

"Hold on!" yells Tom, "don't you know it rains in Florida most of the time? You ain't got half enough stuff."

With that he hollers down the tube and three of the other boys came up. They supplied a Jesse James hat, a pair of high laced boots that had been worn by the old chief, way back when lace boots were fashionable on fire departments, and fourteen pounds of assorted wise cracks.

Continuing the search, I collected a revolver from the chief of police. The desk sergeant at Clark Street station came through with a fine old remnant resembling a carpetbag which had lain in the corner of the gold-fish room since the World's Fair.

Back to the engine house for sleep.

Seven o'clock next morning, I slid down the pole and clambered aboard the observation platform of the limited.

If there ever was a crowd created for the express purpose of hunting cats, this was it. I succeeded in missing most of their names but one rung the bell—Sir Miffin Miffingham (pronounced Muffin).

Boy, he was a muffin—he was a cross between a hot-cross bun and a pretzel.

It seems that he was the Daniel Boone of the business. But in place of the fuzzy derby. Dan featured, Muff sported a soft green hat with a little red feather tucked in the ribbon.

He was short, and plump. His heavy horn-rimmed glasses natively surmounted a chubby, cheerful grin. It was later brought out that Muff's old man had declared him an orphan when he insisted on extending the family plate to ladies of the chorus.

But Muff was a hunter. He readily admitted he knew more about cat hunting than the late Cleopatra. No feline that ever sprouted a whisker could pass Muff a fast one and it was for this particular ability the boss had imported him from New York.

We had two things in common—first that we were the only hirelings in this royal setting and second that each felt a great mutual admiration for drinkable liquor, of which there was a pleasing quantity tucked away in the party's "duffle."

Entertainment on the way down to the everglades consisted mainly of listening to the gold coast chatter on the various ways to catch wild cats. The big boys would dust off some whoppers, but just before the deadline Muff would come in with a yarn that left them talking to themselves.

We finally arrived at a village which had all the bubbling vivaciousness of a deserted graveyard.

The baggage coach ahead disgorged nothing, if not the city dog pound.

"The 'ounds," Muff explains. "A ripping pack."

They bundled the entire party, dogs, baggage and "duffle," into some rickety old wagons and a couple of battered flivvers.

We started back through the swamp on a road that was so different. The baby who toolled our bus didn't seem to mind the shell-holes. He opened the old boat wide open, apparently trying to keep us suspended between what served as a cushion and the bows of the top. We yelled at him without avail.

This rural DePalma was out for the money.

After our upper and lower plates had swapped berths some fifteen or twenty times we slowed down in front of a sad old house something along the lines the real estate boys have christened "a low rambling mansion." It was all spread out on one floor.

After we had finished supper the boss yawns and says, "Well, fellows, we'd better get to bed—tomorrow's the big day. Sir Miffingham tells me the signs are right and we are all set for a record bag."

Next morning, or I should say shortly after midnight, the cat addicts assembled. The dogs were brought out and each of us drew a hound. All the big boys picked one of these long eared babies. There was only one left—an Airedale.

"Don't be squiffed at that dog, me boy," says Muff, who was leading a terrier that might have played the lead in Eliza's flight, "E's got the stuff—that bucko. A Maidstone—friend of mine brought his brother from India."

As I picked up the leash that Airedale looked at me. He looked hard. It seemed he was trying to dope out how I had been hooked up with this tribe.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 67]

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

33



The Best Trout Fly Patterns

By GEORGE PARKER HOLDEN

(This is the fly-tying season, and the following revision and amplification of the final chapter of Dr. Holden's well-known volume, "Streamcraft," probably comprises the most authoritative and detailed treatment of its subject to appear in any American publication. All fly fishermen will revel in it.)

Chapter II

In the previous chapter Dr. Holden started a tabulation of the accepted fly patterns of this country and Europe. The list continues:

KING OF THE WATER:

Same as Queen except that the body is red, and the legs (hackle) are not dressed palmer.

RED (SCARLET) IBIS:

Wings, scarlet ibis; body, scarlet ribbed with gold tinsel; legs and tail, scarlet ibis.

Another Maine and Canada favorite wet fly.

REUBEN (RUBE) WOOD:

Wings, tan mottled (wood duck); body, white chenille with scarlet silk tip; legs, light brown hackle; tail, tan mottled.

Named from an old-time noted American angler.

SETH GREEN:

Wings, light brown mottled (turkey); body, green ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, brown hackle; tail, tan mottled (wood duck) or none.

Named from a famous American angler and pioneer New York State fish culturist.

SHOEMAKER:

Wings, mottled gray of mallard and mottled woodcock mixed; body, ringed alternately with light and gray salmon (four or five rings of pink and lead color, with pink at tip); legs, dark ginger hackle; tail, mottled woodcock.

SILVER DOCTOR (MUCH DIVERSIFIED):

Wings, brown mottled (turkey) with barred black and white tip, and scarlet and yellow outer mid-strips, or strips of scarlet, yellow, blue, brown, gray, orange and black mottled; body, flat silver tinsel with yellow and scarlet tip; legs, light blue (dyed) hackle or same with guinea-hen; tail, yellow and scarlet.

This is the greatest salmon fly, the salmon patterns, though, being much more elaborate even than the above.

WICKHAM'S FANCY:

Wings, medium or light gray (starling); body, flat gold tinsel ribbed with fine gold wire or gold twist; legs, bright red palmer hackle.

This fly, named after its inventor, Dr. Wickham of Winchester, England, is one of the most dependable all-round artificials known to the fisherman, tied on any size hook and used wet or dry at any time, anywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS PATTERNS

While some of the flies in this class may bear fair resemblance to Naturals, none may strictly be said to be an attempt at conscientious copying of any real insect.

BEAVERKILL:

Wings, lead (blue heron or slate-colored feather of duck or pigeon); body, white silk; legs, brown hackle; tail, gray mottled mallard.

FEMALE (LADY) BEAVERKILL:

Wings, same as above; body, gray tipped with yellow ball to represent egg-sac; legs, brown hackle; tail, gray mottled.

BROWN (RED) HACKLE (OR PALMER):

Body, brown (ostrich) or bronze or green (peacock) herl; legs, brown hackle.

With the hackle wound whole length of body, this pattern is called *Brown Palmer*. With the body (corpulent), green herl ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, brown hackle with black root, tied very bushy; the pattern is called *Marlow Buzz*, *Welshman's Button*, *Hazel-fly*, or *Cochy Bondu* (*Coch-y-bon-dhu*, *Cock-a-bonddhu*, or *Cock-y-bonddhu*—you can take your choice). The natural insect is a beetle and not a caterpillar.

With the body, red silk or red ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, brown hackle wound whole length of body; this is called *Brown and Red* or *Soldier Palmer*. (Most hackle and palmer wet flies have the body corpulent.)

GRAY HACKLE (OR PALMER, ASHIES):

Body, brown, black or green herl or gray (*Gray-Bodied Ashy*), red (*Red-Bodied Ashy*) or yellow; legs, always gray hackle. With hackle wound the whole length of body, called *Gray Palmer*. With green silk body, the palmer-dressed fly sometimes is called *Gray and Green Palmer*.

GINGER PALMER:

Body, yellow silk sometimes ribbed with silver tinsel or of ginger-brown; legs, pale ginger hackle wound whole length of body.

GINGER QUILL:

Wings, transparent gray; body, quill (from herl of peacock eye-feather); legs and tail, ginger hackle. (Quill-flies often are named after the color of the hackle.)

LAND-BRED FLIES

BEE:

Wings, brown tipped with black (end of brown turkey tail-feather) or black; body, alternate rings of black (ostrich) herl and yellow; legs, brown

hackle or yellow. Or wings, same; body, brown herl ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, black hackle. Or wings, gray mottled; body, yellow and black chenille in alternate rings; legs, red hackle. Or wings, blue heron; body, same as above; legs, brown hackle. Or wings, dark brown; body, yellow ribbed with green (peacock) herl; legs, brown hackle.

BLACK ANT:

Wings, slate (duck or pigeon) or black; body, black silk with ball of black herl at head; legs, black hackle.

RED ANT:

Wings, pale gray (starling); body, front half red silk, posterior half brown herl; legs, red hackle. Or with body, strand of bronze peacock herl partly stripped with unstripped portion at bend of hook; legs, brown hackle. (Hook 14.)

The Ants are valuable late flies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wings, black or gray; body, dark blue chenille ribbed with black silk or gold tinsel, or of steel-blue silk with white tip; legs, black or dark gray hackle.

Both patterns, the light and the dark, were favorite early-season flies of Charles Bradford.

COWDUNG:

Wings, yellow-brown (landrail) or mouse-gray (duck or crane wing); body, yellow-brown or yellow-green or "dirty-colored" orange wool of mohair; legs, ginger hackle. (Hook 12 or 14.)

HAWTHORNE:

Wings, transparent gray (starling); body, black (ostrich) herl or black silk with black fur or mohair dubbing; legs and tail, black hackle. (Hook 14.)

KATYDID:

Wings, dark green; body, light green ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, green hackle; tail, brown hackle. (Some times tied with wings lighter than body.)

OAK (DOWNLOOKER):

Wings, brown mottled (turkey or quail); body, orange ribbed with black or dark brown silk; legs, brown or honey-dun hackle.

So nicknamed from its favorite resting position on bush or tree head downward.

WHITE MILLER:

Wings, white (duck wing); body, white sometimes ribbed with silver tinsel; legs, white hackle.

(Continued on page 72)



J. M. Dickinson,
Secretary of War under
President Taft.

Stories and Reminiscences

Of Jacob M. Dickinson

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

The Oaks

In a previous writing I related some things about Columbus, Mississippi. The Federal Army never got to Columbus during the War. When they came many things followed which seemed drastic to the Southern people. All confederate buttons had to cut from their uniforms all town was filled with thousands of negroes, usually officially "contrabands," who naturally flocked in from the plantations. For a long time there was no adequate provision for them and they committed many depredations. But here I want to record that, although all of the able bodied white men were at the front, and at times there were no troops of any consequence in Columbus, and on account of moving negroes from plantations that had been invaded, the negro population vastly outnumbered the white population, there was not a negro riot, or outbreak, and not an outrage by a negro there during the war. They were faithful until the great social revolution came, and many thousands of them were faithful even until death.

This shows irrefutably two things. There were, in the mass of them good, sound, dependable qualities. These qualities could not have existed and persisted, unless the slave owners had been generally humane. While there were shameful exceptions, yet generally the owners instilled into them principles of good character and integrity, and brought them under Christian teachings and influence. In 1860 the white Methodist Church had 171,857 negro members. The Baptist and the Presbyterian likewise had large memberships.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, President of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, writes me that while he cannot give the number of slaves who were members of the Episcopal Church in the South about the time of the Civil War, he knows that there were large congregations of negroes in the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee; that the church in Ashwood, really intended for the large congregation of slaves, who were regular members of that church, and that on the great Ravenscroft Plantation in Tennessee, where Mr. Alston ruled as sort of a Baronial Lord, Dr. Quintard, afterwards Bishop of Tennessee, had charge of the very large

congregation of slaves for whom Mr. Alston had built a church. Stonewall Jackson was superintendent at Lexington, Virginia, of a large Sunday School of slaves and held that position at the time he was killed.

On April 26, 1866, the first year after the bitter war, the ladies of Columbus, Mississippi, decorated the graves of those who had fallen in the war between the States. This was the first Decoration Day in the United States. This ceremony was followed by the entire South. General Logan was so impressed by seeing this in the South, that he brought about the establishment of a like day for the soldiers of the North. But that first day was characterized by a feature which is historic. The Mississippi Index of April 26, 1866, said:

"We were glad to see that no distinction was made between our own dead and about forty Federal soldiers who slept their last sleep by them. It proved the exalted, unselfish tone of the female character. Confederate and Federal—once enemies, now friends—receiving this tribute of respect."

In the Atlantic Monthly September, 1876, appeared a poem by F. W. Finch, a Northern writer, entitled "The Blue and The Gray," commemorating this event. Two of the verses are as follows:

"From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting for Judgment Day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.
Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are
fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray."

The poem had the following head note:

"The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers on the graves of the Confederates and of the National soldiers."

Nine miles from Columbus, on the Military Road, along which Jackson's troops

marched when they went to New Orleans, was "The Oaks," owned by Judge John Perkins, a Marylander, who went to Mississippi early in the last century, acquired a large fortune and was one of the largest and wealthiest planters in the United States. He had several places in Louisiana nearly opposite Natchez. The center of operations and control was "The Briers," where he had a costly house, expensive furniture, and an extensive library, all of which were burned during the Civil War.

On account of the salubrity of the climate and the artesian water he in later life made "The Oaks" his home. The house was spacious and imposing. He had a number of cottages with from three to six rooms, in which he housed visiting friends. Before the Civil War frequently all would be full, sometimes as many as thirty people, from Maryland, Virginia, Mississippi and Louisiana. When I first visited him he was near ninety years old, tall, erect, and appalling in his dignity, looking as if some old Englishman had stepped out of a portrait into life. Twice every day he rode about his plantation on horseback. He had been a widower for many years. He was a dragon of cleanliness and everything was spotless. Wood for the fires was brought in, wrapped in a leather case with cloth flaps. When it was laid on the fires all pieces of bark and splinters were swept into the case and carried out.

The only regular member of his household at that time was a bachelor Presbyterian preacher, who received annually a substantial salary and two suits of broadcloth. His only duties were to officiate at prayers, morning and night, preach weekly sermons, console the sick, white and black, and preach their funerals. A church was built by Judge Perkins on his own place, about a mile from his residence and near the public road, so that neighbors could attend. It would seat about four hundred people, one side being for whites and the other for negroes, many of whom were communicants. Upon those at his home attendance was obligatory. Ladies could not dance, sing and amuse themselves Saturday night and plead a headache to escape Sunday services. Carriages and horses were ready for all, and none dared incur the displeasure of his frown. Up to the war he lived with great lavishness. He shipped

(Continued on page 79)

Your Chapter Must be Represented.

Have you certified your delegates' credentials?



The League is Fighting for the Elk —Have You Done Your Part?

Sportsmen of America, you have challenged and your reputation is at stake.

This day marks a crisis in the progress of national conservation of our wild places and wild things and it is impossible for us to evade the issue.

Three months ago the Izaak Walton League of America, through this magazine, opened a campaign to raise \$100,000 to establish an addition to the government feeding station in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, to save the American elk from starvation and to prevent a repetition of the 1919-1920 horrors when thousands of these animals perished for want of food, and it was possible, according to reliable information from settlers, to walk for a half-mile at a stretch over the bodies of dead elk. To date (March 20) the total amount collected is \$26,000.

The league is fighting its hardest fight, and the story of the Jackson Hole tragedy has been told as only writers of national renown can tell it. We, as Waltonians, know the plight of the elk. However, there are hundreds of thousands of sportsmen, women and children who are unaware of this effort to preserve a bit of vanishing America.

Would space permit, we could give you little incidents of human interest brought out in this drive that would warm your heart and re-establish your faith in humanity.

For instance, one week ago we received a badly scrawled envelope which had made its way to dozens of offices in Chicago through the inability of the post-office department to decipher the address.

A Waltonian in the Chicago postoffice sent it to us. Upon slitting the envelope a one dollar bill fluttered to the floor. The letter read: "Gentlemen: I am 89 years old. I been around a lot but there ain't been much moss stick to this old rolling stone. Here's a dollar for the elk. I can't do any better. You young fellows are doing something worth while. I hope I'll live long enough to see you put over the proposition."

The stationery bore the stamp of a mid-western institution for the poor.

Picture the sacrifice and visualize the magnitude of this gift. He gave all that he had to help a cause which his old sportsman's heart told him was something worth while.

We can't print his name (Gosh, we wish we could—and run his picture for a full page), but if we had one million like this old boy, the future of America's out-of-doors would be assured.

Perhaps you and I as Waltonians have given all that we can to this cause. Perhaps we feel that we have done our bit and are content to rest on our laurels and let the mythical "George" do it. But, if such is the case, we're wrong—all wrong.

"George," as has often been pointed out, will never accomplish anything, and you and myself are too much interested in the elk to give him a chance to prove his utter uselessness in this great eventuality.

The only reason conceivable for our not having \$100,000 right now is that THE OTHER FELLOW does not know of the plight of these elk, and it is our fault for not having told him what we are trying to do.

You know blamed well there is not one man of your acquaintance who would not be willing to give at least a dime to this monument to our common sense.

The world has focused its spotlight on us as the largest organization of sportsmen on the map and we can't escape its rays. We have a reputation, we American sportsmen, for having guts enough to finish anything we start, and, by all that we stand for, we've sufficient intestinal equipment to raise this \$100,000.

Heretofore we've just taken a sort of apathetic slant on this proposition—taken it for granted that somebody, somewhere, somehow, would kick in, and we have not taken it half seriously enough.

The facts are these: We now have \$26,000. We need \$74,000. "George," so far as Waltonian movements are concerned, is long dead—forget him. You and I have got to take a pull at the old belt and go out and get the money.

We have been informed that the elk are being taken care of this winter due to an abundance of hay coupled with a mild winter last year. BUT let's not be like the well known character who suffered tortures of the damned from rheumatism caused by water flooding the floor of his house because of a hole in the roof which grew larger with each storm yet remained unfixed. A friend asked him why he did not fix the roof and his reply was a classic:

"Wal, I'll tell you—ouch!—when it rainin'—o-ouch!—I can't git at the hole—when it haint rainin' it don't need fixin'."

The elk will not starve this spring unless something unforeseen happens.

However, there will be many winters to come, and unless we prepare for them the last remaining big herd of American elk will be wiped out. These animals cannot again withstand a tragedy similar to that of 1920, coupled with annual rifle attacks and the insidious efforts of tusk hunters who still ply their nefarious trade in spite of all that authorities can do to prevent it.

At present there is a small area of hay land maintained and operated by the federal government to in a measure care for the elk which drift down from their natural feeding ranges in the mountains when the snow and ice covers their natural forage.

There is no natural grazing ground left in the Jackson's Hole that is of any value to the elk, as this land, such as it is, has been grazed by stock until it is barren.

The League is buying hay land acreage adjoining that of the government refuge for the sole purpose of increasing the annual amount of hay to feed these animals.

Our magazine has done its utmost in this campaign. We have devoted many pages to telling the story to you and impressing the importance of the movement on your mind. It will continue to keep up the fight, but you and I must do our share personally.

There is a little petition right next to this page. It contains spaces for the signatures of your friends who give their help to help out and who are more than willing to help out if you give them a chance.

Stewart Edward White, the famous writer, said it all in one short paragraph: "Doggone your ornery hide. If you fail to come through, don't call what you see in that mirror of yours a finished sportsman. It isn't. It's merely a possibly well-meaning individual who does not know enough to welcome a chance to prove himself what he thinks he is."

That paragraph is a masterpiece. Think it over, and if you have not tried to fill up one of these petitions, do it now. You will be proud of having done so when the boys ask you about it.



You Can Help The Elk of Jackson Hole

James Stearns, who lives out on Foster Avenue in Chicago, read about the starving elk in Jackson's Hole. Entirely of his own volition, he tore out a petition and filled it with names of people in his neighborhood. Here is a chance to do your part. GET YOUR FRIENDS TO PUT THEIR NAMES DOWN HERE AND THUS HELP THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE TO RAISE THE \$100,000 NECESSARY TO BUY THE JACKSON HOLE HAYLANDS.

FILL UP THIS PAGE WITH THE SIGNATURES OF TWENTY LOVERS OF WILD LIFE, AND IF EACH GIVES TWENTY-FIVE CENTS YOU WILL RAISE \$5, AND THIS WILL BE A GOD-SEND TO THE JACKSON HOLE ELK HERD.



"Jimmy" Stearns.

City	State	Date	Total \$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$
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Name..... Address.....		Name..... Address.....	\$



Make all Checks
Payable to

**Harris Trust
and
Savings Bank**
Chicago, Ill.

(Harris Trust & Sav-
ings Bank, Chicago)
Depository

CHARLES W. FOLDS,
National Treasurer, I. W. L. A.,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Brother Waltonian:

No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could realize conditions in Jackson Hole and not see red! These elk must be saved. Visions of the noble animal—one of the last survivors of our great American wilderness starving in a land of plenty, haunt me.

GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY AND BUY THESE LANDS!

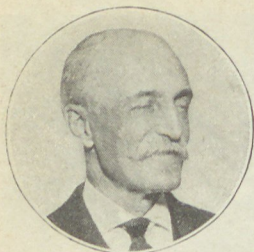
Here's my contribution for \$.....

Name.....

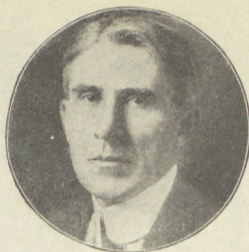
City..... State.....

Remember—pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars are just as acceptable as dollars and checks.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.



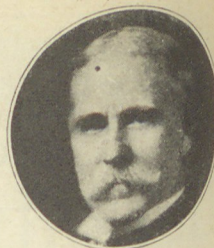
Gov. Gifford Pinchot



Zane Grey



Stewart Edward White



Henry van Dyke



Irvin S. Cobb



James Oliver Curwood



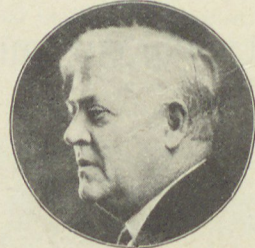
El Comancho



Everett E. Lowry



Frank Stick



Earl H. Reed



Donald Hough



Albert Bigelow Paine

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention

CHICAGO, ILL.

THREE years ago, fifty-four men met in the Chicago Athletic Association's clubhouse and discussed the vanishing of America's out-of-door-land.

These men had the vision to know that unless drastic measures were immediately adopted, this country would follow in the footsteps of China and become a fishless, a treeless, and a gameless land.

They investigated and found that a similar spark lay smouldering in the heart of every lover of the rod and gun. Now that small group has grown to a national organization of approximately 100,000 members and 1,300 chapters, in practically every state in the Union.

Now, after three short years the Izaak Walton League of America will hold its third national convention in the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, April 2-3-4, and it will be the largest gathering of sportsmen ever assembled in the history of the world.

This phenomenal growth is due to that divine spark—a love of the out doors, and to the friends this League has made during its short existence.

On these pages are pictures of some national figures who have helped build this League.

These men and women have given the League every support

without any remuneration whatever. Given it as their part in the plan to save what is left of the out-doors of our ancestors so that the generations to follow us may enjoy the things we have enjoyed afield and astream.

Emerson Hough and Gene Stratton-Porter, two of our staunchest supporters have traveled the final trail, but what they have done for America has left indelible

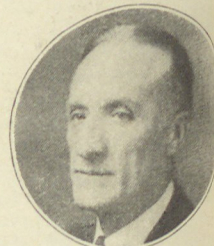
marks on the pages of national conservation.

This convention will be a revelation. It will convince the world that Americans have awakened to the destruction of our woods, waters and wild life and are determined to fight to the finish for the perpetuation of sports afield and astream.

Our guests of honor will include Senator William E. Borah, Congressman Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, Judge Kene-saw Mountain Landis, commissioner of baseball and Hal G. Evarts, outdoor editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

An extensive program has been arranged and conservation history will be written at this event.

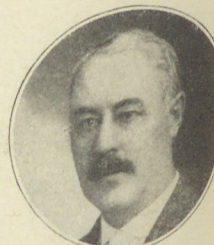
This year we have arranged with advertisers in Outdoor America to display their goods at the convention and a special ballroom has been rented for this display. Everything of interest to the outdoorsman will be exhibited. Guns, fishing tackle,



Will H. Dill

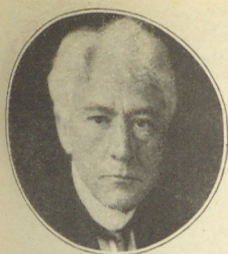


Thomas Ambrose



Fred N. Peet

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.



Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis



Robert H. Davis



George Horace Lorimer



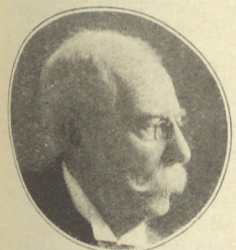
Hal G. Everts

I.W.L.A. Convention

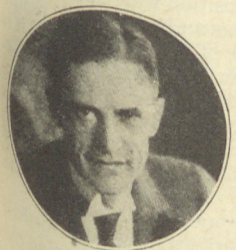
ILLINOIS



George E. Scott



Dr. James A. Henshall



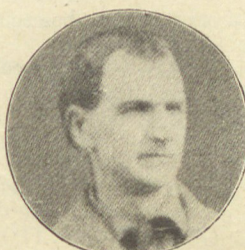
Charles W. Folds



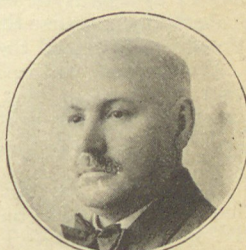
Van Campen Heilner



George Parker Holden



Archibald Rutledge



Charles B. Reed

tents, and all the new kinks in equipment of this nature will be exhibited.

Now, we at national headquarters have worked hard—we have kept the faith and we love this League with every atom of our beings. We know it is doing a great work—a work that has been delayed too long. We have faith in the spirit of the American sportsman. We believe him to be the flower of American manhood and the hope of the nation.

And we know that you, as one of these American sportsmen, will leave nothing undone to insure your chapter's being represented at this convention.

If the chapter itself feels that it cannot afford to finance a delegate, there are men in your community with more than sufficient of this world's goods to foot the bill if you will explain the purpose.

It is not a question of yourself or myself, but a question of saving some of our outdoor country so that the children to come will have a decent sporting chance to enjoy the sports you and I have enjoyed.

IT IS UP TO YOU and Your Chapter to see that your community is represented.

There are many important details to be taken care of by your chapter prior to the departure of your delegation.

First, the chapter records should be checked to determine whether the national per capita tax has been paid in to thus insure proper representative voting on the questions that arise.

Your delegation should be thoroughly acquainted with your local conservation needs and be prepared to announce these needs at the convention.

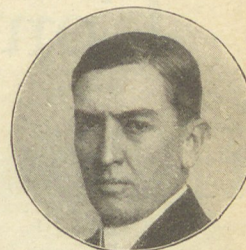
The delegation's credentials should be certified by the officers of the chapter and forwarded to headquarters without delay as reservations and hotel accommodations are withheld pending such action.

These credentials should be sent in immediately to L. C. Murdock, Executive Secretary, so that complete information concerning these details may be returned to the delegation in the next mail.

Last minute confusion is the hardest thing to handle at any event of this size.

There is just one thought to bear in mind; that is, be there yourself or see that you are represented and finally make sure that your delegate asks for the railroad fare certificates. A failure to get these certificates works a hardship on the man who travels a long distance.

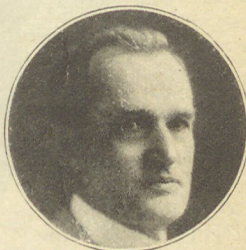
Don't forget the date, April 2, 3 and 4th. Hotel La Salle, Chicago.



George Ade



Ben Ames Williams



Harold Bell Wright



Robert W. Chambers

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

Nation's Greatest Orators to Address Convention

HUNDREDS, yes, thousands, of orators make a pilgrimage each year to Washington, D. C., our nation's capitol. Each of these men endeavors to make the rafters ring with elocutionary powers that will remain in the memory of his hearers after he is gone.

In short, Washington is practically immune to all manner of oratory—it is one of the most blasé diplomatic communities on the face of the globe. *But*, when it is known that either Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, or Congressman Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, intend to make an address, official Washington turns out en masse.

Never since the days of Clay, Webster and Calhoun has the interest been shown that is evidenced when these two men take the floor. In short, they are superb in their magnetic charm and **THEY WILL ADDRESS THE CLOSING BANQUET AT OUR THIRD NATIONAL CONVENTION.**

Think of it—the two greatest orators in America at one table, describing the necessity for us to save our out-of-door-land. Picture the utter perfection of these men coupled with an address by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, "The Grand Old Man," who is internationally known as a jurist and commissioner of baseball.

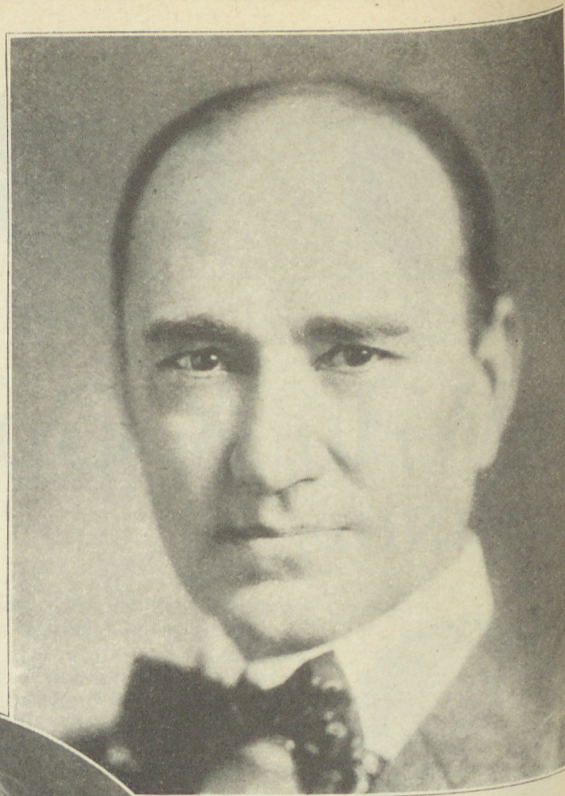
And then to complete the picture, Hal G. Evarts, Outdoor Editor of the Saturday Evening Post will speak.

Do you realize what this means to your League and our plan to save vanishing America? Do you realize the national proportions this League has attained to deserve such recognition? Do you realize that this convention will go down in history as a patriotic eventuality?

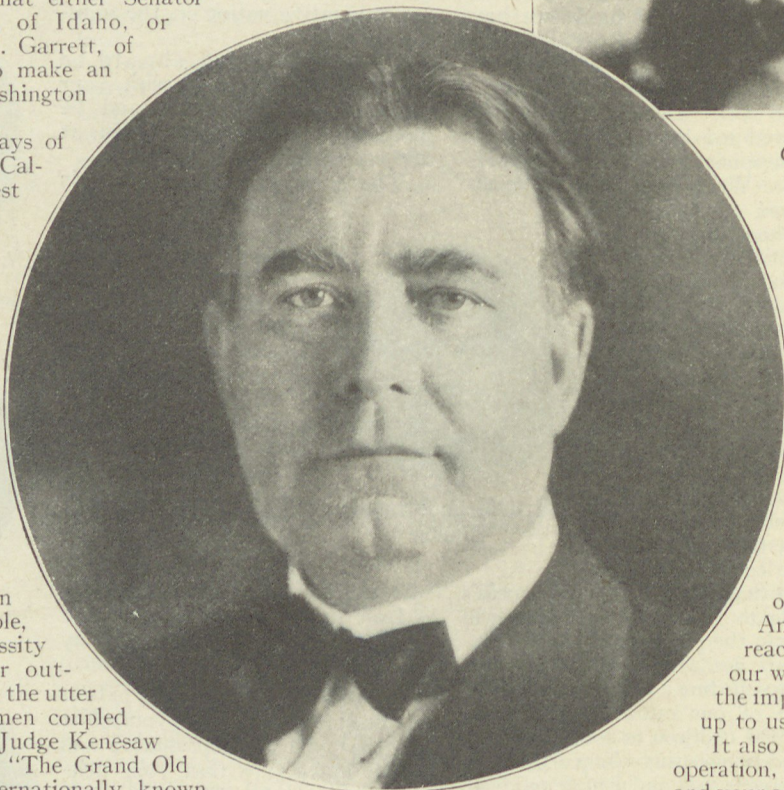
And do you realize the thousands of organizations beseeching these men to attend their gatherings?

We are sure you realize these things—and you also realize that while these men are familiar figures in the nation's business, they are primarily sportsmen, and back of it all is that divine spark, that urge to help save America's natural resources.

These men are obviously busy men, with questions of national importance on their minds every minute of the day, **BUT THEY CAN TAKE TIME OUT TO DO THEIR PART FOR AMERICA'S OUTDOORS.** If these men can do this for our boys and girls, surely the least we can do is to



*Congressman Finis J. Garrett,
of Tennessee*



*Senator William E. Borah,
of Idaho*

respond with our best efforts to show them their work is being appreciated—we can come to this convention with a strong delegation.

They believe in this League. They believe that your League is working along the right lines. They know that we are doing a vitally important work for this country and they willingly lend their support.

It proves conclusively that the eyes of the world are focused on the Izaak Walton League of America. By our efforts we have reached a position where all lovers of our wild things and wild places realize the importance of conservation and it is up to us to keep this position inviolate.

It also proves the necessity of your co-operation, the co-operation of your chapter and your community. We must make this the greatest sportsmen's convention ever held in the history of the world and we can do it with your co-operation.

Hundreds of chapters have sent in their delegates' credential cards. Make it a personal issue to find out whether your chapter has done this. If it has not, make it a personal issue to find out why. Then make it a personal issue to see that this is done.

Decisions reached at this convention will have such far-reaching effect on the future outdoor recreational policies of this country that words are inadequate to describe the importance of representation.

If your chapter is not financially equipped to send a delegate get your president to call a special meeting and put the problem up to your members. Tell them of the convention's importance and impress upon them the necessity of being represented.

If the members feel that such a representative would be a bit too expensive, go to the business men of your community and explain that the benefit from such representation will repay the community many times over for any expense entailed.

Pollution—A National Menace

The most important problem the I. W. L. A. will have to solve

*Concerning Public Health and Protection
of Fish, Fishfood and Public Waters.*

Edited by

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Wisconsin Situation

THERE seems to be a re-awakening or revival of interest in Wisconsin concerning the welfare of her game fish and the purification of her streams. Wisconsin has more than 8000 miles of trout streams, and hundreds of lakes and rivers abounding in black bass, croppies, blue-gills, and others, but some of these waters are already badly polluted.

Mr. George N. Wood, of Wisconsin Rapids, keeps me pretty well advised on the situation. Mr. Wood, for sixty years, has been an earnest worker in the conservation of game fishes. He recently sent me an editorial from the *Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune* from which I take a few paragraphs as follows:

A Wisconsin Rapids man who has made the wild life and the woods and waters of Wisconsin one of the important interests of his life declares that were the pollution of the Wisconsin river by paper mills stopped the Wisconsin valley would become the most popular resort for tourists and sportsmen in the state. We hope he is right, because some day, we are confident, this pollution will be stopped. Paper manufacturers have assured us that every effort is being made to find workable methods of stopping it, and the state department of health has engaged upon a thorough survey with a view to determining the exact extent of the pollution, and to find means of correcting the evil.

To save such of these natural resources as remain, and to restore as far as possible those already partly destroyed is important not only from the standpoint of their worth to the state in dollars and cents, but for their value to the health and happiness of our own Wisconsin people. These latter considerations, however, although perhaps of greater importance than the former, are apt to be neglected, and so it is fortunate that there is in these resources a profit making possibility that makes them worth keeping.

(Reprint from the *Milwaukee Journal*, Jan. 18, 1925.)

ON, WISCONSIN *Stream Pollution*

In the archives of the Wisconsin state board of health are maps of Wisconsin's waters. More than 50 per cent of them are polluted. The wastes from industry and the sewage from municipalities are dumped into rivers and lakes. They are carried down miles of valleys, destroy much wild life and impair human health.

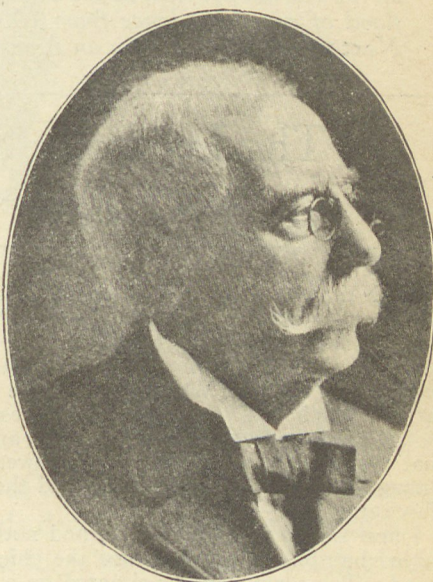
Gradual pollution in the other 50 per cent of the waters occurs. Soon every stream in the state, and perhaps most of the thousands of lovely inland lakes, will be affected.

The reason lies in the careless American habit of dumping untreated waste into the nearest river. It may be that many wastes cannot be disposed of in any other way. Large industries cannot, by any legerdemain, evaporate their sewage into thin air. They must perforce dump it somewhere.

There is, however, no excuse for the continued dumping of untreated matter into the waters of the state. There is no excuse for failure by industry or municipality to use the best known means of sewage treatment. There no longer is excuse for open drains carrying the untreated refuse from plant or city into the nearest river. Septic tanks can be installed, much sewage can be purified, much damage thus can be averted. Neither is there excuse for continuing to dump chemicals into the state's waters without at least attempting to neutralize them. Neither industry nor municipality has a right to force its waste upon down-river communities, destroy the fish and aquatic life in the streams, ruin the banks, spoil the recreational value and wreck much beauty.

The question may come up during the present session of the legislature. The state board of health can stop pollution only if it affects public health. The conservation commission seems to be without any effective power. Both of these administrative bodies should be given means for undertaking an energetic campaign in behalf of the waters of the state.

(Reprint from the *Milwaukee Journal*, Jan. 29 1925.)



Dr. James A. Henshall

ON, WISCONSIN

What of the Mississippi?

A joint committee, to be appointed by the legislatures of Wisconsin and Minnesota, is proposed, to study pollution in the Mississippi river. A Wisconsin legislator says that Minneapolis and St. Paul are harming the great waterway.

Whether these cities are seriously polluting the stream will be known only after a study. This much is certain: Western Wisconsin is decidedly interested in the Mississippi river. The great stream is an asset to all Wisconsin. It serves traffic to some degree. It offers a "shore line," with boating and some bathing, to several Wisconsin cities. It supports the pearl button industry—important in several Wisconsin cities and in some Minnesota and Illinois towns. The river also adds materially to the food supply of the nation. Fish and clams are taken and shipped by tons to many markets. So the Mississippi must not be needlessly harmed.

Recently congress set aside 300 miles of bottom lands on this river as a federal reserve. This reserve will offer a wondrous playground for many in the state and for tourists. Its lakes and pools, streams, forests and aquatic plants, including great fields of wild rice and the lovely lotus lily, also are assets to Wisconsin.

If then there is any danger that pollution—whether by St. Paul and Minneapolis or by any city or industry—is seriously threatening the pearl button industry, the clamming industry that goes with it, the fishing industry, and the beauty and value of the bottom lands and the recently created federal reserve, then indeed it will pay the people of Wisconsin and Minnesota to study the question. A joint committee from the two legislatures ought to accomplish something, perhaps prevent needless damage.

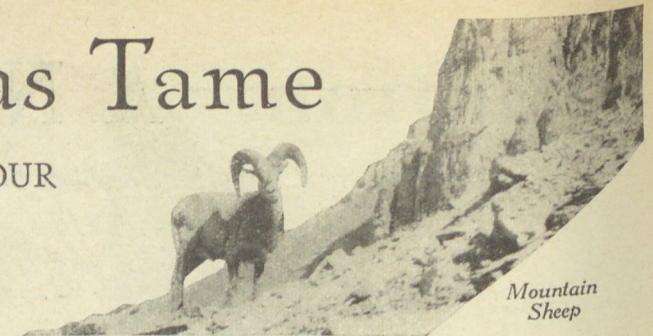
Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

When Game was Tame

Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

The Hunting Story Contest

This issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA marks the close of the Hunting Story Contest, and all manuscripts submitted to this department will be placed before a board of judges. Do not feel injured if your manuscript was not printed, as you can readily imagine the flood of correspondence from 100,000 Waltonians. Next month we will open an Arms and Ammunition



© F. Dupuy

Mountain Sheep

Department devoted entirely to the construction of various guns and the reasons for various loads. Similar questions that arise among hunters will be answered by Mr. Gochenour, scientifically, yet in terms easily understood by the average sportsman. Mr. Gochenour will try to avoid technical discussions as much as is possible.

The Leopard's Spots

By A. V. WALTON

MANY years ago, "the Mormon Town" was one of the beauty spots of Western Texas. It was situated in a bend of the Medina River, about thirty-five miles northwest of San Antonio. A colony of Mormons established themselves there before the Civil War, built a couple of dozen cabins, put up a saw mill and worked up the cypress timber, that grew along the edge of the river, into shingles, and building material, that they sold to the settlers in the lower country. One day they got orders to move to Utah, and they left as silently as they came.

I first saw this place in 1881, and nothing was left of the cabins but piles of stone where the chimneys of the cabins stood. The town site was situated on a level piece of land, well above highwater, in a large grove of pecan and live oak trees, with high bluffs back to the east and on the far side of the river to the west. The little stream was clear as crystal and filled with bass, catfish and bream.

Now, everything is changed. A great dam has been built across the stream, eight miles below, forming the Medina Lake, and where the town stood, the water is one hundred feet deep, when the lake is full. Fishermen speak now of "the Mormon Bluffs" instead of "the Mormon Town." I was a husky boy of sixteen years when we visited this place. My father took a contract to gather the pecans. As we had to maintain a watch to keep others off, we went a month before the gathering time and established a camp.

I had the time of my life during this month, for I put in every minute hunting or fishing. There were no end of turkeys, and only two days out of the whole time, were we out of that kind of meat. Naturally, we grew very tired of the diet and tried them every way. The favorite method consisted of cutting the breasts into strips and frying them in batter, with onions and chiltipin peppers, which grew wild in great quantities. Wild turkeys are as fond of these peppers as the Mexicans, and eat them until the flavor of their flesh is distinctly affected. I hunted two roosts, one each side of the river, and never failed to bring in a bird when I went after one.

We had a pair of collie dogs and a spotted hound. With these on moonlight nights I would go 'coon hunting. One bright night I treed four 'coons up a long leaning cypress snag. I shot three of them, and the fourth jumped into the water, got one of my collies by the head, and proceeded to sit on the dog and try to drown him. I had to get into the cold water up to my neck and kill the fourth 'coon with my hunting knife. My father heard all the shooting and straightway thought something awful was happening to me—Indians, bear or something. He came, whooping and yelling, to see what was the matter. I proudly showed him my four 'coons, but they did not prevent him from giving me a piece of his mind about leaving camp, and not telling him where I was going.

This was a wild country then. The Indians had only left off raiding a few years before, and there were yet some bear and

panther left in the country. On the way to our camp, we passed a cow outfit, and one of the cowboys showed me where a panther had killed a two year old steer the night before. The skull had four holes, two in front and two behind the horns. They killed this panther a few days later. Leopard cats were almost unknown in these parts, but a stray one or two had been killed in other sections, and we never knew what we might encounter. The Mexican leopard or jaguar is one of the most dangerous of all the cat species, whereas a panther is a great coward.

On one of my trips back to the Post Office, some fifteen miles, a neighbor asked me if I did not want to borrow his hound. He said there were only two animals he would notice, a bear and a panther: that he would turn up his nose at a deer, and absolutely ignore a rabbit. Of course I accepted the offer. The dog was of the big, flop-eared black and tan variety, and had been christened Ranger. I proceeded to lead Ranger back to camp with a strong rope, and chained him to a tree. Never once did we let him loose.

One dark night, we were sitting around the camp fire after supper, when we heard a strange hound give tongue, back on the bluff. We jumped up and looked for Ranger, but he was gone. He had slipped the collar over his head. Pretty soon the trail got very hot from the way he was baying, and then the crucial moment came for he bayed "treed." There is never any mistaking this to one who knows hounds. Right then and there father threw a fit, for was not Ranger warranted not to run anything but a bear or a panther? He grabbed up an old double barreled shot gun, rammed down a handful of powder and another of buckshot, picked up a lantern and told me to follow. We made our way up the bluff, falling over stones and vines, Ranger all the while making a noise that could be heard for miles.

We found him baying in the mouth of a cave. Father placed the lantern above his head, and looked and looked—for an age, I thought. At last he turned to me and asked, "Boy, can I trust you to hold this light?" "Certainly," I said, "but what is it?"

"It's a leopard. I can see his spots," he replied. Talk about being scared, I will never forget it as long as I live. My teeth chattered and my knees smote against each other. However, I took the lantern and held it as he directed, for I was a darned sight more scared of him than I was of anything else. I pictured that old shotgun blowing up, and the leopard making hash of me, but anyway I held the lantern back of him and he slowly raised the gun. As father made this deliberate preparation, Ranger glanced around, then charged into the cave. There arose on the still night air a smell that would make a thousand Chinese stink pots smell like fifty cents. At once the Senior let loose such a volley of oaths, as I have never heard before, or since, for, be it remembered, he never before swore when I was around, and I did not know it was in him. He vowed that if he owned that dog, he would kill him on the spot, for treeing a black and white skunk. Said he was certain he could make out the leopard, and was in the act of pulling the trigger when Ranger rushed in.

To me that odor was the first, last and only of the skunk variety that I remember having welcomed. The Senior has gone to his reward, else I would never have taken the liberty to write this.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4. 1925.



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Congress Passes League Bill Amendment

(Continued from page 31)

withdraw their offers or materially increase the price for which they will sell, thus upsetting any calculation which the Secretary of Agriculture might make at any period in the process of acquiring the land.

The second restriction on the availability of any part of the appropriation is that the average price to be paid for the land to be acquired must not exceed \$5 per acre. In order to comply with this restriction it would be absolutely necessary for the Secretary of Agriculture to enter into contracts of purchase with the owners of the lands that ought to be acquired. This he can not do, for no money is available under the present wording of the act until this and the foregoing ascertainties have been made. The department has no objection to offer to the limitation of the average price of \$5 per acre, but objection only to the requirement that this limitation must be applied only after a determination has been made that all the lands can be so acquired.

The last restriction is that the price for this land must not be in excess of the average selling price during the years 1921, 1922, and 1923 of comparable lands within the vicinity of the lands to be acquired. This restriction would require very nice and exact calculations, would consume a great deal of time, would doubtless defeat the acquisition of very desirable lands, and would involve considerable expense.

The department believes that ample protection of the Government in price paid for individual land and of land in the aggregate would be secured by the limitation of an average price of \$5 an acre, the average to be applied in each case, taking into consideration its relation to the average cost of the lands theretofore purchased as each additional piece of land is acquired. This would amply safeguard the limitation of the entire expenditure for the acquisition of these lands.

Mr. Speaker, \$375,000 has been appropriated, \$75,000 to be immediately available. One and a half million dollars were authorized for the purchase of this tract of land, about 340,000 acres. With the restrictions it is impossible to accomplish the result desired. It is highly desirable that the survey and purchase should now be made; that the purchase be made immediately. Therefore it is suggested that the restrictions be modified so as to make it possible for the department to promptly carry into effect the provisions of the act.

I reserve the remainder of my time, and yield now to the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Hawes].

Mr. HAWES. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House, in the first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress I introduced a bill to establish the upper Mississippi wild life and fish refuge.

This bill provided for the purchase by the Federal Government of some 300 miles of river front on the upper Mississippi, embracing portions of the States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The legal work upon the original bill was

done by two distinguished lawyers. Hon. J. M. Dickinson, a member of Mr. Taft's Cabinet, and Hon. John Barton Payne, a member of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. Their legal efforts were volunteered contributions, as in fact is all the work which is done for the Izaak Walton League.

The great artists who draw the outdoor designs for the magazine contribute their work without cost. Writers like Irvin Cobb, Curwood, Rex Beach, Wright, Van Dyke, Henshall, and others, receive no compensation. Their contributions of genius, literary skill, and legal ability are offerings upon the altar of the "big outdoors," which means health, patriotism, and better thoughts for a bigger Nation.

This bill passed the House unanimously, was approved by the Senate, signed by the President, and is now a law.

Of the \$1,500,000 which is called for, the Appropriations Committee, by unanimous vote, have set aside \$400,000 for its use.

After the bill became a law, the Secretary of Agriculture, who has been cooperating with the Secretary of Commerce, commenced to exercise his legal functions in the matter, but found there were certain unnecessary, irksome restrictions which should be removed from the bill, and an amendment was therefore prepared by the department, submitted to the Committee on Agriculture of the House, and, after hearing, the committee unanimously approved the amendment and a bill for that purpose was introduced both in the House and in the Senate.

The bill has now passed the Senate and is before this House for ratification.

It is essentially a corrective amendment and does not change the original intention of the law. It does not enlarge its objects or curtail the original plan. It merely makes the operation of the law more simple and easy, and leaves in the limitation of \$5 per acre.

Personally, I know of no reasonable grounds of objection to the passage of this amendment. I have heard none stated by any Member of this House or outside of the House.

There is, however, necessity for haste. This arises from the fact that at the present time the legislatures of four great States—Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, and Iowa—have under consideration bills relating to the release of their portion of this land to the Federal Government.

It therefore becomes necessary that the amendment should pass and the legislatures of these States be notified of its adoption. It should be done quickly.

While the legislatures of these four States are acting, it must not be assumed that this project is in any sense of the word local, or its benefits confined to these four States.

There is no more beautiful section in the United States than the 300 miles of river bottom covered by this bill. On each side of the river there are bluffs, some of them as high as 1,800 feet.

It is an established fact, testified to by ornithologists of fame, that the region

covered by this bill is the greatest highway for migratory birds on this continent.

Scientists tell us that the yearly toll of black bass in this country is so great compared with the yearly hatch that this greatest of American fishes is certain to become extinct within 10 years unless extraordinary effort is made to protect their natural spawning beds.

It is estimated by experts in our Fisheries Department that the output of fingerling bass will be increased 300 per cent in this preserve.

From the area in this proposed purchase in six years' time 659,041,000 game fishes were sent to 30 different States in our Union. Two years later, if they were preserved, after deducting the percentage of loss, they would represent 800,000,000 pounds of game fish food, which if sold at 20 cents a pound would have a market value of \$1,600,000,000.

This bill proposes that a ready-made hatchery created by nature shall be preserved by our Nation for all time.

The Izaak Walton League of America, backed by 7,000,000 owners of hunting licenses and with the approval of 15,000,000 amateur fishermen in America, have sponsored this bill, for the rich and for the poor, because when we buy for all of our people a part of the big "outdoors" we make a real, substantial, dividend-paying investment in national prosperity, in national health, in national conscience, and public welfare.

We will secure bigger returns for our money in more different ways and in more diversified forms than an investment of any other kind.

Mr. RATHBONE. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. HAWES. Certainly.

Mr. RATHBONE. From what point on the Mississippi to what point does this territory cover? I am much interested as a Representative of Illinois and of the Nation.

Mr. HAWES. From Rock Island, Ill., to Wabasha, Minn. I know of no valid objections to this bill. It was gone over carefully by the Department of Agriculture, by the Department of Commerce; it has received the unanimous approval of the 21 members of our great Agricultural Committee. No one outside of this House has objected to it and no one so far has given any valid objections to the passage of this rectifying amendment. I shall reserve the balance of my time to answer any objections which may be presented.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. Mr. Speaker, I yield five minutes to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Black].

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Mr. Speaker, when the House passed this wild life and game refuge bill it was a new departure on the part of the Government, we put into the bill three restrictions. Congress provided that when the Secretary of Agriculture should acquire the land for this purpose he should be limited to an appropriation of \$1,500,000. In other words, that

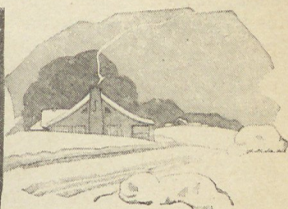
(Continued on page 53)

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.



"Twelve below outside but seventy above within-

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the answer is Arcola," says Mr. O'Brien

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"Last winter," he continues, "we baked around the usual 'parlor stove' while water froze in the adjoining rooms. This winter the landlady installed the ARCOLA Heating Outfit, attached with an American Radiator in each room. The results are unbelievable. Our coal bill's cut one-third; and we have even hot-water heat the whole house through.

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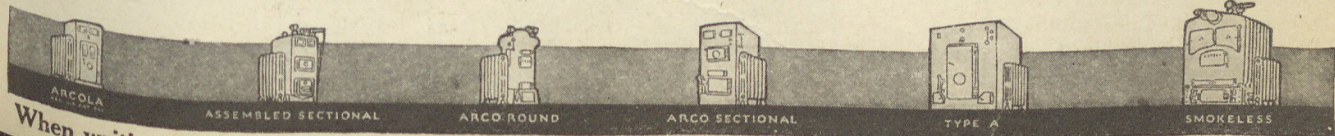
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Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

The turning point of the year has come, boys. April is here, starting grass and buds and leaves. Waptonk, the wild goose, has gone overhead, seeking open water in the big lakes to the north. It is only a few days' journey for him now, to his summer nesting place on the great Canadian marshes. Before he wings south again, through the warm blue skies of next October, we will have had some splendid nights around this fire of ours. June evenings, with the fireflies out, above the marshes, and the frogs thundering in the creeks. Hot August nights, with the crickets shrilling in the dry stubbles. September nights, lighted by the red harvest moon, with the smell of dusty dying weeds and a tang of early frost on the air.

Let's make good nights of them all, fellows, with stories around this fire of ours—for a fire is a fire, in December or July—that will raise our hair and make us laugh, by turns!

Next month we will announce three prizes for the three best letters of the year. Something to hang on the walls of your own shack at home, and to take into the woods with you. Something you're going to like. In the meantime, let's repay Old Bill for his kindness. I want, during the next 30 days, 500 letters. That's only about 11 for each state. Only a handful. Please, fellows! Each of you who reads this, do your part. Let's make the summer nights better, if they can be, than the winter nights have been. Eleven from Maine, and 11 from California. Eleven from Texas, and 11 from my own Michigan. So on! Let's go everybody!

Jan. 29, 1925.

Dear Fellows:

I take OUTDOOR AMERICA and see that a boy's section has been added recently. I have the events of a Saturday's hunting trip related below. I know the editor pretty well for he was my school teacher a few years back. I don't suppose I ought to have told that on him but I thought the rest of you ought to know.

I live in Michigan 50 miles from De-

troit and have one thing that bothers me when I want to go hunting. That is "school" which is all right in some ways. I guess I had better get back to that story I was going to write. It was Saturday as I said, a boy friend and I started out. The day was just right, one of those fine, bright October days that everybody likes. My boy friend brought his dog along, a real hound, a hound that could make a noise and that's what I want. My dog came along for company and because he likes to go hunting if he don't know much about it.

The dogs chased rabbit and scared up partridge but we were always just a little too far behind. Once the other fellow was on time and a rabbit passed away. I succeeded in shooting a rabbit, but it was before he was going in high speed.

Well! we came to a pond and had a lot of fun shooting at snipes. We shot about a dozen shells and got two snipes. The dogs and us decided we wanted a few shells left so we went on toward home.

In the afternoon my brother went with

us and I had to take the 22 rifle and give up the shotgun. We headed for a small lake, and approached it quietly because there was a chance of a duck being there. Just as we got there one flew up right in front of us. What do you suppose we did? Why we just looked at him, a big one, the biggest I ever saw. My boy friend came to, pulled the trigger and the duck took a nice high dive, a good example of heart failure.

Directly after the excitement I gave my brother some, or I mean considerable advice on how and when to shoot. He said he was just going to shoot but didn't have time. We found the duck, shot a squirrel and went home and milked the cows.

We didn't shoot much, we didn't intend to, but we had a good time and that was what we were after.

I'll tell you the days aren't so warm now. The hunting season is over and I will have to wait until the middle of October to hunt again, but fishing season is coming.

From a farmer boy,

ELVIN BEEBE,
Holly, Michigan.

Elvin is right. I was his school teacher and I'll bet he still remembers the brush wigwam that he and the other boys in the old country school, and I, built together at noon and recess time. Likewise the 'rithmetic we did. Good times, though, weren't they, Elvin? Glad you're still a red-blooded outdoor boy. Come again.

Dear Boys:

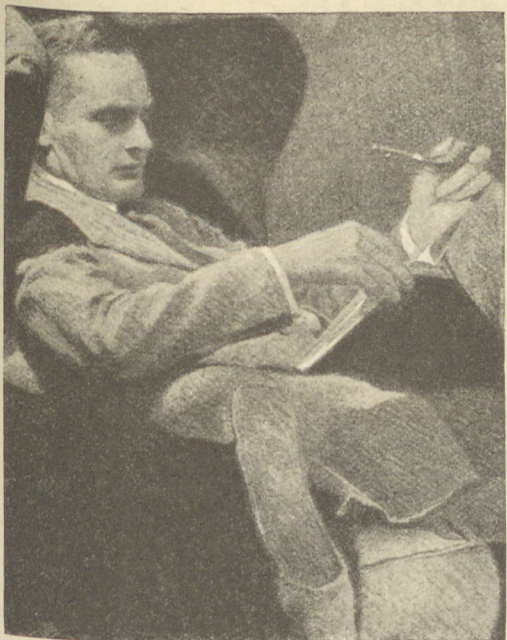
Next January 1st I will be 13 years old and am to have my first shot gun. My father was a boy long ago and had for his play fellows the boys of the Winnebago Indians and he always had bows and arrows and when he wanted to shoot a deer he stole his father's rifle and did not get a licking because he got the deer and the family had meat. And afterward he had a little brother who shot himself while hunting rabbits and because he was careless, I am not to have a gun until I am old enough to know better than to shoot myself.

(Continued on page 76)



Chuck Sofsky, Bentlyville, Pa.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.



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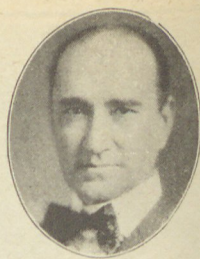
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A Congressional Classic

By Finis J. Garrett, M. C.



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This is the conclusion of a great speech recently delivered by Congressman Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, before the House of Representatives on a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

THIS proposed amendment did not meet the demands of the extreme proslavery advocates; they demanded not only that slavery be not interfered with in the States where it existed but insisted upon the right of its extension. It was the law then that Congress could not interfere with the institution in the States where it existed. The Corwin amendment, however, was not as Doctor Ames, in the work heretofore referred to, declares "comparatively colorless."

It did, indeed, propose a profound change. Its acceptance would have added to the organic law another provision which, like that of equal suffrage in the Senate, could have been changed only by consent of all the States.

The Legislatures of Ohio and Maryland ratified this amendment, the former on May 13, 1861, about one month, by the way, after Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and the latter on January 10, 1862.

There is no record of any action by any other State legislatures, but there was a singular occurrence in the State of Illinois concerning it. In that State in the spring of 1862 a State constitutional convention was held.

The convention was called wholly to deal with the State's organic law, but it assumed to itself authority to act upon the Corwin amendment, and on April 14, 1862, just a few days after the Battle of Shiloh, they proceeded to ratify it. Protests were made by members that they had no power. It was pointed out that Congress had expressly submitted the amendment to the legislatures and that the convention in which they sat, even had it been submitted to conventions, could not legally act, because it was not called for that purpose.

They did, however, pass a resolution of assent, and that action is of interest because it is the only instance wherein a constitutional convention in any State has acted upon an amendment submitted by Congress. This was the last effort to avert the Civil War by action of the legislative branch of the Government.

This is also the last amendment submitted which has failed of ratification. There are just four proposals that have passed the Congress and gone to the legislatures that have not been adopted. Two of these, as I have shown, were submitted in the First Congress along with the 10 that were ratified; the third was in 1910 and the Corwin proposal in 1861.

Another interesting matter in connection with the Corwin amendment is that

in February, 1864, three years after its submission, Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, introduced a resolution in the United States Senate to repeal it. The power of Congress to take this action—the question of whether, after submission, Congress has further control—is, of course, important, but I shall not attempt to discuss it at this time.

THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT.

This amendment passed the Senate April 8, 1864. On April 9 it was messaged to the House, and from then until June 16 was from time to time elaborately debated. On that day the vote was had upon it, and it was rejected, the vote being 95 to 66. At the second session of that Congress—the thirty-eighth—however, it was reconsidered and passed by a vote of 119 to 56.

It was ratified by all the States except Delaware and Kentucky, but some did not act until after the proclamation of the Secretary of State, which was issued on December 18, 1865. Texas did not ratify until February 18, 1870.

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The fourteenth amendment was debated in the House of Representatives from time to time between April 30 and May 10, 1865. It came from the Joint Committee on Reconstruction and was reported by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, with whose name it, as well as the principle of the fifteenth, is inseparably linked. It passed the House on the latter date by a vote of 128 yeas at 37 nays. In the Senate it was considered on different days between May 27 and June 8, when it was adopted with amendments by a vote of 33 yeas to 11 nays, exactly 3 to 1. On June 13 the Senate amendments were concurred in by the House—120 yeas to 32 nays—and it went to the country.

In the consideration and action upon this amendment a new question arose to which I shall have occasion to refer later in my remarks. Two States, after ratifying and before the Secretary of State had issued the declaratory proclamation, reconsidered and withdrew their assent—New Jersey and Ohio. Oregon also reconsidered and withdrew, but it was after the proclamation. The two States so changing were essential to make the three-fourths. The Secretary, Mr. Seward, stated the facts in a proclamation on June 18, 1868. Congress thereupon took a hand and passed a concurrent resolution, saying it was all-sufficient, which the Secretary accepted, and he then issued his proclamation of June 28, 1868. Three States—Virginia, Mississippi, and

Texas—ratified after the proclamation. Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky rejected it.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The fifteenth amendment, providing that no State should deny the right of suffrage to any person on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, passed the Senate by a vote of 35 to 11 February 17, 1869. In the House there was adopted as a substitute for it a proposal of Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, on February 20. The Senate disagreed and there was a conference. The conference report was agreed to in the Senate by a vote of 39 to 13 and in the House by 145 to 44, the Speaker voting in the affirmative.

It was declared ratified in a proclamation issued by the Secretary of State on March 30, 1870.

THE LAST FOUR.

Many of those now here have participated in the submission of the last four amendments. It is unnecessary to go into any elaborate statement of their history.

The sixteenth, the income-tax amendment, was proposed by the Sixty-first Congress and declared ratified by proclamation issued February 25, 1913.

The seventeenth, providing for popular election of Senators, was submitted by the Sixty-second Congress in 1912 and declared ratified May 31, 1913.

The eighteenth, the prohibition amendment, was submitted by the Sixty-fifth Congress on December 17, 1917, and was declared ratified on January 29, 1919, by 36 of the 48 States. Subsequent to the proclamation, 9 other States added their assent.

The nineteenth, the woman-suffrage amendment, was submitted by the Sixty-sixth Congress June 5, 1919, and was declared ratified August 26, 1920; 38 States ratified, 3 rejected, and there is no record of action by the others.

All four of these amendments, it will be seen, were submitted and ratified within a period of about eight years.

The child-labor amendment is now outstanding.

NUMBER OF PROPOSALS.

I discovered that within that first 100 years there were 1,736 official proposals of amendment.

I have secured from the Library of Congress a compilation of all that have been introduced since that time; that is, from 1889 up to the close of the last session of the present Congress, June 7, 1924. Of these there are 1,252.

(Continued on page 82)



The Illinois Convention

By WILLIAM J. LEWIS

Streator, Illinois.—A hundred or so delegates wrote a new chapter into the history of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League when they gathered in Streator, February 17, 18, for their Third Annual Convention, and the program of work that was put through the business sessions of the convention and the great "side issues" that the Streator Chapter had arranged.

The convention ending with the entire gathering of delegates arising to demand that Doctor H. J. Morlan, Chicago, serve the Division as its President for at least another year. Doctor Morlan had announced previous to the Convention that he would not be a candidate for re-election; but in the face of the demand of the entire convention he was forced to set aside his idea of "retiring." The Division re-elected all its officers, the others being:

Vice President, Doctor Royden Tull, Rockford.

Secretary, William Kemp, Joliet.

Treasurer, Frank Myers, Pontiac.

Directors: For three years, A. I. Buckwalter, Peoria; for two years, A. B. Estock, Streator; for one year, C. D. Thomas, Champaign.

Champaign was awarded the 1926 Convention.

"The pollution of streams"—cause and cure—was the outstanding subject of discussion of the convention; and it figured in the numerous resolutions, especially those relating to the present condition of the Illinois River. The Convention expressed the opinion that the solution of the Chicago Sanitary District problem is the granting of a temporary permit for the diversion of water from Lake Michigan with the understanding that the District will start in immediately on the construction of sewage disposal plants.

The Convention adopted a resolution calling on the State of Illinois to purchase the "Pine Forest" tract of land in Ogle County.

Approximately 300 people attended the Third Annual Banquet of the Division, served at the Park Presbyterian Church. With President Morlan presiding, the audience was treated to an "outdoor" program that could not have been beaten, speakers being Rev. L. L. Dondanville, Chicago; Senator Thurlow G. Essington, Streator; Robert Scholes, Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives; Rev. G. M. Elsbree, Streator. The program closed with an illustrated lecture, given by Doctor Morlan, on the Labrador Country.

Over 1,000 people attended the public mass meeting Wednesday night at which "The Pollution of Our Rivers" was discussed by Bernard Kelly, Peoria; Professor H. B. Ward, Illinois University; Hon. J. P. Kerr, Versailles, Illinois. Every river in Illinois, it was stated, was represented at the meeting.

J. Weston Essington was General Chairman of the Convention.

TROUT SEASON OPENS May 1st



in Northern WISCONSIN

Enjoy a real fishing season this year. Start early. Go up to the Land 'o Lakes while the woods are full of blossoms and rich with the fragrance of a new summer. The season is all too short at best. Make the most of it.

Get the Northern Wisconsin habit. Establish a home in this great out-o'-doors country. Take the family up and commute week-ends.

Give mother and the youngsters the benefit of a real out-o'-doors vacation. A long summer holiday fishing, hiking and loafing in the pine-laden air will do them a world of good and will prove excellent insurance against winter colds.

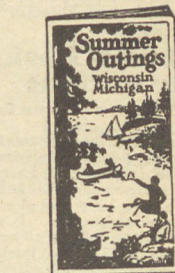
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No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction permanent. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.



No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the over-worked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

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Write today for a Director and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only \$6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail today.

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MERCHANT Write for special proposition. Here is an opportunity for profit while correcting figures hard to fit. No obligation in getting the facts. Write today.



The Waltonian Nook

News of Our Chapters

Edited by L. C. MURDOCK

That North Shore chapter in Chicago is another live one. President Voedisch and Secretary Abbott "get 'em out," and their banquets and meetings are real fun. We know, because we were out there last month and made a—spooch—?

The Fort Clarke chapter at Peoria is getting behind a progressive program for sewage disposal plants for that city. They are also working hard for an Illinois State Conservation department and have "Bob" Scholes with them on it.

Cliff Purdy of Pierce City, Missouri, just came back from Mexico and writes in deploring the lack of sportsmanship near Tampico. You have to have a permit to have a gun, but there is no license, and no limit to the kill. He says there are thousands of acres of marsh land there, wonderful feeding ground for ducks and geese and fishing, "words fail to describe it." Maybe our new chapter in Tampico can instill a little Waltonian sportsmanship into that part of the country.

The Baltimore, Maryland, chapter is surveying the entire state of Maryland from a natural resource point of view, and with Gov. Albert C. Ritchie as an honorary member, Conservation Commissioner Swepson Earle, State Game Warden E. Lee LeCompte and Deputy U. S. Game Warden Talbott Denmead as active members, it is going to keep that beautiful state the paradise that it is. M. E. Towner and C. Clemson Brown organized the chapter, which already has 150 members.

Out in Sioux City, Iowa, a thousand I. W. L. A. windshield stickers were distributed at a chapter banquet, one at each plate, and they are all using them. They say some of the diners went out and bought automobiles to have a windshield

to put the sticker on. Dr. Walter Henry Macpherson of Joliet spoke. His lecture was broadcasted from station WEAU Davidson Brothers Company.

We asked Dall DeWeese out in Canon City, Colorado, to form a chapter, and here was his answer:

Theodore Roosevelt—Emerson Hough: Dear Old Friends—I heard your call—we have answered by forming a Royal Gorge Chapter, Canon City, Colorado. We have enrolled eighty-five names of red-blooded men, to the Izaak Walton League of America. I hope others have heard your call, and that they, too, will answer with a chapter from every town of our land.

Dall DeWeese.

Chapman, Nebraska, chapter, out on the Oregon and California trails, has doubled its membership since September.

I wish we had room to reprint the story in the South Sioux City Mail about their membership banquet in toto. Attorney A. H. Bolton told them "Why the Izaak Walton League," and when he was done they knew. They just couldn't help joining and the South Sioux City chapter is now bent on being the biggest in Nebraska.

The Ripon, Wisconsin, chapter is planting wild rice in Rush Lake a few miles from there. They are also planning on stocking South Woods Park with birds and game.

The Humboldt, Kansas, chapter is sponsoring a game refuge farm and stocking its creek. Deploing the loss of game, the chapter, through J. H. Andrews, appealed to the public, quoting the old song, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry," and "You won't miss the

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America



game till it is all destroyed," Andrews said, "The Walton League is the only means of restoration."

The Presbyterian Ladies in Pontiac, Ill., sent a poem by O. G. to the Chapter birthday meeting, the last two lines of which strike us forcibly.

"Izaak Waltons can't do it all, it's up to me and you
To put our shoulders to the wheel and see the whole thing through."

Sycamore, Illinois, I. W. L. A. station broadcasting. 300 members. A booth at the Mid-Winter fair, attractively decorated, with copies of OUTDOOR AMERICA in evidence. Pep did the rest. Signing off—not on your life—200 more members first.

Look at the above bill board. South Dakota is filled with just such Walton League displays, and all because Sioux Falls, that live outfit of Waltonians, sold Waltonism to De Frates of the Cusack Company. We all believe in signs, when they advertise the Izaak Walton League as these signs have done.

Station B-O-O-N-E, Iowa, broadcasting—The I. W. L. A. had as their chef—Boone's honorable mayor, C. W. Alexander, and they say it was SOME feed.

There is a lot about archery we do not know, and we're not the only ones. Cedar Rapids Waltonians are sponsoring archery contests.

Vineland, New Jersey, chapter has shipped in and liberated sixty large strain rabbits. Out here in the middle west that hasn't become necessary as yet, but watch out or it will.

That big legislative program in Indiana fostered by the League is going over nicely. Practically all bills have passed the second reading and are ready for passage.

If someone has to call on you to get your membership renewal, then you are forcing extra work on an already overworked chapter secretary, or the membership committee.

One of the best ways of evidencing your belief in true Waltonism, is to voluntarily renew your membership—immediately—upon receiving your notice. By doing it immediately, you help the League, the chapter secretary, and, incidentally, you insure yourself against missing an issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, all of which means—let's get our renewals in with the same efficiency that you want us to get the magazine out.

Chapter secretaries have been asked to send in a list of their membership. This was done for auditing purposes, as we are checking our entire list—we want to cut down that MAGAZINE MORTALITY.

A. F. Knotts, Yankeetown, Inglis, Fla., is president of the new Florida Division of the League. Mr. Knotts promises action in Florida with a hundred new chapters this year.

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"We git big ones tomorrow"

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They called 'em squabs

A Resolution

By Kansas City Chapter

This picture represents 582 quail confiscated by Missouri Deputy Game Wardens at Kansas City, Mo. They were placed in cold storage and marked squabs. On examination they were found to be quail. Under the laws of the State of Missouri the owner of these birds should have been fined fifty to one hundred dollars and an additional five dollars for each bird, making a total fine in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars that should have been assessed in this case.

The Judge, at the time of trial, dismissed on demurrer because of a clause in the Missouri laws which states "all birds, animals or fish seized by the said Game and Fish Commissioner shall be donated to some charitable institution in the county where such seizure was made." You will notice that the law does not specify any particular time when these birds shall be donated, either before the trial or after the trial. The Game Wardens could not have proven their case without the birds in evidence. They were in court with the birds at the time of the trial, but the Judge in deciding the case apparently did not take into consideration the guilt of the party charged and, as stated in his letter, he discharged the defense because they had not donated the game to some charitable institution.

At a meeting of the Heart of America Chapter, held Friday evening, Feb. 27th, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, it appears from the reports which have been submitted to this meeting that evidence has been secured by the Deputy Fish and Game Warden assigned to this territory of several violations of the law by those having in possession and in storage quail in violation of the Game and Fish laws of this State, particularly in the cases against one J. G. Bolen and against one William Monks, and

WHEREAS, it appears from the reports of the wardens that the evidence obtained was amply sufficient to warrant the holding for trial of those charged; and it further appears that said cases have

been dismissed either at the instance of the prosecuting attorney, or upon demurrer to the evidence and reasons therefor stated by the Honorable Alex B. Saper, Justice of the Peace, in the Monks case, and the lack of explanation, though requested, in the Bolen case, and,

WHEREAS, it seems evident that no technical defect in the evidence obtained by the wardens is responsible for such dismissals, and it being the inescapable conclusion from these facts that the law enforcing authorities of this county are not in sympathy with the game laws of the State, or apparently believe that there is no substantial public sentiment in this community sustaining the enforcement of such laws, or are incapable of efficient enforcement.

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that this Chapter of the Izaak Walton League vigorously condemns what appears to us to be the miscarriage of justice in these cases, due apparently to a mere pretense of prosecution on the part of the prosecuting attorney's office of this county, and on the part of the Justice of the Peace hereinbefore mentioned, Hon. Alex B. Saper, and expresses the indignation of this entire chapter, representing some seven hundred voters, at such an evidently farcical pretense of prosecution.

AND FURTHER BE IT RESOLVED, that a committee of three be appointed by the president of this chapter to call upon and to express to the prosecuting attorney and to the Justice of the Peace hereinbefore mentioned such indignation regarding this matter, and the probable effect upon their political fortunes.

AND FURTHER BE IT RESOLVED, that a copy of this resolution be reported to the annual meeting of the Missouri State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America to be held at Jefferson City, March 12th. That a copy be mailed to Outdoor America, the magazine of the League; and that a copy be handed to the Hon. Forest Hanna, prosecuting attorney, and a copy to the Hon. Alex B. Saper, Justice of the peace.



Congress Passes Amendment

(Continued from page 44)

should be the total cost of the project. Congress also provided that in the acquirement of the land he should be limited to an average price of \$5 per acre. We also provided that before the acquirement of the land the Secretary of Agriculture should ascertain that the price to be paid for it should not exceed the average price asked for the land in 1921, 1922, and 1923. We are now asked to remove all of these restrictions and to give the Secretary of Agriculture authority to go ahead and acquire the land without the limitations which I have just mentioned.

Mr. HAWES. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Yes.

Mr. HAWES. The express limitation of \$5 an acre is retained on the purchase of the land. The only change that has been made is the appraisal of 1921, 1922, and 1923.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Does not this bill permit the Secretary of Agriculture to go ahead and acquire any tract of land that he sees fit to acquire without first ascertaining that it can all be acquired at an average price of \$5 an acre, and that it can all be acquired within the limitation of \$1,500,000?

Mr. HAWES. No; the Secretary of Agriculture, finding it impossible to comply with that provision of the law if this amendment pass, will get an appraisal of all that property, and he is limited to \$5 an acre on the whole of it. The limitation is there.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Yes; but you remove the requirement that he shall first ascertain that he can acquire all the land at \$5 an acre.

Mr. HAWES. No.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Let me ask the gentleman also a question: Does not the law now provide that before he can go ahead and carry out this project he must first ascertain that it can be carried out within the limitation of \$1,500,000? Is not that the requirement of the present law?

Mr. HAWES. That is.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Does not this bill remove that requirement and permit him to go ahead and acquire a part of it within the limitation?

Mr. HAWES. It does not.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Then the bill has no purpose at all and might as well be stricken from the calendar.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. BLACK of Texas. I have the highest respect for the gentleman, but I dispute his understanding of the bill. It must be that he has not read it carefully.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The time of the gentleman has expired.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. I will yield the gentleman one more minute if he will not yield to somebody else.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. I will not yield. The bill has no purpose if it does not do the very thing that I have pointed out, and if gentlemen will read it you will find that it does do exactly what I have said.

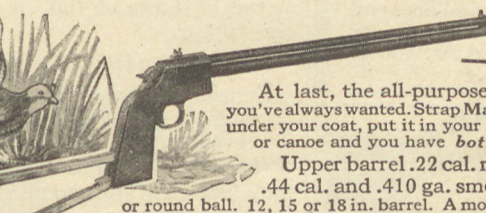
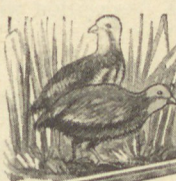
(Continued on page 55)

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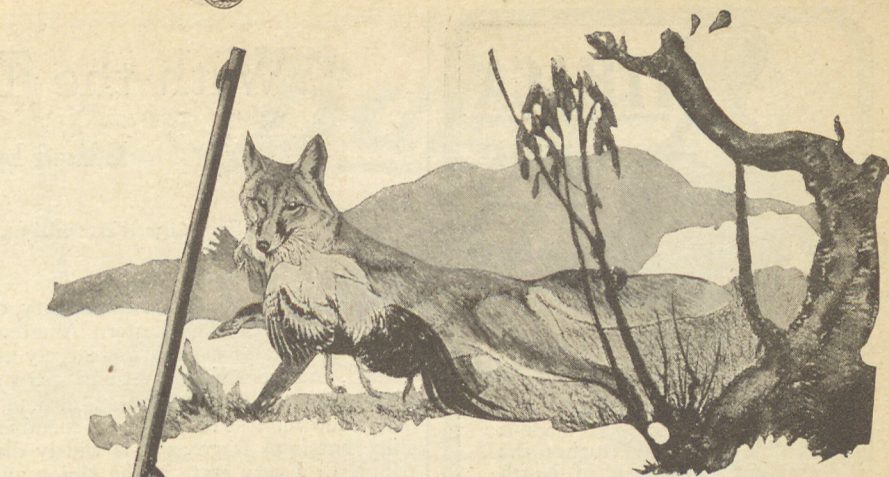
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With the Trap Shooters

Edited by Jack Smith

Secretary Western Amateur Trapshooting Association

The recent meeting, at Kansas City, of the Directors of the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association was largely attended, and much important business was transacted. The Association, although only a few months old, enjoys a membership that is as large as it is widely distributed. Every state in the Union and every province in Canada is now represented. This fact is eloquent evidence of the sentiment in favor of a second governing body in Trapshooting. Only a cause that makes an appeal to true sportsmanship would move a number of men to unselfishly leave their homes and business and travel great distances without thought of remuneration or profit to themselves. In summing up the situation, in his splendid speech, President Franklin aptly expressed the sentiment of the meeting when he declared—"Nothing short of an act of Congress can stop the Western Association now." One of the important decisions of the meeting was to hold the initial Great Western Handicap at Chicago, Ill., June 1st to 6th. Announcement has already been made that the winner of this event will be guaranteed \$1,000. The Secretary was instructed to negotiate for the use of Grant Park for this shoot. It was also decided to hold a mid-winter handicap each year. This shoot is to be staged on the Pacific Coast or in one of the Southern or Southwestern states. Los Angeles made a tentative bid for the first mid-winter shoot. New Orleans was also mentioned as a logical site for a shoot of this kind. Certainly a monster tournament held in Mardi Gras week would attract a world of shooters. Houston, the scene of a number of successful Sunny South tournaments, was also named as a fine location. Regardless of where these tournaments are to be held, it is quite apparent the sport of Trapshooting is in for a revival of interest that will silence the oft repeated question—"What is wrong with Trapshooting?"

A copy of the program of the first Great Western Handicap will appear in the next issue of this magazine. A copy of the By-Laws of this Association will also appear.

Here is an idea for Izaak Walton League Chapters to establish a source of continuous revenue. The Topeka, Kansas, Chapter has just notified us that some time ago they formed a Trapshooting Department for the purpose of providing entertainment for those of their members who loved a gun. This department has had a very rapid growth, some fifty members now shoot a fifty-target program semi-monthly, and besides furnishing entertainment this department, through the profit from the sale of shells and targets,

has been able to do a considerable amount of game propagation work. The territory around Topeka has been well stocked with quail, and each of these sportsmen will see to it that these birds get proper protection. Why can't every Chapter in the Izaak Walton League help the good cause in this way and, at the same time, improve his, or her, shooting by a little practice at the traps on clay birds.

CHICAGO MID-WINTER TOURNAMENT

Lincoln Park Traps first Mid-Winter Tournament Feb. 21-22-23 went over in true Lincoln Park Traps style. Had the weather man held off his rain and cold winds for two days this tournament would have attracted a record breaking entry. The first day about eighty shooters turned out for the seventy-five singles target program. Frank Troeh of Portland, Oregon, demonstrated the fact that he made the long trip for the purpose of breaking targets by cleaning up the entire program of seventy-five without a skip. Mark Arie, also, must have been in earnest as he broke 74. There were a number of seventy-three's. The real sensation of the tournament was the shooting of Frank Hughes in the 100-bird double event. After missing his fourth target he went down the line breaking every one of the remaining ninety-six targets, and to show there was nothing flukey about his shooting he continued his run to 142 before he missed. As far as we know this is a world's record on double targets. Certainly it was a wonderful exhibition under the existing weather conditions, and Frank was loudly cheered by the large gallery that saw his performance. On the second day Steve Fay, Frank Stanton and Mark Arie tied for high honors in the 159 single target race by breaking 147 each. Arie won the shoot-off. Arie also led in the doubles event by making a clean sweep of the 50 targets. Hughes broke 49, and Troeh 48. The most interesting event on this day's program was a five man team race between Jay Graham's duck hunters and a team of Lincoln Park trapshooters. The duck hunters might be able to kill ducks, but, the targets were not sitting still, so, the trapshooters won the race. W. G. Warren won the Mid-Winter Handicap on the third day by breaking 79 of the 100 targets in a driving rain storm. To illustrate the weather conditions we mention the fact that Troeh, Arie and Hughes turned in scores of 13-14-15 in one 25 target event. Arie won the 50 target sliding handicap with a score of 46. A. Busse, a new shooter, was second with 45. On all targets Arie, Warren, Troeh and Hughes finished in the order named.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.

Congress Passes Amendment

(Continued from page 53)

Now, I will admit that the Secretary of Agriculture can not contract for lands that would cost the Government more than a million and a half dollars. I admit that; but here is what I do contend.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The time of the gentleman has again expired.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Can the gentleman yield me one minute?

Mr. HUDDLESTON. I yield the gentleman one minute.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. I just want to finish this statement. I contend this, and I defy any proponents of the bill successfully to dispute it, that under this bill the Secretary of Agriculture can acquire half the land necessary for the purposes of establishing this project and can contract to pay \$1,500,000 for it, and then you would be up against the proposition of having a project one-half completed with all the money gone. [Applause.] And the next thing in order will be the proponents coming to Congress for purpose of amending the law and increasing the authorization another million and a half, and I am opposed to it. That is why I am taking the floor in this debate. I do not often indulge in prophecy, but I will venture this one: By the passage of this bill to-day Congress will insure that this wild life and game refuge project will cost a good deal more than the \$1,500,000 which was originally contemplated, and the United States Government will become the owner of more swamp and worthless land than the people will ever get black bass fish. I predict that only a few years will elapse before the proponents of this measure will be coming back asking for more money. Then other excuses will be in order such as have been given to-day.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. I yield three minutes to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. BLANTON].

Mr. BLANTON. Mr. Speaker, this bill is the natural sequence of the million and a half dollar bill that our distinguished friend from Missouri [Mr. HAWES] pushed through this House in the closing hours of last session. There was much rejoicing by our sportsmen in the United States when he passed that bill. He was wine and dined in St. Louis by his distinguished friends for putting that bill over in this House. No other man in this House could have done it. I take my hat off to the gentleman. The House did limit him, though, to a million and a half dollars.

Mr. COLE of Iowa rose.

Mr. BLANTON. And now the gentleman comes in with this additional bill. My colleague [Mr. BLACK] is correct; it is to take the limitation off. I have not yet gotten to my main point, but I yield to the gentleman from Iowa.

Mr. COLE of Iowa. If the gentleman from Missouri will come to Iowa the farmers will give him a dinner.

Mr. BLANTON. Oh, yes; I have heard of that farmer slogan before. Every time somebody wants a special bill passed for sportsmen they can get it passed by attaching to it one of two subjects, either the farmer or the ex-service man. They

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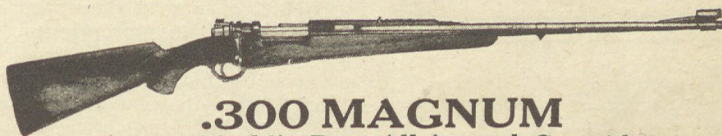
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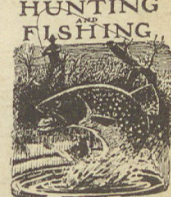
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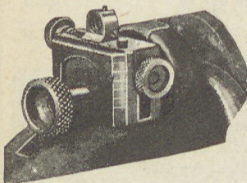
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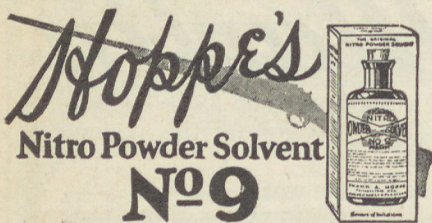
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are words to conjure with. I am surprised that that subject has not been brought in here before, but the gentleman from Missouri does not resort to such subterfuges. He is open and above board, and he will stand up here and tell you that this is a sportsman bill, or rather the corollary to the sportsman bill, and that he now wants to take off the limitation, and whenever you pass this bill it means to open the Treasury door again and just as sure as the sun shines he will come back here sooner or later for another million and a half dollars to complete the project.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The time of the gentleman has expired.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. Does the gentleman desire to use the balance of his time? There is only one speech on this side.

Mr. HAUGEN. I yield three minutes to the gentleman from Texas [MR JONES].

Mr. JONES. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, this is an entirely different measure from the public shooting ground measure we had up the other day.

I have always favored game sanctuaries—places for the protection of the wild game and animal life. During the last session we provided for the purchase of a great tract of land in the upper Mississippi Valley. The appropriation has already been made. It is the greatest section, probably, in the world—at least in the United States—that may be used for that purpose; the last refuge of the wild life of the country. [Applause.] While the appropriation is already made the department has found that the limitations are such that the Secretary must ascertain that he can get all the section that is suitable for that purpose before he can spend any money for any of it. In other words, he must make a survey, secure all the facts, and purchase it practically all at once. In the meantime—

Mr. BLACK of Texas rose.

Mr. JONES. In the meantime private parties are now trying to lease up and get options on all this land and thus make it cost the Government a great deal more than it otherwise would. The money is going to be spent. There is no question about that. If you will permit this resolution to go through, the Department of Agriculture can begin now to secure lands and options, and thus by gradual and orderly purchase get this land at a much better figure. This would enable us to get a great deal more of the land for a million and a half dollars by gradually obtaining it before private parties option it up. The Agricultural Department hopes to get much of it for \$1 or \$2 per acre or even less; but, if it must see about the whole area before it can get any of the area, private parties will option it up and the Government will only be able to get about half as much land for a million and a half dollars as we will get if we permit the Secretary of Agriculture to go on in a businesslike way and procure all the land he can under the most favorable terms for the purposes for which the appropriation was originally made. It is a simple business proposition. It would probably be at least a year before anything could be done under the interpretation that has been placed upon the original act. In the

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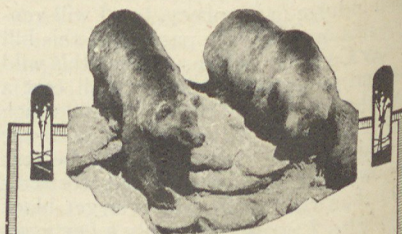
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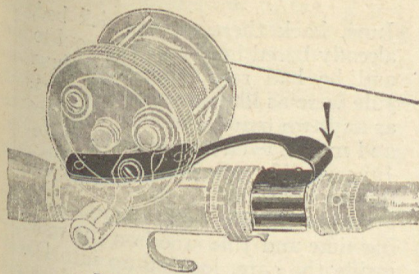
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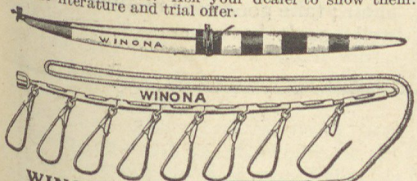
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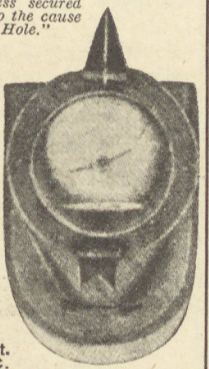
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meantime all parties would have full notice of the Government's intention to purchase. Of course, there are many private parties, who seeing a chance to make money, would option large parts of this tract and would naturally exact a higher price of the Government than would otherwise have to be paid. Why keep the hands of the Government bound? Why not give the Government a chance to make the original purchases?

The limitations as to the average selling price in 1921, 1922, and 1923 mean nothing, because there was no land selling in that section during that period, at any rate, not enough to make any basis of comparison. The original limitation was \$5 an acre. That is the important limitation, and it is carried forward in the amendment.

Mr. KINCHELOE. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. JONES. Yes.

Mr. KINCHELOE. The original act was passed at the last session of Congress. This simply is a perfecting amendment?

Mr. JONES. Yes; this is simply a perfecting amendment. The money is going to be spent. The only question is whether you want to get 250,000 acres or 100,000 acres for the same money.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. It is not necessary?

Mr. JONES. It may not be, but it is advisable. And since the money is to be spent I want the Government to get the most for its money.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Alabama is recognized for 10 minutes.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. Mr. Speaker the law as it now stands provides that—

No money shall be available for the acquisition of any area until the Secretary of Agriculture has ascertained that all of the areas to be acquired under this act will be acquired within the amount appropriated or authorized to be appropriated therefor.

The amount which is authorized is limited to \$1,500,000. The report of the committee, among other things, says this:

It is felt by the committee that it is proper to remove the restriction requiring the Secretary of Agriculture to ascertain that all of the areas to be acquired will be acquired within the amount appropriated or authorized to be appropriated, in view of the exhaustive investigation which would first be necessary upon the part of the Secretary.

The purpose of this bill is to take the limit off the total amount that may be expended to acquire this area. The original limitation was \$1,500,000. Under this bill \$1,500,000 might be expended for a tenth of the total area, and there is no limit to what Congress may be called upon in future to appropriate in order to acquire the entire area.

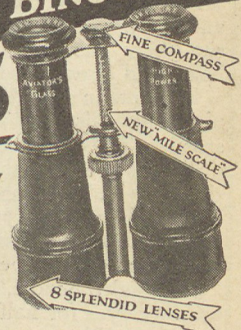
My statement is accurate; you need not take my word for it. All Members have to do is read the bill and exercise their own intelligence.

Mr. Speaker, this is a companion measure to those bills which have gone before—the so-called wild life, migratory bird, game preserve, shooting ground, and

(Continued on page 63)

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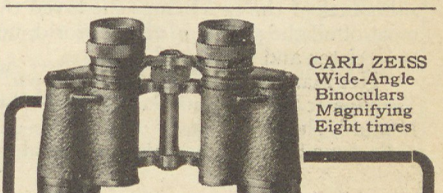


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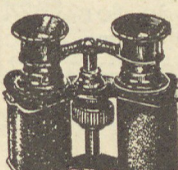
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Summer Days and Moonshine

(Continued from page 29)

An hour June lay there alone, flushed and happy in this new sensation which she knew was love; then mother came home and David rose to go.

He came in with Jule to bid June good night, and his hand sought June's as he stood by the bedside.

Their secret was their own; June knew that David, too, was thinking along new lines and that she, June, had assumed a new position in his mind.

At last David bent down and said, "Goodnight, Kiddie," and looked straight into her eyes for half a minute while his hand patted hers, only to be captured and given fierce pressure by her clinging fingers, while she was wild to pull his face down and kiss him again and again; but Jule stood smilingly sweet at the foot of the bed, and—a secret that is shared by a third party, even a beloved twin sister, is a secret no longer—so June smiled and said her commonplace goodnight and David turned away.

Jule took David's arm as they passed through the door, and against the white moonlight June was given a momentary silhouette of the two beings she loved the most of all the people in all the world, her twin sister and her man, David.

"Her man! Her David, her very own!" Perhaps 'it was the moon. Quien sabe, hombre, eh?

So June forgot to be sick; she was alone

with the delicious company of love, than which there is nothing more delectable in the understanding of sixteen feminine years—or, for the matter of that, let it be sixty years as well, for love is never old—is it not so?

Out under the moon Jule walked with David, and she clung very close to him as they strolled slowly down the street, among the black pools of shadow under the spreading elms, where sleepy birds twittered overhead and white moonlight gleamed on the sandy path, barely wide enough for two who could stroll very close together, and step in perfect unison.

Jule was vibrant with animation, David strangely abstracted—yet he was David, the same David Jule had always known, companionable, sturdy, strong and clean, albeit still with arm in its sling and carrying a touchy rib to be very carefully treated and given a respectable zone of immunity else it stab its owner with swift pain in resentment at being touched.

Jule was as much in love with David as was her sister, and no doubt she would have reacted just as quickly, had opportunity offered, but Fate had other plans, and Jule was left to go on anticipating the joy of telling David what was in her heart and hearing him tell her that he loved her in return.

David did love her too; she knew it and he knew it; but he knew also that little

June, back there on her sick bed, had already bared her heart and soul to him, and he had responded—and June and Jule were as like as one and one—as like as any two twins who lived and breathed and moved even as one being alone—yet June was first now in David's heart—that fact he knew.

At last the silent stars proclaimed parting time and Jule stood on the walk just inside the gate, looking up into David's eyes and adjusting the sling which held his mending arm.

Her fragrant lips were very close, very inviting, and June was there as much as Jule, for either twin was the blended personality of both.

David caught himself and snapped back to sanity just in time to sway away out of the danger zone.

Jule's heart went cold with disappointment; she did not know why.

She did not know what she had expected, what she had missed; but she felt that she had been on the verge of a great joy and then, suddenly, it had failed to materialize, and she felt a loss, a sinking sensation of hope deferred, of being cheated.

Perhaps it was a trick of the moon, and then, perhaps—

"Good night, Jule, until tomorrow again; take good care of June so she'll be well—can't have her sick, you know—"

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March 1, 1925.

Outdoor America,
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Chicago, Illinois.

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We are agreeably surprised at the results the Lefever records for 1924 show from a continuous ad run in Outdoor America, but when we checked up the circulation of Outdoor America, it was very plain to see why we got results.

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LEFEVER ARMS CO., INC.

TB. LST



'night," David had smiled and given her hand a little pat, then turned and started for home.

Jule stood and watched him go and a feeling of desolation came to her—a sensation of vast loneliness, of finding herself lost and isolated in the center of empty immensity.

What had happened? What had come over David? She had never felt this way before in all her life; what was wrong with the world? She did not know.

She turned and walked slowly into the house and on her slim shoulders she carried a new burden in the weight of all the woes of the universe—and she did not know why.

In the time it took her to walk from the gate to the house Jule developed the worst case of blues she had ever known; she was simply heart broken and in the middle of drab desolation and she didn't know why.

She went straight into the house, slipped into her night robe and crawled miserably into bed beside June without a word, then she snuggled up against her sister's shoulder and began to cry—to cry as if her last hour had come—and June cried with her just from sympathy.

Neither girl said a word to the other; neither one knew why the other was in tears, but that was nothing; they had cried in each other's arms before, and when they compared notes afterward they both acknowledged that there was not a single thing to cry about; they just had "felt like crying," so they had cried.

Perhaps it was the same now; yet June was exquisitely happy in her tears and poor Jule was probably the most miserable of mortals. Who was to blame? Perhaps it was the moon.

David had gone straight home and around to the south porch, where he sat down in the white flood of moonlight, his back against a post and his feet on a lower step, and there he sat and stared with unseeing eyes, sat so still and long that a mother rabbit hopped through a break in the fence and came across the lawn, bringing her three timid babies almost to David's feet—and he did not even see them.

High against the stars a nighthawk circled and called for "Pe-zard" (whoever he might be) over and over while he garnered moths, a-wing in the silent air.

From the elm top a brown thrasher caroled softly, singing to himself under the moon.

A watchful dog voiced his suspicion doubtfully as he peered into shadow blots for a movement he was not certain of, but he gave warning if intruder were there contemplating forbidden activity.

The moon slid slowly down the west—and David sat like a graven image.

The mother rabbit took her babies into the shadows of the berry patch; a toad hopped uncertainly across a patch of grass and blended with a pool of shadow under a big leaved cabbage plant; the brown thrasher warbled a vagrant note in his sleep; the moon sunk without a trace below the west rim of the world; silence hung like a velvet curtain down against waiting stillness the faint voices of many insects saved one's ears from the hysteria of listening to nothing.

Gray light crept into the east and found David's problems still unsolved.

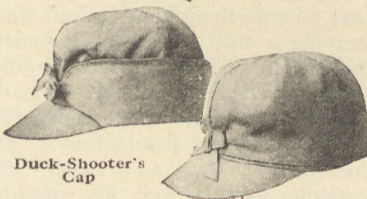
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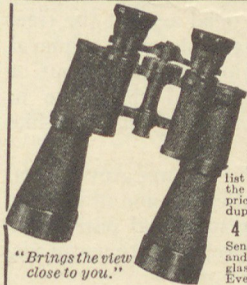
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By THOMAS AMBROSE

Vice-president I. W. L. A.



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Have You Done Your Part for the Elk?

ON THE GORILLA TRAIL by Mary Hastings Bradley, illustrated, 270 pp. D. Appleton Company, New York, 1922, \$5.00.

This is the record of an expedition made in 1921, the personnel consisting of the author, her husband Herbert E. Bradley (member of Chicago Chapter), their five year old daughter Alice, several attendants and Carl E. Akeley, the last named representing the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

As the chief objective of the expedition was to secure museum specimens of the gorilla family, let us in the first place dispose of what to my mind is this least attractive part of the narrative.

The tragedy is thus described: "There on the steep mountainside stood a gigantic creature, black and shaggy. My first impression was of shoulders—incredible shoulders—huge, uncouth, slouching shoulders. His side was toward us and his back was silver grey. We were seeing at last the great beast we had come so far to see—a male gorilla in his savage haunts.

"It seemed an eternity before my husband fired. I suppose it was only an instant or two. The roar of the gun sounded as unreal in the silence as the sight of the gorilla. Immediately the gorilla went crashing down into the welter of vegetation. We thought him dead and raced down towards him after Herbert, but we then found he had made off, leaving a trail of crushed greenery and blood. For a few moments the waving bushes gave us the only clue, then he emerged on the slopes above and looked back over his shaggy shoulder as the gun crashed again, as if trying to comprehend this sudden assault upon his solitudes. I shall never forget the humanness of that black upturned face.

"Then he went plunging down the slope passing near Herbert, who put in a finishing shot. The great body struck against a tree and lay still. There had been no sound from him, no bark or roar. He had shown no instinct of fight, nothing but the rush of a wounded beast trying to escape.

"We found him dead against the tree, face down, a huge, shaggy, primeval thing, like something summoned out of the vanished ages—and the scene in which he lay had a beauty that was like nothing earthly.

"The gorilla proved a huge grey-backed male. The normal expression of his face was of a curiously mild and patriarchal dignity. Without being sentimental you

could see in that face a gleam of patient and tragic surmise, as if the old fellow had a prescience that something was happening in the world against which his strength was of no avail—as if he knew the security of his high place was gone.

"For generations he had lived without fear. He preyed upon no one for his food, disturbing no one and disturbed by none of his world. He could have crushed a lion or strangled it, and an elephant, if gripped by the trunk, would have no thought but of escape. He had been indeed the King of the African forests. * * * It was a marvelous day! The sheer beauty of it was a spell, and the presence of this great gorilla made it seem like a page from the very beginning of time."

Seldom, have I read a more pathetic story. I agree with the author that "there is no excuse for keeping the gorilla upon the game lists. He ought to have his own preserves and official protection on his mountain heights, or he will go the way that all great beasts in Africa are now going. We estimated that not more than seventy-five or a hundred of the gorillas exist in those mountains."

Mr. Akeley secured five; a Mr. Barnes was there at the same time to secure specimens for the British Museum. Prince William of Sweden and party in 1913 killed fourteen—so if you want a gorilla you must hurry before all are gone. If the gorilla could be armed with the high powered rifle and knew how to use it, there would be fewer hunters and a longer lease of life for the wild men of the woods.

The expedition entered the "Dark Continent" at Cape Town, and leisurely proceeded by rail and water north and then east to Mombasa. Mrs. Bradley is a practiced writer, and has given us a book of African travel that is full of interest from start to finish and embellished with nearly one hundred illustrations from photographs. There were no hardships to be endured and the health of each individual was perfect throughout.

"Africa had been so worth while—and no after-years can take the memories from us—the black outline of a lion against the moonlight—the sheen of the golden crested crane—women with water jars crossing the opal sands of Tanganyika—the long superb line of Mikeno cutting the tropic sky—a glade in a fairy forest and a great gorilla in the sun."

(Continued on page 65)

Books for Review should be sent to Thomas Ambrose 320 East 22nd St. Chicago, Ill.



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OUTING FOOTWEAR CO.

714 W. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Fisherman

By ZANE GREY

(Continued from page 11)

of outcast, his appearance of a tramp. What little people knew! Lorry's heart warmed to this old fisherman who wanted to help him grow to be good and useful, to make something out of himself.

"Yes sir—I—I think I understand you—sir," he faltered. "I'll do my best to learn to fish—or anything—and I'll never forget."

"Good! I knew the day you licked young Tomans you were a lad after my heart," replied Mr. Miser. "Now you go back to the pot-shop and find my other minnow pole. It's on pegs along the wall, in that open part where they used to grind clay. Fetch it out with you."

Lorry did as he was bidden. He seemed to be in the way of great good fortune. How blue the sky! The waters roared low and musically down the narrow channels. Yet, though a strange rapture grew upon him it seemed counteracted by a sadness, too deep to understand. He knew he was sorry for Old Muddy Miser. But perhaps that sorrow was ill-placed. The old fisherman was not what he appeared to the callous people who saw and imagined what was not true. Something big awakened in Lorry, vague, undefined, but there, establishing a feeling of an aloofness from his boy comrades, from all save Homer and his mother. He seemed to feel these thoughts.

"Lorry, you will find hellgramites under flat stones in swift shallow water," instructed Mr. Miser, when Lorry got back to him. "I lay stones in likely places for traps. Never fail to find one or two. You must stand below the rock you lift. Hellgramites sometimes let go their hold, roll up and float down."

Lorry had before caught hellgramites, but early in the spring under stones in the sand. They were white then and very soft, and not like that one Mr. Miser showed him. Lorry began lifting flat stones, and the first few hellgramites he saw drifted away from him in the swift water. The next one that rolled up and began to float Lorry clutched swiftly, regardless of being pinched. And he quickly became acquainted with the sharp pincers. Blood flowed freely from the wound. Lorry retaliated by pulling off the head of the hellgramite; then doing likewise with the extreme end of the tail, he baited his hook with it, and began to cast for minnows. He tried little pools, runways, rills, holes, and shallow ripples before he found a place where he had a strike. Then he settled down to the earnest joy of conquest, to the thrill of a new game, to the mastering of something that was vastly more than appeared on the surface. He had luck, but it was mostly bad. Chub after chub he missed; he threw this one off and jerked the hook away from that one. Nevertheless, now

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Speed changes made mechanically and positively by raising or lowering steering handle in ratchet. Provides high speed forward, trolling speed, fast reverse, slow reverse and neutral. When set at neutral, motor runs while boat stands still. Exclusive Caille feature.

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Twin cylinders—no vibration. Light weight. Zenith carburetor. Eismann magneto. Motor tilts over obstructions. Rope starter. Beautiful finish. Fully guaranteed. Send for details—now.

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The L-A Twin propels your boat anywhere it will float. Automatic tilting and patented L-A Slipping Clutch Propeller protect both motor and boat against damage from under water obstacles.

In the LA Twin you get POWER - SPEED - CONTROL

THE L-A Twin is the most powerful outboard motor of its type—weighs 52 lbs. complete and develops at least 3 H.P. It is the speediest motor of its power—drives the ordinary rowboat 8 miles or more per hour. And now with the McNab-Kitchen Manoeuvring Rudder as an extra, it is the last word in control.

Note these additional features: Most powerful magneto in outboard field. Rope and rudder steering. Indestructible gas tank. Under water parts made of non-corrosive aluminum alloy. Quiet exhaust. Alemite lubrication. See your dealer or write for full particulars.

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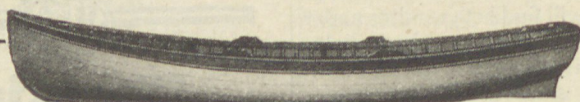


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PIONEER Copper-bearing Metal Boats—Most Serviceable Boat on the Market
The PIONEER Combines SAFETY—BEAUTY—SERVICE

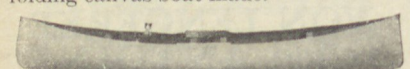
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and then he did make a catch. The blue and white-finned shiners, however, were too swift and clever for him. Still he always saw them strike, and he derived some consolation from his quick sight.

Time seemed to stand still. How amazed Lorry was to hear the old fisherman call that it was noon and lunch hour! They waded ashore. Mr. Miser fastened the perforated lid on the bucket and submerged it in a rut in the rock, where swift clear water ran.

"We always catch more bait than we need," he said. "Because it's fun, I suppose. Well, we will eat and then try for bass."

Lorry had not forgotten to coax his mother to put up an extra fine lunch, which she had done, plainly curious over his mysterious eagerness. And now, when they had reached the shade of the pot-shop, Lorry was to experience the added pleasure of seeing the old fisherman fry a bass he had caught and dressed that morning.

"You want a good hot fire, burned down so it doesn't blaze," demonstrated Mr. Miser. "Heat your skillet hot. Salt and pepper your fish well. Then fry in butter very quickly. It should not take five minutes. But you must watch closely, and turn your fish when it's nicely brown."

Lorry fancied he had never tasted anything as delicious as that fried bass. It pleased him to see how the old fisherman enjoyed the good things from the lunch basket. That noon hour in the shade of the pot-shop seemingly fixed the friendship so strangely begun. No longer did Lorry see Old Muddy Miser's rags or remember the stigma attached to his name.

"Fishing for black bass is fine sport," remarked Mr. Miser, after they had finished eating. "I've read much of salmon and trout, and of the strange fish of the seas. Perhaps there are gamer and more beautiful fish in the world than our bronze-backed, red-eyed, small-mouthed bass. But I don't like to think so. Often I have thought how wonderful it would be to go fishing everywhere—in lakes and streams, in rivers, in the mountains and on the seas. That would be a glorious life. But I never get any farther than dreams—and old Dillon's Falls. Now, you, Lorry, have all your life to live, and if you choose you can catch the lordly salmon and the aristocratic trout, and the fierce fishes of the Seven Seas. I wish I could live to have you tell me about them. . . . You must make fishing a study, a labor of love. Don't drink. Most fishermen drink, and many are drunkards. It seems to me they go fishing to find time and place, or earn money to drink whiskey."

"Mr. Miser, I shall never drink," replied Lorry, earnestly. "Last winter, on my birthday—I signed a pledge, and got my brother to do so. You know Francis Murphy, the Evangelist, was in Hainesville holding meetings. My older brother Cedric drinks. And it hurt my mother. So I signed the pledge and got Homer to. We shall never drink."

"Good!" exploded the old man, and he gripped Lorry's hand. He seemed strongly moved. Lorry had vague remembrance of rumor in regard to drink.

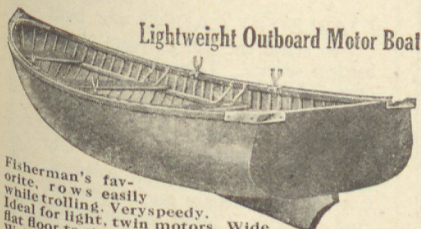
(Continued on page 66)

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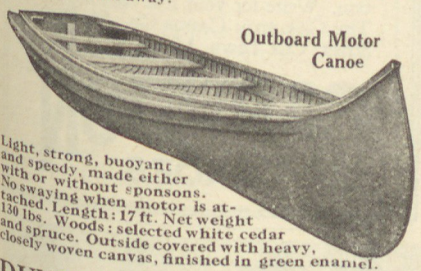
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Fisherman's favorite. Rows easily while trolling. Very speedy. Ideal for light, twin motors. Wide, flat floor to stand on while casting. Length: 16 ft. Weight: less than 200 lbs. Woods: best white oak and northern cedar. Decks and stern corners cast aluminum—will not twist, warp, split or rot. Stern braces from gunwales to transom—impossible for planking to pull away.



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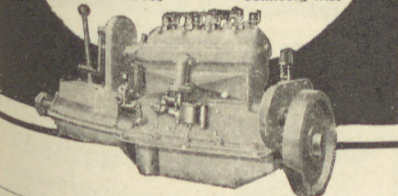
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UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY
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Catalog "A" will bring everything in boats up to 100 ft.

BARBOUR METAL BOAT COMPANY
Valley Park, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Congress Passes Amendment

(Continued from page 57)

other bills. All belong to the same species of legislation. In addition to being a conservation measure, this is also a shooting and fishing ground bill. Under this bill parties may be permitted to catch the fish and hunt the game on the land which is acquired under whatever regulations the Secretary of Agriculture may see fit to adopt. There is no provision in this bill to forbid it. The Secretary of Agriculture can authorize anyone to hunt and fish on this land that he wants to, and it is expected that he will do so; that the Public Treasury is to be raided in order to furnish a fishing and shooting ground for parties who may wish to participate in sport.

As I say, this is a companion bill to the shooting ground and sportsmen's bills. These bills are urged upon the House by the professional game preservers and wildlife savers, those who make the cry of "Back to nature," at so much per cry. The agitation for these measures is centered in certain great magazines which cater to hunters and fishermen and which pretend to be trying to preserve wild life. Yet, my friends, when you will look over those magazines you find that they contain little except incitements to destroy wild life. If you will look at the advertising matter that they carry and by which they are financed, you find that it is almost altogether of fishing tackle, ammunition, guns, dogs, and hunting equipment by which men destroy the fish, game, and wild life of the country. Those magazines are almost altogether supported, so far as the financial end is concerned, by the advertisements of those whose business is to sell small arms and fishing tackle. The magazines are the organs of the advertisers, for they make them possible. They depend upon them and live and eat off them, and the pretense that they really want to preserve birds and game and fish is largely a fraud.

If these people were really trying to preserve birds and game and fish, I would be with them. But I am not with them in the spirit which inspires them; it is the spirit not to preserve but to destroy.

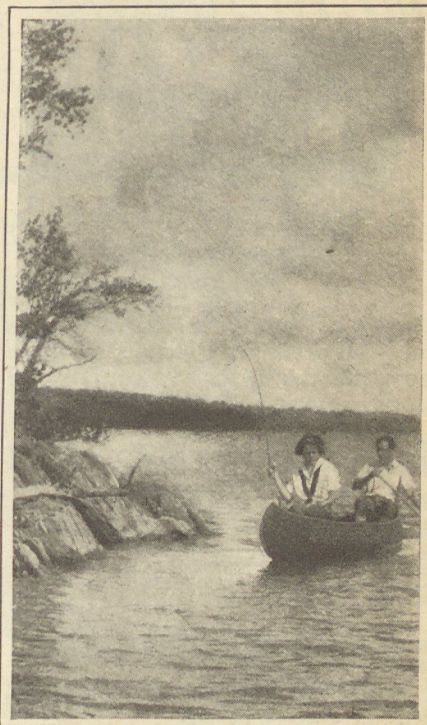
The typical hunter and fisherman is inspired by the spirit of the sixteenth century country lord who would hang a peasant as high as Haman for killing a rabbit, not because he was merciful and wanted to spare the rabbit, but because he wanted to kill the rabbit himself. I speak of those of our citizens who are not interested in preserving the game and fish beyond the point of preventing others from killing merely so that they may kill the game and fish themselves.

Mr. COOPER of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. HUDDLESTON. I regret I can not yield.

Mr. COOPER of Wisconsin. The gentleman says this bill is supported by rich sportsmen.

"Old Town Canoes"



Low hanging clouds—the fish are near the surface

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Mr. HUDDLESTON. Oh, no; I did not say that. If the gentleman will excuse me, I will repeat what I said. I said that the main support of this bill comes from the magazines catering to sportsmen and yet making a living from advertisements of concerns who have fishing tackle and guns and hunting dogs to sell, and that these advertisers use the sentiment of the people who desire to preserve the fish and game to promote their own selfish business interests. [Applause.]

Mr. HAUGEN. Mr. Speaker, I yield four minutes to the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. TINCER].

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Kansas is recognized for four minutes.

Mr. TINCER. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, there are two things that I want to speak of as a member of the committee that reported this bill out—and this was a unanimous report once. We do not remove the restriction that makes the Government pay not exceeding \$5 an acre on the average for this land. The only restriction that we remove is that it all be taken at one time. They have the appropriation; and in order to carry out the intent of the other act that was passed, either this resolution must be passed or you must wait for another Congress to pass it.

The second proposition I wish to answer is the charge made on this floor against the Izaak Walton League. It is not a rich man's league; it is not a rich man's organization; and any insinuation that that organization has a selfish purpose or is financed by people who have a selfish purpose is a most unfair indictment against thousands of good citizens of America. [Applause.]

Mr. HUDDLESTON. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. TINCER. Yes.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. The gentleman knows that the organ of the Izaak Walton League is a publication called "Outdoors" and that it is full of the advertising I have mentioned, of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, and other incitements to kill.

Mr. TINCER. I do not care what advertising it contains. The La Follette organ contained lots of advertising that was criticized. I am not speaking for the organ that carries advertising, but I am speaking for thousands and hundreds of thousands of the best American people who belong to this organization. [Applause.] They should be commended for what they are doing instead of being criticized.

Mr. PURNELL. Will the gentleman yield just long enough for me to corroborate what he says with reference to the Izaak Walton League? As a member of the Committee on Agriculture I want to say I agree with everything the gentleman has said on that subject.

Mr. KINCHELOE. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. TINCER. Yes.

Mr. KINCHELOE. The gentleman from Alabama said this is a rich man's bill.

Mr. HUDDLESTON. I did not say that at all.

Mr. KINCHELOE. In substance the gentleman said that.

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Mr. FINCHER. In spite of what the gentleman from Alabama says they are furnishing fish to the people of the United States with which to stock their ponds, and they are furnishing fish to the poorer class of people who could not get them in any other way. I want to say that the Izak Walton League is just as opposite as you can imagine to the picture painted by the gentleman from Alabama. [Applause.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The time of the gentleman from Kansas has expired. All time has expired. The question is on suspending the rules and passing the bill.

Mr. BLACK of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I have a motion to recommit.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. A motion to recommit is not in order. The question is on suspending the rules and passing the Senate bill.

The question was taken; and on a division (demanded by Mr. HUDDLESTON) there were—ayes 274, noes 4.

So, two-thirds having voted in favor thereof, the rules were suspended and the bill was passed.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection a similar House bill will be laid on the table.

There was no objection.

Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 60)

Adventures With Rod and Harpoon Along the Florida Keys, by Wendell Endicott, with 80 illustrations from photographs by the Author, 271 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 1925. Price, \$4.00.

Mr. Endicott has spent many seasons fishing in Florida waters and is qualified to speak with authority upon when, how, where and with what to fish.

Few fishermen are wont to disclose their favorite fishing waters. Not so our author. "In really quick time we were down by the trestles. We swung into the usual spot—the fifth arch to the eastward from the central arch"—and immediately a sharp strike. The leaping tarpon, the acrobatic sailfish, the savage barracuda, the lightning-like bonefish all come to his lures, and then there was harpoon work with shark, ray and the inoffensive "devil-fish."

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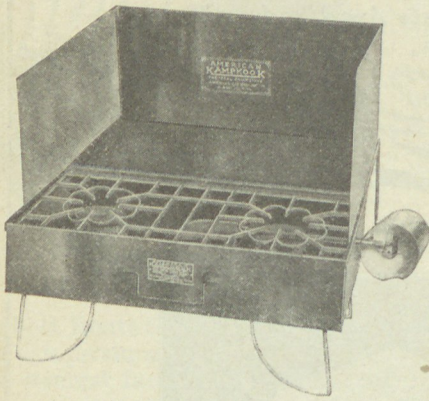
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The Fisherman

(Continued from page 62)

somehow relating to this man or some one of his name. "The bottle has had strange power over men of all races," went on Mr. Miser. "There is only one other evil thing in life, lad, and that is woman. Bad woman! Perhaps I should say good woman made evil by men. There are fundamentally no bad women. They are mothers of the race. But men are their enemies. Some day I will tell you why. You must have a noble ideal of womanhood."

Lorry drank in the old fisherman's words. More than fisherman he was a sage! Old and wise and sad! When he spoke of woman as bad, Lorry experienced a singularly alarming and yet exciting tremor over all his being. The mysterious veil of life hid so much. His knowledge was vague. He had seldom listened to the vile talk of the elder boys and the wondering repetitions of his comrades. Yet Lorry had never been satisfied by parents or teachers. He thirsted for knowledge that did not offend. How impossible to think of sweet-lipped Alice Fall as bad! Yet some day she would be a woman. Then into his mind flashed the face of Maud Inchcape, brazen, yet somehow irresistible. She too would grow to woman's estate. There were, then, two kinds of women, all growing up from girls. The thought was troublesome and he dismissed it.

"Let's have your fishing pole," said Mr. Miser, "and we'll see how you're rigged. . . . Well, well, not so poor for a lad! That pole will be rank poison for bass. But your line is not strong enough for the biggest kind. Your hook is too small, your lead too heavy. Now we will change hook and lead, anyway. You must get a heavier line for the next time. For I know where there are some big bass—the biggest kind."

"How big?" ejaculated Lorry, his eyes wide.

"Six pounds—some of them seven," replied Mr. Miser. "It'd be better for you to practise on some small ones. Then in August when the corn is ripe we will go after the big fellows."

Lorry watched the old fisherman while he cut off the hook, to replace it with one twice as large, an enormous hook, Lorry thought. He looped it on carefully with three half hitches and tried its strength repeatedly. Next he cut a narrow strip of thin lead and rolled it about the line, perhaps a foot above the sinker. He laid the line on a board and rolled the sinker with a flat stone. When completed the slender roll of lead was scarcely larger than the line.

"It's too early in the afternoon, but we'll go anyway," said Mr. Miser. "There are a good many small bass on the falls now. I'll show you several places where you can always catch one. I never fail, even when I try them every day. . . . You follow me and do everything as I do."

Thus Lorry was launched upon his adventure. How alluringly bright and beautiful the face of nature—the kingdom of youth—the calling future! He felt these things without thinking of them.

In wading over the rocks after the old fisherman Lorry found his greatest difficulty arose from impetuosity. He simply could not go slowly. Therefore he slipped and slid, and sat down more than once. Some places were easy, others hard, and there were deep swift channels that showed no safe place to set a foot. But the old man knew where to wade, and Lorry gazed and gazed at these places with a registering eye. At this upper quarter of the long stretch of rock-bottomed creek there were no falls, but the water ran swiftly and wildly enough to raise a melodious roar. Channels, varying in depth, alternated with flat rock a few inches under the surface. Here and there were holes of different sizes and shapes.

The old fisherman selected a long, deep, narrow channel to try first. Lorry watched him hook a chub delicately through the lips and cast it with easy swing as far as the line would permit up the channel. The bait sank and floated down with the current, past the shelving corners of rock where the dark green depths looked so alluring. Then Lorry baited likewise and selecting another channel, of the same characteristics, he imitated as nearly as possible his old teacher's method. It was hard put to it now to watch his line and Mr. Miser's too, but somehow he accomplished both.

"Business!" suddenly called the old fisherman.

Lorry had seen the line stop and then cut through the water. He had realized that was a bite before Mr. Miser had spoken. The bass ran perhaps twenty feet. Then the old fisherman, extending and lowering the pole, bent forward until he reached as far as possible, when he gave a quick, hard, upward jerk. He hooked the bass. It made a rush, leaped to show itself to be a nice fish of a pound or more in weight, and then ran up the channel, then down. Mr. Miser played it carefully, without concern or hurry, and when it had become exhausted he drew it out of the channel into shallow water, where he caught and unhooked it, and secured it on a string tied to the bucket.

Presently Lorry had a fine strike, but lost his bait, through no fault of his own. A pugnacious bass just bit off the chub. He tried another bait in the same place, to no avail. Gradually Mr. Miser worked downstream towards where a wide still pool stretched from the left bank clear across to the right, and a large channel having been reinforced by a number of others, poured a tumult of water into this deeper place. When they reached it, which was accomplished by the most exciting and difficult wading Lorry had ever attempted, Mr. Miser set down the bait bucket in six inches of water, and began to wade out into the gradually deepening pool. He beckoned to Lorry to follow. They got to a depth over their knees.

"I've been saving this place," said the old fisherman, with an air of great importance. "It's one of my favorites. Haven't tried it for days. There'll be fish here, maybe a big one. . . . Now it

takes a long cast. There's a hole under the shelf of rock across. See where the water runs fast. Now look at the black hole. The water swirls a little and runs under the ledge there. That hole goes back far. I never found how far, though I've stuck a pole in full length. It's deep—a regular cave. Catfish there, too, big mud-cats, which we can get at night. . . . Now pull out all the line you can manage, and swing your bait sideways, far as you can—then forward, to make it drop just where it will drift into that hole. Maybe it won't have to drift."

Lorry essayed most carefully and deliberately to comply with his guide's instructions, but he fell short of the desired spot by several feet.

"Aha! See that!" ejaculated Mr. Miser.

Indeed Lorry had noticed a golden flash and a swirl. Then he saw his line moving away. How he tingled!

(To be continued)

The Cat's Meow

(Continued from page 33)

What he saw did not, evidently, make much of a hit with him as he decided then and there to give me a bad half hour as my initiation into the realm of wild cats.

I had no sooner picked up the leash and my gun, than off he went into the timber dragging me along. I stayed with him for about two blocks, tripping over vines, ploughing through thorn bushes and trying to knock down trees. It seemed bad taste to open a new road through this virgin forest so heaving the gun at this bound of the chase I let him go his way.

It was still dark in this particular swamp and not being gifted with a great outdoorsman's penetration of things swampish, there seemed nothing to do but rest, until either the sun came out or a searching posse came in. Groping around my hand (just previous to my chin) came in contact with a large log upon which I was soon resting at full length.

It was just four degrees quieter than the morgue and several hundred per cent less cheerful. There was nothing to do but sit. I sat, blessing all city editors, cat hunters, swamps, snakes and wild places. Right there it was decided that the next soldado who contrives to get this little laddie past where the sidewalk ends, is a leading candidate for the Nobel prize or what prizes have you. Henceforth, it was resolved, that for me our wild places and wild things exist only in fancy, as the magazine boys put it.

Ruminating thus, I wandered into the arms of Morpheus and dozed, dreaming of boa constrictors, alligators and other little pets of this delightful clime.

CRASH! Boom! W-H-A-M! B-O-O-M! C-R-A-S-H!!!

I came to,—running. In fact I would have been going yet if I had not collided with a firm old tree.

The first awful racket was followed by a series of gasping, hoarse shouts, "Elp! 'Elp! 'Oly sufferin' igloos—'E-L-P!"

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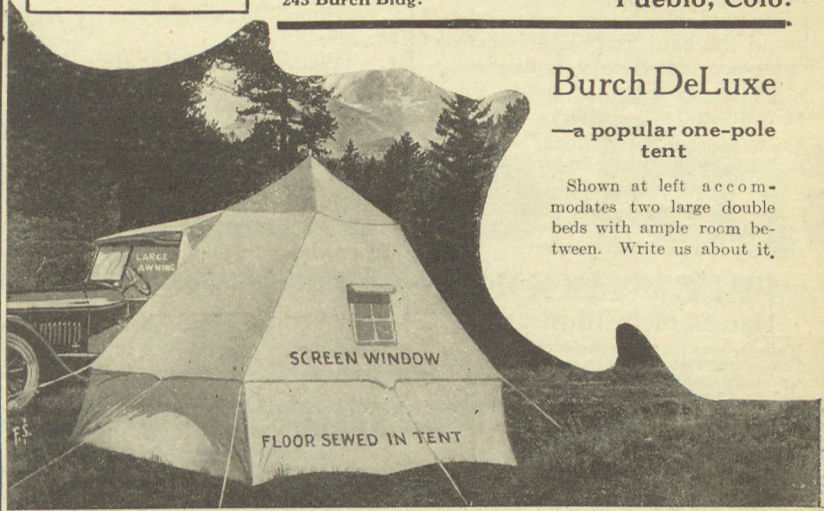
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FOR CAMP

FOR 33 YEARS
THE RECOGNIZED
STANDARD

FOR HOME

The raid seemed to be headed straight for me.

Crash! Wham! Wham! — a bullet pinged just above my head. I tried to dig in but the undergrowth prevented. I established temporary headquarters in the banyan tree.

Crash! "Elp!" and onto the scene busted Muff, his hat gone, his breath gone his clothing ripped and on his face instead of the horn rimmed glasses rested the wildest expression the human map has ever registered.

"My Gawd 'elp!" and with his last remaining breath flopped on the turf, burrowing his face in the ferns.

"What's the fuss, comrade—what's the fuss?" I call down from the roost.

"Where are you? Who are you?" he gasps, trying to struggle to his feet.

"The war correspondent," says I, "Where's the rest of the battalion?"

"Oh 'elp me! Please 'elp me!" he wails. "Get your gun, 'e's comin'! 'E is right behind me!"

"Press regulations—international agreement, prevents me gettin' into the conflict," I retorts. "What's the fuss an' where's the enemy?"

Muff only rolls the whites of his eyes up at the tree and fails to answer.

Peering into the gray dawn (and seeing nothing dangerous) I slid to the ground, walked over and shook him. He let out a yell and started to struggle. Then he recognized me and sank back to the ground.

"Oh—" he gasps, "is it really you laddie?"

"Well," says I, "if it ain't I'm as much disappointed as you are. Who's after you—you're mother-in-law?"

"I just saw one of the bloody blighters!" he gurgled weakly. "Your bloomin' Airedale was right at 'is 'eel—"

"Settle down," I counsel. "Just what the hell did you see and how come the marathon? I've got to get a yarn out of this trip and you are the baby with the facts."

"Ave you a wee bit of a nip?" he inquires as I passed him a flask full of the modern Keely cure. "Ah, my nerves were a bit shattered."

"Well now that you've get 'em in shape, come through."

"S-hhh, not so loud, bucko," says he. "Well what was you runnin' from?"

"A cat!" he answers like a man who has seen the worst and don't care a thing about life. "A wild cat—"

"But I thought—"

"S-hhh," says he, looking around cautiously, "the yarns were a bit of a fake—needed the money an' all that sort of thing. Never shot a gun in me life—first wild animal I ever saw outside of the zoo!"

I stared at the lion hunter in silence—that statement crippled my powers of conversation.

"Arf! Arf!"

"Woof! Woof!"

"Woo-oo-o-o! Woo-oo-o-o!"

"E-E-Yowl! Pf-s-i-t!"

We regained our powers of thought in midair, so to speak, and found ourselves headed for a pillar of smoke we recognized as the hotel.

I remember pausing for a moment at the gate, and looking back. There went the wild cat, one jump ahead of Pluto the Airedale, and the rest of the dogs.

We didn't wait. There was a wagon with a nice team attached to it standing in the yard. We leaped into the wagon for an I gathered up the reins and away we went just as the rest of the party come into the clearing.

The boss let out a yell, "Hey! Hey! Mifflingham—oh Sir Mifflingham, come here! Hold on! What about your contract? What about your agreement—"

"Never heard of you, shipmate!" yells Muff, giving the boss the sign of Ajax defying the lightning, as the wagon bounded over the corduroy.

A Four Day Shoot in Virginia

(Continued from page 13)

ficed the other to an unusually active hering which jumped out of a net while Uncle Bill was seining on the river, and spiked him with a dorsal fin. That may be a fish story, but Uncle Bill has the evidence!

We arrived at the entrance to the marsh about half-past four and started over the board road in the pitch dark. If I had been superstitious I would never have finished that trip. Of all weird, uncanny places, that swamp was the worst. Trees crackled, strange rustles emanated from the brush, water gurgled and sucked in nearby sink holes and waking birds made low calls in the trees. Everybody was so intent on keeping to the narrow boards, however, that no one of us had much time to think about noises. To anyone who is bothered by nerves I recommend an early morning walk through that swamp. If he can finish that trip at all, he will never be bothered again by "nerves."

About fifteen minutes of combined stumbling and walking brought us to Uncle Bill's castle; at any rate it looked like a castle to us. Uncle Bill had been notified of our coming and had a steaming hot breakfast of hoe cake, herring and fried apples waiting for us. The next person that tells me a man can't cook as well as a woman can is going to find himself embroiled in a warm argument. I stake Uncle Bill against all comers!

We finished our meal, enjoyed a smoke and then started over the other half mile of boards to the blind. We were a little late in starting, having lingered over the fried apples, and many of the ducks had already come into the lagoon. We therefore had to cover the last hundred yards in absolute silence and crawl very carefully and silently into the blind. I might say we had to ooze into the blind. That would be a better description of our entering procedure. We could hear ducks quacking on all sides, and when we finally wormed our way into the blind and looked through the gun slits, what a sight we saw! Scattered all over the pond were ducks in groups of ten or a dozen, mostly mallard. Directly in front of the blind and not ten feet from where we sat, a beautiful male wood duck and a pecky little horned grebe were engaged in a swimming race. By nearly splitting himself up the middle, the grebe got a lead on the wood duck and maintained it until both birds passed out of view around a



bend in the creek. An occasional black duck would swim in view and battle with a white breasted, brown headed pintail for an unusually tempting tidbit. On the further bank, fourteen or fifteen mallards were asleep on the shore, their heads tucked snugly under their wings. Altogether there were about five hundred birds in sight, most of them within easy gun shot. We were just preparing to turn a barrage loose on the unsuspecting water fowl, when a large eagle flew over the lagoon. With squawks of alarm all the ducks rose from the water with a great splashing and circled away over the tree tops. "Damn," some one said, and no one knows yet who said it, because we were all just about to make the same remark, and weren't sure but that it slipped out a little sooner than intended.

We settled down on the floor of the blind to wait, hoping that the ducks would return and finish their feeding, but the gods of chance were unkind. Some ducks did return and we managed to get several pair, but the main body of the ducks didn't show up again until the following morning, and we weren't present the next morning to greet them. The eagle may have frightened them, but little do they know how much they owe that same eagle. The gods of chance deprived there is one thing they can never deprive me of and that is the sight those ducks presented to two strangers from the north, feeding and playing in that cedar-stained lagoon.

Some members of our party were disappointed at not getting more ducks that morning, but I was personally rather glad that they got away unscathed. Not that I expressed these sentiments audibly; no, indeed, some one might have pushed me off that six-inch board walk!

We went back to the shack to talk things over and smoke. When we got there we couldn't resist the temptation to try some more of Uncle Bill's cooking, so we chalked up another meal, making three that day, and only eleven A. M. at that! That sounds like an admission of gluttony, but then I can only tell you about Uncle Bill's cooking, you have to see, smell and taste to really appreciate it!

While we were sitting on the steps several large flocks of geese flew noisily over the trees around the shack on their way from the river to the corn fields, where they feed. They seldom see any geese feeding in the duck marsh, but occasionally one or two lone geese do fly in.

As our train left for the North that afternoon, we decided that we had better start for Fredericksburg to change our clothes and pack the few pieces of game we were going to take home with us. We bid Uncle Bill a fond farewell and assured him that we would swap jobs with him anytime and started back over the plank trail, much easier to travel this time as the sun was high in the heavens. The last glimpse I had of Uncle Bill standing at the door of his shack, smoking his pipe in contentment, with duck and rabbit circling overhead will come back to me many nights this winter as I sit looking into a wood fire and thinking pleasant thoughts of Fredericksburg and the generous sportsmen I met there.

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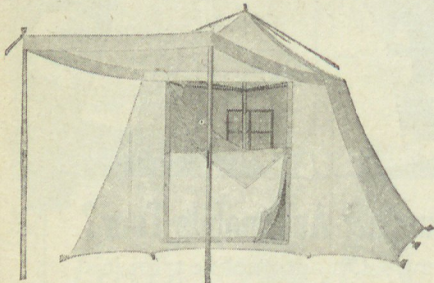


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RED HEAD

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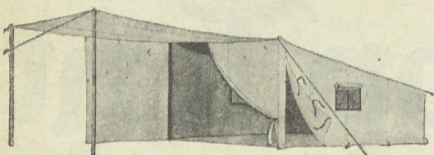
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A camper writes: We pitched our RED HEAD Umbrella Tent on an open barren on the banks of the Cannon River. Five solid days the wind blew a gale. Two days and one night it rained very hard and our tent came through without a drop of water inside or any other damage. I then brought it home and set it up in the yard to dry out. It started to rain in buckets again and has kept it up ever since and the tent still doesn't show any water inside. Four or five of the boys are going to get one just like it. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am Yours truly,
A. E. FORD
Kalamazoo, Mich.

11 Features

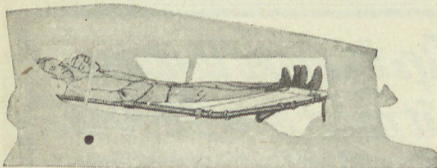
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8. 3-way guys
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ABSOLUTE protection from wind, rain and storm is only one of the many reasons why most campers prefer the RED HEAD BRAND Umbrella Tent. Speed in putting up and taking down, convenience in carrying and special exclusive features like those listed here are other mighty good reasons. The price is right, too.



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Gentlemen: Please send me a FREE copy of Auto-Campers' Guide and descriptive booklet of RED HEAD BRAND Outing Equipment. (Write plainly name, address, town and state on margin below.)

Two Novices in the Limelight

(Continued from page 19)

embankment on either side. This we sensed would be an ideal spot to get in range, as the ducks flew from either extremity. As the Reverend had only a pair of rubber boots, we stationed him at this point. Donning our mackintosh waders it was up to us to wade the slough and raise the ducks. Leaving the Reverend at the point designated, we walked nearly to the farther end of the slough, and then made a charge for the center, no part of which we found beyond wading depth. We soon had hundreds of ducks in the air and invariably they flew to the other end directly over where the Reverend was stationed. We had with us three boxes of shells which we divided between us. As the wind blew our way we could hear nearly every report of the Reverend's gun, and imagined he was knocking them right and left. But in less than half an hour his firing ceased, and we were at a loss to know what was the trouble, not thinking he might have run out of ammunition. But that very thing proved to be the case. By this time we had seven nice ducks which we managed to drop out of several flocks that flew in from the country and tried to grab the gun out of our hands, and fearing that something might have happened to him, we concluded we had better go and investigate. We found him sitting on the ground wrapped up in a bundle of prairie hay, with one measly duck in his possession, and shell-less. Looking up at us as though we, too, had played "decoy" on him, he remarked: "What's wrong with this gun? It wouldn't kill a mosquito. The ducks nearly knocked my hat off, and this gun wouldn't faze them. I'd give anything if I had my rifle. I did finally wing one of them and got in over my boots trying to run it down. Are you sure there was shot in those shells?"

To convince him that we had not played a joke on him, and having more than half of our shells left, we divided them with him. Then exchanging guns, we beat it for the other end of the slough, and soon had the ducks coming his way again. We then walked back to where the Reverend was stationed and found him again shell-less, but two more ducks to his credit, which he finally got by accident.

"What seems to be your trouble, Reverend?"

"That's just what I'd like to know. Since you exchanged guns with me I was very careful to take deliberate aim every time before I fired, but it made no difference."

"How much did you lead them?"

"Lead what?"

"Why lead them. If you expect to hit a duck, you have got to lead them, or shoot in front of them, otherwise your shot will pass behind them."

"Why didn't you tell me that before? I now understand why I missed them."

"Well, I took it for granted you were an expert marksman like your father and grandfather!"

And the Reverend laughed in spite of himself.

Aladdin Thermalware Jar

Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold



16 big cups
of hot coffee or iced drinks
—or 8 lbs. of food

On auto, camping, boat or fishing trips—for picnics, vacation outings and year around use at home—Aladdin Jar is simply wonderful. Holds enough for all for all day. Keeps food or liquids hot or cold.

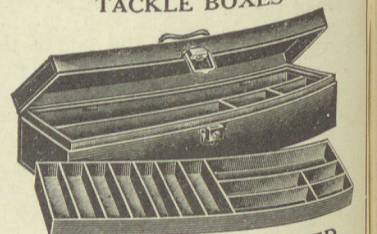
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Substantially built with double seamed and soldered corners and electrically welded partitions.

At your dealers. Catalogue on request.

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16th Ave. & 8th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.



The Forest and the Sportsman

(Continued from page 21)

above which arching poplars meet and to either side see uniform ranks of white or norway or jack pine coming along under the protection of the quick growing aspens. If it be morning or late afternoon, rabbits will scuttle and now and again a grouse will roar out through the trees. If he explores he may see deer sign and, occasionally, indications of bear. He has passed from privately owned land into a State Forest. The soil is the same, the topography no different from that through which he had driven and been depressed. But fire has been kept out for a decade or two, the aspens and cherry and birch and other quickly seeding species have come along to make splendid cover for game and to offer pine seedlings protection from the hot suns until they can make their start. Good forest practice, under the capable Marcus Schaaf, state forester, has prevailed, results have been obtained and, as yet, the state has made only a beginning.

Such an experience is graphic and should belong to every good citizen.

No, reforestation does not mean the exclusion of the public. The public is invited, urged, even provided for.

Throughout the National Forests are camping places, cleared out and set aside for tourists. In some, even, snug log shelters have been built. Furthermore, it is possible for individuals or groups to secure building permits so they may erect camps of their own and retain the use of them for many years. Of course, the acreage granted under these permits is small and a moderate fee is charged; and on some of the smaller Forests no special permits whatever are issued because, in a limited area, the practice might tend to interfere with the policy of giving every individual who wants it a clean, attractive playground.

The people do want to play on our National Forests, too. Over ten millions visit them each year and, of this number, nearly half stay to fish or hunt. It is to be hoped that this great number increases annually and that the notion, though it be held by only a few, that artificial reproduction of forests means the exclusion of the public will be promptly dissipated.

To fill a decided need the Izaak Walton League of America has prevailed on two of its loyal members who are also forest engineers to come to bat with answers for the many questions with which the Forestry Editor is being assailed.

Russell Watson and George Banzhaf are the principal members of the firm of Banzhaf & Watson, Inc., Chamber of Commerce Building, Milwaukee, Wis. The service which they are rendering covers forest affairs from planting to trespass. Both these men are not only technically trained foresters but have had field experience which covers the country from New England to Arizona and from the Florida pineries to the untouched timber of Alaska.

This firm now stands ready to answer questions which come to them from League members and chapters on particular forest problems. They should be addressed to the firm or to the magazine.

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TELESCOPE FRAME



Mr. F. E. Stewart and party have only "Pleasant Memories" of the GOOD TIMES they had on their Camping Trip from their home at Galva, Ill., thru Wisconsin in the "Mile-High" Motor Tent (Umbrella Type Improved).

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Those who use the "Mile-High" Motor Tent on their camping trips have only "pleasant memories" of the GOOD TIMES they had—they have no "sad recollections" of getting rained on when untangling the ropes of a "guy-rope" tent. The "Mile-High" has many exclusive features.

The new patented telescoping steel center pole and eaves rods make setting-up easy. Drive four corner stakes, insert eaves rods in pockets, raise telescoping steel center pole, and the "Mile-High" is up. A 10-year-old can do it. No ropes and no awkward framework to fall apart.

The "Mile-High" is made of specially woven O. D. material, water-proofed by "Shuredry" process. Top or roof is made of two separate thicknesses of material—most other tents have single

top. There are two windows—most tents have but one. Heavy bobbinet screens on windows and door, and storm flaps on each—wind-, rain- and bug-proof. Awning extends down on each side of tent 18 inches.

The "Mile-High" Motor Tent is made in two sizes—8x8' and 10x10'; 8' high at center; 5' square at eaves; lots of head room; has sewed-in floor; steel stakes; bag for stakes and telescoped poles included; packs in small space—40½ in. length over all.

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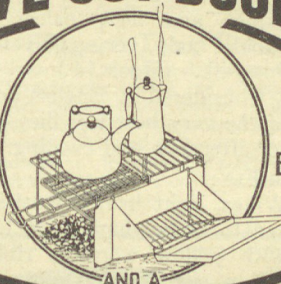
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The "Arab" is made in the same style and shape and of the same high-grade water-proofed material as the "Mile-High." It is 9½ x 9½ ft. in size, 7 ft. 3 in. high at center, jointed pole and metal eaves rods. Economies in certain details enable us to offer the "Arab" at the attractive price of **\$35.00**

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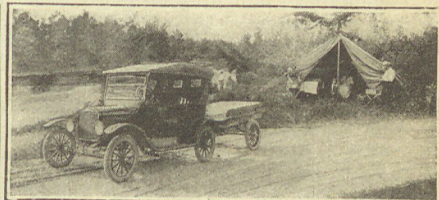
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A SUMMER HOME ON WHEELS

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12x14 ft. waterproof tent. Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for tourists.

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Stove
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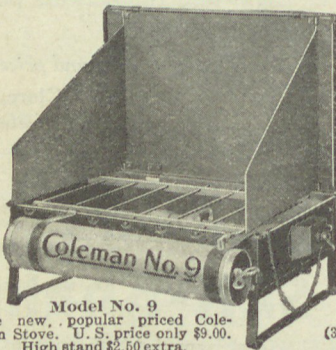
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Model No. 9
The new, popular, priced Coleman Stove, U. S. price only \$9.00.
High stand \$2.50 extra.

(35)

Coleman
TRADE MARK REG.
Camp Stove

The Best Trout Fly Patterns

(Continued from page 34)

DUSTY MILLER:

Wings, dirty gray (turkey); body, dark gray mohair sometimes ribbed with narrow gold tinsel; legs, gray hackle; tail, gray (turkey or mallard).

STONE-FLIES (PERLA)

The wings of the Stone-flies are flat and not spread, and with them our list begins the consideration of those insects producing aquatic larvae, which are of particular interest to the angler.

ALDER:

Wings, dark brown mottled (turkey or pheasant); body, bronze peacock-herl or strand of bronze turkey-feather; legs, rusty black or grizzled hackle. (Hook 10 or 12, long.)

The Alder in England used almost exclusively as a wet fly and generally best for evening, we place here because it has been classed with the *perlidae*, though more particular writers regard it as the lone representative of the *Sialidae* family of interest to the angler. West says it is at times an irresistible lure, that the natural "sitteth on the fence when not buzzing about the water," and that its eggs are hatched on the leaves of marginal plants, the larvae then making their way into the water and growing there till they burrow in the earth at the water's margin to spend a short pupal period

GOLD-EYED GAUZE-WING:

Wings and legs, palest blue-dun hackle; body, very pale yellow-green floss silk. (Hook 14.)

Considered by English anglers one of the very best wet flies, especially for afternoon and evening.

STONE-FLY:

Wings, light brown mottled (pheasant); body, hare's-ear fur mixed with yellow worsted, ribbed with yellow silk, leaving most yellow at tail end of body; legs, pale dun hackle stained greenish-brown or a natural dark grizzle. (Ronalds: hook 10, long.)

WILLOW:

Wings, dark brown mottled; body, brown (mole's) fur spun on yellow-silk or dark brown quill ribbed with gold wire; legs, pale rusty-blue hackle.

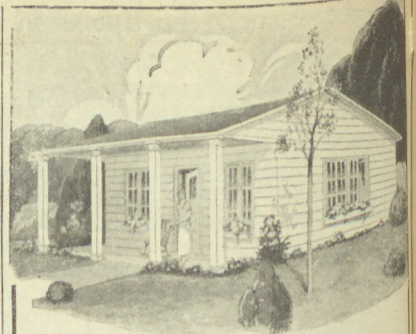
The Pale Blue Dun has sometimes been called "Willow-fly," as also, locally, have all sorts of flies.

YELLOW SALLY:

Wings, light yellow (in the stereotyped pattern, but would be better if light blue-gray); body, yellow ribbed with brown; legs, light yellow hackle.

SEDGE-FLIES, ETC. (TRICHOPTERA)

Sedges are "somewhat foxy-hued, four-winged insects which flap their way in laborious fashion over the surface of the



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THE Bossert RADIO

Bungalow costs only \$615, delivered to YOU complete. Has living room, 12x12 ft.; two bedrooms, 9x9 ft.; kitchen, 6x9 ft., and bath. Rooms perfectly arranged, light and airy. Here is the most remarkable value ever offered in portable bungalows. The small cost is paid back to you the first summer in health and pleasure. You are guaranteed satisfaction by the largest lumber company in the East.

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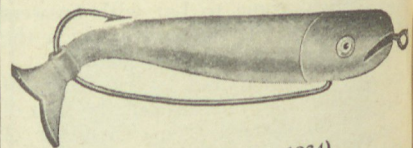
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The artificial
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RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO., 410 State Street, La Porte, Indiana

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Here is the tent sensation of the year. A genuine, STOLL PERFECTION TENT with the added new feature of NO CENTER POLE—no corner poles and no guy ropes. Yet it is lighter, stronger and more rigid than ever before, due to a new, patented principle of arch construction (note illustration).

The arch is made of light pressed steel—jointed for folding and quick, rigid connections with an automatic tension take-up on each side which tightens the tent smoothly all around. The best and smoothest looking tent we have ever made.



**No Center Pole
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Biggest Tent Value Ever Offered

Notice extra wide hips of this tent—standing room all around. Thoroughly waterproofed and will not rub off on clothes. No odor. Mildew-proof. Sewed in floor and screened windows keep out insects. Extra large windows, door and wind-break awning. Elimination of center pole appears to give one third more room. Rolls into 10" x 42" light bundle. Be sure to see this tent before you buy. Four sizes to accommodate parties of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 people.

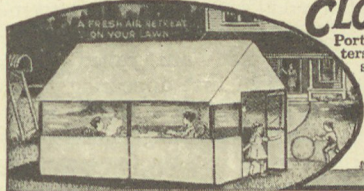
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Big new Stoll catalog gives details and prices, full line Stoll tents—also folding steel spring beds (guaranteed sagless)—waterproof mattresses—folding tables, chairs and stools—waterproof carry-all bags, luggage carriers, etc. Write—

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water in the dusk of the summer evenings, from time to time settling on the reeds or rushes which fringe the bank of the stream." Therefore the wings of the artificials should be made double, and as the natural fly never carries them upright they should be dressed rather flat but not too close—at an angle of forty-five degrees. They are caddis-flies, and the largest of the tribe is the big

CINNAMON (FETID BROWN):

Wings, reddish brown (landrail); body, cinnamon-brown or foxy-red fur or wool; legs, red hackle. (Hook 10 or 12.)

SAND-FLY:

Wings, light yellow-brown or red-brown (landrail); body, copper colored or orange fur or wool; legs, light ginger hackle. (Hook 12.)

DARK SEDGE:

Wings, brown or red-brown (landrail); body, dark hare's-ear fur or dark sage-green wool and ribbed with gold wire; legs, blood-red palmer hackle. (Hook 10 or 12.)

ORANGE SEDGE:

Wings, red-brown; body, orange floss silk or wool ribbed with gold wire; legs, red palmer hackle.

SILVER SEDGE:

Wings, dark starling or red-brown (landrail upper and starling under wing sometimes used); body, pale buff or white silk or wool ribbed with flat silver tinsel; legs, ginger palmer hackle.

BLACK GNAT (HACKLE, SPIDER):

Wings, lead (starling) or black; body, black silk, quill or ostrich herl tipped with turn of flat silver tinsel; legs, black hackle of starling neck-feather. (Hook, smallest possible.)

Without wings the pattern is called *Black Hackle*, and sometimes is dressed palmer; wingless and dressed with very long sparse black hackle it is the *Black Spider*. A very taking tiny pattern of the Black Gnat is one tied with pike-scale wings laid flat on the hook.

GRANNOM:

Wings, dark partridge; body, brown fur or wool; legs, brown or grizzled blue-dun. (Hook 14.)

FEMALE GRANNOM:

Wings, light brown-mottled (turkey, pheasant or partridge); body, brown tipped with pea-green floss silk for egg-sac; legs, light brown-mottled hackle.

Like the March Brown (and as with some other flies) the Female Grannom is much larger and is lighter in color than the male fly. Both sexes are very similar to the male and female March Brown, so that an artificial Brown Drake minus the tail and having a small pea-green tag to represent the little bunch of green eggs makes an excellent substitute for the Female Grannom. Others of the Trichoptera thus carry their eggs, which generally are green or of a yellowish-green color.

SILVER HORNS:

Wings, dark brown-mottled (grouse); body, coppery silk or brown fur; legs, slightly brown-mottled hackle. (Hook

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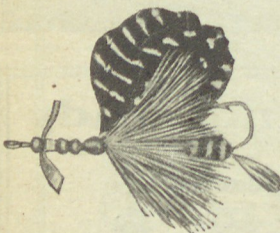
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12 or 14.)

(The fly is named from its two black or brown feelers or horns which are silver-ringed.)

SHAD-FLY:

Wings, brown mottled (turkey) and dressed fairly flat; body, peacock perl with brown tip or two bands of green herl with gold band between; legs, red or brown with black root. Female represented with body, orange ribbed with brown silk, and green ball at tail to represent egg-sac; legs, ginger hackle. (Hook 10 or 12.)

Louis Rhead's studies of this natural fly and his report thereon in his "American Trout-Stream Insects" are very interesting. The time of its appearance is from about April 20 to the end of June or even later. "While most flies hide themselves behind large stones and under leaves for protection from the wind and rain on cold days, a remarkable feature of the Shad-fly is to gather in a great swarm on a rock by the river-side, something like a swarm of bees." He recommends it especially for the latter half of May and most of June, and designates it as the real "American May-fly."

DRAKES AND DUNS (EPHEMERA)

MAY-FLY (GREEN DRAKE):

Wings, drake or teal dyed canary-yellow and afterward a slate-color; body, straw or raffia ribbed with brown (burnt-sienna) silk; throat (legs), two turns of sandy-red hackle and over this three turns of light-speckled partridge feather dipped in red-onion dye; tail, three whisks of brown hen or pheasant. (Francis; hook 8 or 10 long.)

Or

Wings, mallard dyed yellowish-olive; body, lemon or buff chenille ribbed over hackle with fine gold wire; legs, gray partridge-hackle at throat dyed like wings, and the rest a ginger palmer hackle; tail, dark blue hackle. (Hammond's "Champion" Pattern.)

May-flies are the largest of the ephemera and are called Green Drakes when first appearing in the winged state. The artificials generally are tied on long-shank hooks. After casting its skin the female fly becomes the Gray Drake and the male the Black Drake. May-fly patterns are made both winged and wingless, the latter with hackle very long. A most popular English pattern has the body of straw and hackle of wood duck; and bodies are sometimes made of cork. Mr. Dewar prefers the smaller and darker-winged pattern to the larger and lighter-winged. The *Spent Gnat* is the exhausted May-fly floating dead or dying on the water, after dropping its eggs or following the reproductive act.

GRAY DRAKE:

Wings and legs, made buzz (see ex-

planation under discussion of "spinners" at end of chapter) from mottled mallard-feather stained faint purple; body, middle part of white silk ribbed with silver, and extremities of brown peacock herl tied with brown silk; tail, three rabbit-whiskers, or whisks of natural gray mallard or stained like legs. (Hook 8 or 10 long.)

SPENT GNAT:

Wings, widely spread flat, of four blue, ginger-pointed Andalusian hackles; body, white silk ribbed with strand of peacock herl which is cinnamon-color at root and dark at point, dark part being worked at tail end; legs, gray partridge at throat and palmer hackle of badger cock (pale yellow-dun with black at center); tail, three whisks of brown mallard. (Halford; hook 10 or 12 long.)

(DARK) MARCH BROWN (BROWN DRAKE):

Wings, dark brown-mottled, blurred (partridge, grouse or pheasant); body, dark brown fur dubbing ribbed with tawny-yellow silk; legs, partridge saddle-hackle; tail, two strands like legs.

FEMALE (LIGHT) MARCH BROWN:

Wings, lighter than for male; body, few strands olive-colored fur mixed with the brown; legs and tail, same as above. (Francis; hook 14 for male and 12 for female.)

Ronalds' female pattern has body, light olive-green silk ribbed with gold twist; legs, honey-dun hackle.

The angler should carry several sizes of the March Brown artificial as it is one of the very best flies for all waters and seasons, especially fished wet. Note similarity to Greenwell's Glory and Brown Hen; comparison already made with Grannom.

GREAT RED SPINNER:

Wings, golden-tinged blue-dun hackle points or starling or young grouse under-covert feather; body, red-brown pig's wool or mixed orange and brown floss-silk spun on brown silk and ribbed with fine gold twist. Or red-brown quill ringed with fine gold wire; legs and tail, bright ambered hackle. (Ronalds; hook 10 or 12 long.)

The correct body color for the "Red" Spinner is not scarlet, but rather a ruddy chestnut.

TURKEY BROWN:

Wings, light brown-mottled; body, dark brown ribbed with purple silk; legs and tail, dark brown hackle. Wings, dark brown-mottled; body, scarlet; legs, red hackle; tail, brown hackle.

AUGUST DUN (BROWN):

Wings, brown (hen wing); body, brown silk made fuzzy with English grouse feather winding, and ribbed with yellow silk; legs and tail, brown hackle. Or, dressed buzz; body, light brown silk ribbed with yellow silk; legs and tail, red hackle stained brown (Ronalds).

(To be continued)

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

trout water. We had gone perhaps two miles when Pete said, "I saw a trout rise over there where that little brook comes in through those alders. We'll get a tough fish there." Pete is French and emotional.

"That listens all right to me, Pete," I replied, as he turned the canoe toward the other shore. Off the mouth of the brook were some lily pads. I cast over these and my brown hackle and parmacenee belle had hardly touched the water when bang! bang! I had one on each. These were towed out to deep water and successfully landed. Then Pete put me in against the bank just below the brook where he could hold on to the alders and I in the bow could lay my flies along an old log squarely across the mouth of the brook. The water was not over twelve or fifteen inches deep.

Then the fun began. There would be a rush, I would hook the fish, we would tow it out to deeper water, play it, land it and do it all over again. They were big fellows. It seemed as if each was bigger than the one previous. I had kept the smaller fish caught earlier in the day as we needed a supply to eat. Now Pete was insistent that these must be kept if for nothing more than to photograph to show what real fishing was. But when I landed one weighing four and three-quarter pounds he was willing to concede that enough was enough.

When I had taken fourteen from that amazing brook we decided to return to camp and get Mike. Including the fish taken on the way up, I had kept eight, the eight shown in the accompanying photograph. At camp we found Mike had had no luck at all. So we had lunch and then, with Mike and George, returned to the brook. Mike, casting from the upper side, took out nineteen of the big fellows, and I, casting from below, took out eighteen, making a total, including my morning's catch, of fifty-one trout averaging three pounds each to two rods in about three hours of actual fishing. And of the lot we kept just the eight already mentioned. More than once I enjoyed the unbelievable experience of letting four-pound trout go.

Mike was using barbless flies, and right here I want to go on record as an absolute convert to the barbless fly. I wouldn't think of going into that country again with anything else. Every fish that Mike fairly hooked he saved, and then when he wanted to set them free they slipped off without the necessity of handling them. Yet we heard of men, alleged sportsmen, going into that virgin country with worms! That meant death to practically every trout hooked.

About four o'clock we decided to give the trout a rest and started to work up the dead water. Pete and I stopped to investigate a sign on the bank. When we did catch up with the other canoe it was to find that another shallow brook had been discovered. The water in the river off the brook would barely float the canoes.

"Watch this circus!" shouted Mike as soon as we appeared in sight.

He was squarely off the mouth of the brook, so that he could cast directly up it. He had put on a very small spinner with his single fly. He would make his cast and then bring it out too fast to be taken

by a fish. As every fish in the brook that saw the lure started for it, and as they averaged three pounds, and as the water was barely deep enough to cover their backs, the result was a miniature tidal wave rushing out of that brook. Mike would wait for them to return and then the whole performance would be gone through again.

We took and released a number of these trout and none was under three pounds. Between us that day we took over seventy trout averaging close to three pounds, but the eight I took at noon were all we killed with the exception of the two or three largest shown in the accompanying photograph, and these were the smallest of the day's catch.

When at last we headed down the dead water and in the lengthening shadows glided towards camp, I knew that I had lived my *one* day, and I was content.

There are still far places where the angler may reasonably expect to sooner or later experience his *one* day, such a day as he has read of and heard his grandfather tell of, and in the light of his personal experience has stretched his powers of faith to believe in. And because they are far places, not easy of access, requiring time, money and labor to reach, they are likely to endure for a long time yet. They surely will if those who do fish them use only the barbless fly, and kill no more than can be used. The man who would take bait into such waters is not worthy the name of sportsman.

Moose, bears, deer and wolves, swamped canoes, the thrill of swift water—all have a place in the memories of these thirty-two days in the bush, but the day of days, the *one* day, is the day we took fifty-one trout, averaging three pounds each, from the mouth of Pete's brook on the Eskegonaga.

Bimini Bonefish

(Continued from page 15)

upon it. In no time there was hardly any line left on my reel at all, and I made ready to leap overboard and follow him through the shallow water. But this proved unnecessary, for just as the copper spool of my reel hove in sight, my line went slack and I reeled in to find the hook straightened out.

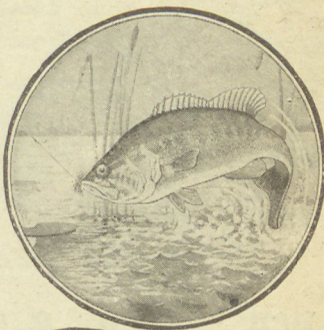
That's all there was to that bonefish soirée. There were others to come in the days that slipped lazily by in that enchanted land. We all got bonefish, and though we saw them much larger, Harry's was our largest. There are some big ones there, far bigger, but then we're saving them for next time. It would never do to take all the big ones at once.

So come all ye faithful, those who rally 'neath the banner of the glorious bonefish—cross the mysterious blue Gulf Stream to the colorful shores of the Bahamas. Cast your lines on those crystal flats for the king of game fishes. Remember that "B" stands for "Bahamas," "Bimini," and *bonefish*, and that "once a bonefisherman, always a bonefisherman!"

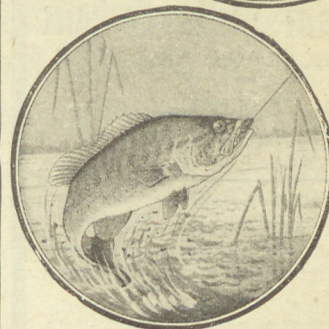
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Hook Fish That Strike

Showing how mouth closes on or over Webs Lures. Soft hair and feathers offer no resistance to setting the hook on the strike.



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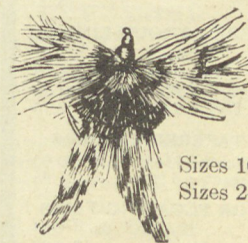


Showing how hard body lures prevent the point of hook setting on the strike.

Acts Like a Fly



Showing resistance offered when fish closes mouth over hard body lure. Force of strike is exerted on body, not on point of hook.



Henshall Lure

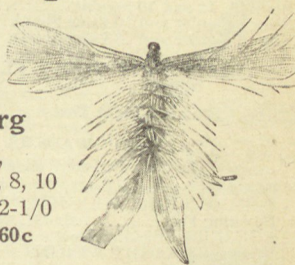
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Sizes 10-8-6-4 . . . 65c

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Trout sizes,
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Casting Tackle and Salt
Water Tackle

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 46)

Well, I started to tell you about trapping skunks. Up along the river bank are a lot of holes that are used by different kinds of animals. A few days ago I bought some steel traps and set them in these holes. I set the traps. The next morning I was late doing my chores and did not have time to visit my traps before breakfast and when I did get my work done I had to get ready for school. My Grandfather had the horse hitched to the two-seat rig ready to take us to school but I was the first one ready to go and as the others had not shown up I decided I would hot foot up the river bank and just take a look at my traps.

The first one was empty and so I hurried along to the next. What was my surprise to find therein a pretty little skunk. My head and shoulders were not three feet from him and not having any time to spare I drew my little Colts 22 and almost held it on his head as I fired.

He just seemed to slump down all over and then all at once there rolled out of that hole a greenish fog. It choked me and took my breath and as I fell and slid down the clay bank I commenced to vomit. My eyes ran a stream and I really think I tried to turn myself wrong side out. Aside from clay stains on my clothes I could not see that I had been hit by anything so I ran back home along the shore and when I arrived found all the brothers and a sister seated in the rig and ready to go. I climbed in over the hind wheel and hardly landed before my two brothers seated there were out on the other side.

A council of war was declared and I decided I better stay home, not go to school that day, but Mother said: "No, you don't. You get right into that buggy and go to school, and if the others can not stand the smell they can all ride in front." Well, I had the hind seat all to myself all the way to school.

Immediately all the boys and girls around me grabbed their noses and moved away as far as possible. Miss Goodall, the teacher, looked up and noting that I was the cause of the trouble, asked me to come up to the desk. I walked up through the aisle and when I came to the desk she grabbed her nose and looked so wild I had to laugh. She wanted to know what I had been doing and when I told her she told me to go home and get on another suit of clothes.

I walked home, all of two miles, and Mother made me undress out in the shed. When I had changed my clothes, she made me get one of the big tubs out of the cellar and put my suit into it and then she built up a hot fire and made me put four pails of scalding water on it then get the pounder and thought my arms would be paralyzed for she kept me working till noon. Even then the smell was not all out so I had to bury the suit in the ground and then when I came home from school the next day I had to wash it all over again.

LOU EPPINGER

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When a man fishes he wants to get results and keep his temper too. Spoils your day to get your hook tangled in the weeds—and cuts down your quota of fish.

That's why so many fellows use the "Imp"—it's snag-proof. As a half ounce casting lure, you can't equal the "Imp." There's a lighter weight for Fly Rod use. 2½" long, ¾" wide, ½ oz. with single hook 65c. With weedless hook 75c.

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I am not going to try to catch any more skunks. I know I shall always remember that green fog coming out of the hole as long as I live and the only reason I did not throw up my toes was because they were attached to my feet.

This all happened more than 40 years ago but no matter how old we are we are always boys in spirit and your boys' section appeals to me.

W. L. BLINN,
118 West State Street, 3rd floor,
Rockford, Ill.

That's a fine letter, Bill. (I suppose the W stands for William.) He fooled us all right, boys, up to the last word, but the story is so good we must forgive him for that. When we get up there to the age of more than 53, I expect we'll like to slip it over on the other kids, too.

Seriously, old timer, I'm glad to meet a man who still takes your brand of keen joy, in those long ago days that never come again. Thanks for your letter.

Dear Mr. Dilg:

I am enclosing one dollar for my own membership. I have always been a great lover of outdoor life myself and am glad to have an opportunity to help your organization save some of our out-of-door areas for the coming generation.

You might be interested to know some of the things the Western Electric Company is doing to help their boys appreciate the out-of-doors. We subscribe to several outdoor life magazines which are available every noon hour in our boys' reading and recreation room. Last year about 500 different boys availed themselves of this opportunity. In 1924 we had six week-end camps at the Sand Dunes, Palatine Forest Preserves and nearby lakes. At these camps we endeavored to impress upon the minds of the boys the folly of needlessly destroying the beauties of nature which are found in these out-of-door spots. Finally, during the autumn of each year, we hold a "Pow-wow" in one of the Cook County Forest Preserves. This Pow-wow is usually held around October 31st and in the evening, thus enabling the boys to get a wholesome Hallowe'en thrill. At every Pow-wow we have a number of American Indians who explain to the boys the Indian customs, the Indian outdoor life, and demonstrate some of the Indian dances. About 180 boys attended our last Pow-wow. I am enclosing a picture which was taken just as one of the Indians was demonstrating the peace-pipe ceremony to the boys. These activities, we believe, are helping our boys attain a true appreciation of outdoor life.

Yours truly,

D. R. POWERS,
Western Electric Co.
Hawthorne Works,
Hawthorne Sta., Chicago.

It's a picture of a circle just about like the one I imagine around our own fire, isn't it, fellows? We thank Mr. Powers for it, and for the letter. Let's have a story now from some of you 500 boys he speaks about.

When writing to advertisers give credit to Outdoor America



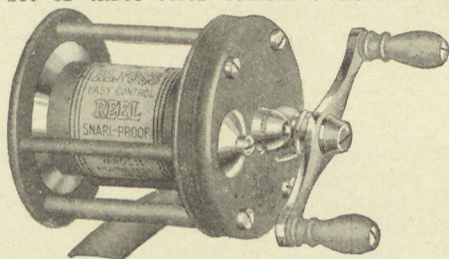
Ten scrappy small-mouths leave the Rappahannock on a Shimmy!

So write Mr. Robert Harris, of Fredericksburg, Va., who, with Slick Saunders, shown above, were the "parties of the first part."

Ten fine small-mouth bass totalling twenty-eight pounds of zip and fight, averaging almost three pounds apiece! Surely some morning's harvest for the

Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows

It was the Shimmy Wiggler that landed the above string. Don't shove off on your trip this season without at least a couple of Shimmys, a few Jazz Wigglers, and a set of three color combinations in the Oriental Wiggler.



"Never a back-lash—every cast perfect—simply uncanny!"

So says an angler who used one of these reels on a two-weeks' fishing trip.

This *snarl-proof* casting reel is to all appearances, and in actual fact, equal in design, materials and workmanship to any other high-grade reel made. The only difference is a simple centrifugal device revolving within the reel arbor—a little policeman who raises his hand at the proper moment and stops a snarl from stepping in.

Make this test at your dealer's:—Have him rig up this reel with line and if there is not room for you to actually cast, just hold the reel in one hand with thumb off of line, and with the other give the end of line a hard jerk. You will see that while the line will unwind and *apparently* snarl, it can be readily stripped off, rewound and ready for another demonstration. Then try this with *any other reel* and see what happens.

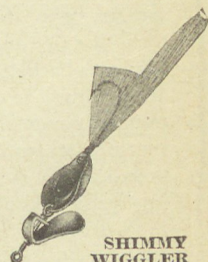
Like all other reels, the Al Foss Easy Control Bait-Casting Reel will "back-lash" under careless handling. But the line *will not become snarled*, it will readily strip from the spool for rewinding and continued casting.

Specifications:—The No. 3-25 is nickel silver, satin finish, with jeweled end thrust bearings. Capacity 50 yds.—14 lb. test line. Double balanced handle; pyralin grips. Quadruple multiplier with click. Screw off oil caps. Spiral gears. Pivot bearings of high grade non-wearing bronze. All steel parts of best tool steel drill rod. Spool shaft of hardened tool steel. Has hardwood arbor 1 1/16" diameter, making it unnecessary to build up the spool with a lot of dead line. End plate diameter 2". Length of spool 1 5/8". Weight 8 oz. Leather case.

If dealer will not supply you, send \$25.00, and try reel 30 days. Then, if you want to worry along with your other reels, send it back, and money will be returned.

AL FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow.
1730 Columbus Road Cleveland, Ohio



SHIMMY WIGGLER
1/2 or 5/8 oz., \$1.00



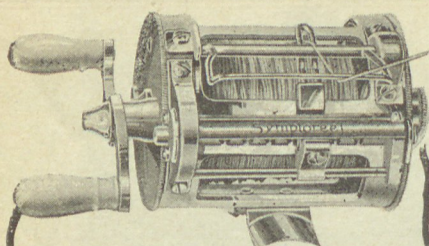
JAZZ WIGGLER
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ORIENTAL WIGGLER
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45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes



The famous "257"

It's a Symploreel—the reel that anglers swear by—not at! The famous "257" Symploreel is the ideal of every angler—level winding, non-backlash, perfectly balanced, simple in construction, easy to clean, plenty of thumbing space, every part made with absolute precision—it is as perfect a fishing reel as has ever been devised. And it costs only \$15.00.

Half the fun (and lots of temper) is lost because of inferior reels. With the famous "257", your sporting pleasure will be increased a hundred-fold and you will look ahead with pleasure to your next fishing trip instead of looking back with regret at your last one. Symploreels are "Catucci-made". That means the result of 25 years of expert knowledge and scientific development in the manufacture of fishing reels. None better are made.

7 Models from \$7.00 to \$15.00 at all sport shops

"Symploreel"

"Symploreels" are guaranteed absolutely by us. Do not be misled by similar names. We have no connection with any other manufacturer of reels. Look for the name "Symploreel".

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The Three Graces

(Continued from page 24)

ally performed deep down near the river bed and only requires from the angler a certain degree of patience combined with steady firmness.

In comparison with the rainbow the brown trout is far less rapid in its movements and it emerges from the surface time and again almost from the same spot, which is much easier to handle than the far apart leaps of the rainbow—sometimes within a second they are again out of the water fifty feet away. But the brown trout has a longer, more enduring resistance, its fight is prolonged and often shows a determined "comeback," that is, after comparative calm gets a second wind to renew the combat. Its strike at the fly is a sort of a knock, while that of the rainbow is a veritable smash—as a whole from every standpoint there is little difference when the best of both fish are compared.

The brook trout as a gamy antagonist ranks third as the least active from every point of view. No matter what age or size it is, we miss in it the leaping trait. Sometimes it flounders half out of the water but the rule is for the brook trout to make a sudden though rapid surge for deep water, back to its chosen abode. Its resistance is soon subdued by strong action of the angler who would not dare to act so with the brown or rainbow. No one would expect to lose a large size brook trout in swift water, if properly hooked, unless gross bungling tactics were used, or the tackle unsound. I have caught very many large brook trout in swift and still water but never remember having lost one to get away in pure active resistance, but with big browns and rainbows I have lost more than I could keep track of.

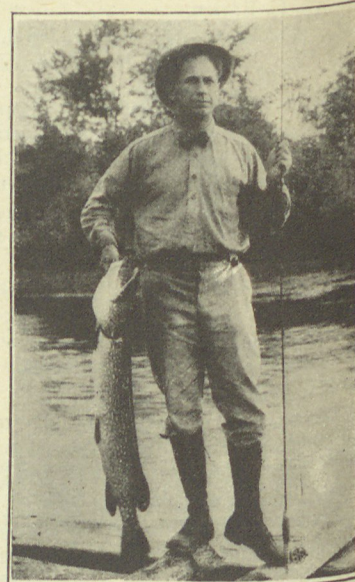
Turning from the gaminess of these three trout to their edible qualities and the lesser importance of beauty in form and color, the brook trout stands pre-eminently first of the "three graces." Its incomparable beauty, the delicious soft velvety skin when handled just from the water alive, the absence of a fierce array of teeth so prominent in the brown, slightly less so in the rainbow,—its graceful form, built on lines so trim, which is retained from the fry to advanced age, the halo of romance which surrounds it from association with the early settlers and aborigines, the flush of rose on the pure white belly, orange tips of the fins, olive speckled back softening to the

JAMISON BARBLESS

The Hook with the Hump

Size 1/0.
Price per dozen,
30c

Patented
July 29,
1924.



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Noted Author and Conservationist, National Director Izaak Walton League and Member Editorial Staff of Outdoor America,

With 15 lb. Great Northern Pike
caught on a Fly Rod

With a Jamison Barbless Hook.

Mr. Curwood's letter follows:

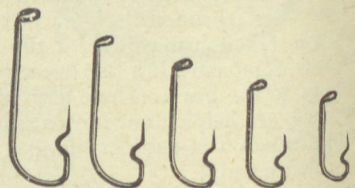
"Owosso, Mich., Nov. 11, 1924.

"Dear Mr. Jamison:
"I have just come back from Canadian Labrador and I want to tell you for the good of the cause just what results I had with an assortment of your barbless hooks which I took up with me. Incidentally I am sending you a picture showing a fifteen pound pike which I caught with your big red bib fly. I never had more fun in my life with trout than I had with these Barbless Hooks. and I actually do not believe that one small fish out of ten failed to live when thrown back. I am positive the day is not far away when every true sportsman will use Barbless Hooks.

"With all best wishes, I am, sincerely,
"JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD."

HELP SAVE THE FISHING

by using **Jamison Barbless Hooks**. They hold the big ones, yet do not injure the little ones. Save the little ones and you will have more big ones.



Fly Hooks Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14,
per dozen, 25c

Send for full list of Jamison Barbless Hooks, also lists of Barbless Trout and Bass Flies, testimonials, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W 739 S. California Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

**Have You Done
Your Part
for the
Jackson Hole Elk?**

greenish sides spotted in pink and cerulean blue, these taken together make a combination of colors that mingle in exquisite loveliness.

Is it any wonder the brook trout is beloved of all. On the top of all these outward beauties, there is its well known preference to abide in the purest, coldest sparkling water, and to select only that which is clean feeding, all tending to make the flesh colored in warm pink which when properly cooked, is the supreme apex of epicurean delight. No fish, in salt or fresh water has a flavor so delicate, yet so rich—so solid, yet so juicy, “en fin,” the brook trout as a table food is incomparable.

The rainbow comes second as a table dish and in grace of form, with its small head and rounded nose and wide tail. The iridescent streaks of color along its side from which it is named form a striking feature. Especially is the red streak prominently seen as it flashes through the water. The general tone is silvery with back in deep olive profusely spotted in black over the entire upper body.

In coloration the brown trout is a good second to the brook trout and more beautifully colored than the rainbow. The belly and fins of the brown are tinged with bright orange. On the upper sides are numerous wide blue spots having a central spot of pinkish orange. The olive back softens to purple on the sides, which are thickly spotted in various shades of brown. The flesh is a light pink which changes to orange when cooked. The flavor is much less rich, and more dry than either the rainbow or brook trout.

The illustrations here shown are painted from studies of living fish and will give the reader a fair idea of the differences in the three species.

The Oaks

(Continued from page 35).

his crops to Liverpool, drew his own bills of exchange on Europe, and imported direct, wines, nuts, figs, raisins and other fancy groceries.

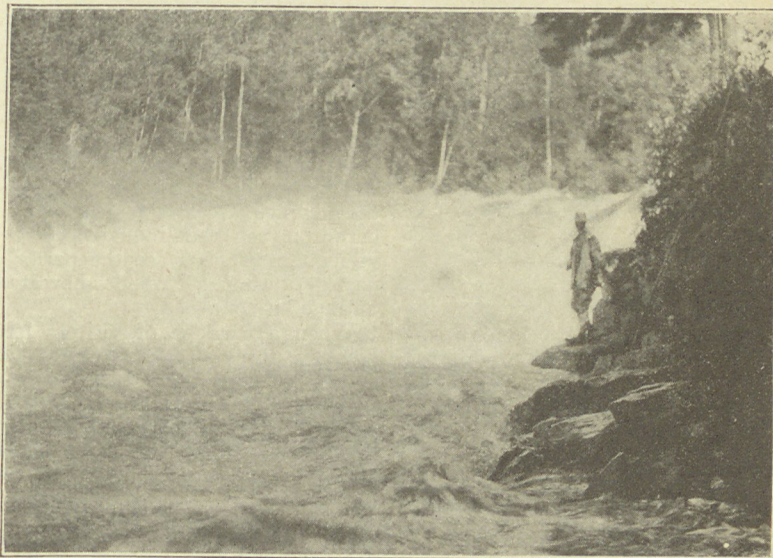
His house servants were always dressed in white cloth woven on the place. He had paint, blacksmith and wood shops, operated a saw mill, and shingles were rived and drawn for plantation use. The meals were always formal. His solid silverware, made in England, was elaborate, each piece having on it “The Oaks” and a raised acorn. Water and milk were always served in silver tumblers and goblets. After breakfast, and evening dinner, everything was removed down to the mahogany and the Bible was brought and services were held. Neither the character of the entertainment nor any other thing ever interfered.

Wine was served at dinner, but none had the nerve to over-indulge. He usually took a glass of Madeira with the nuts, but no more. I never saw whiskey or cards in his home. He never used tobacco but did not object to other men smoking. No woman smoked in those days. He

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Fly-fishing at Virgin Falls, Nipigon River

Flirting With a World's Record On the Nipigon

GET the boss of these big ones on and you'll thank your stars for an Ashaway Line. Any brook trout of the pack which haunts the wild depths of the Nipigon at the foot of Virgin Falls is too much for any but the best line made.

They're there—and so are you—because the Nipigon is the world's greatest trout stream.

Go fixed for a record catch, and at the least for years afterward you can say “I wasn't afraid of my line—it was an Ashaway.”



Record Lines

The greatest world's record catches of big game fish are made with Ashaway Lines—up to and including H. J. Mallen's 528-pound broadbill swordfish and Zane Grey's 758-pound blue-fin tuna.

For All Uses

Ashaway lines are the most dependable and best suited for every kind of fishing. Trout fishermen who really know lines mostly prefer the Ashaway First Quality Braided Silk Enamel.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us. Ask for free Line Chart

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Makers of Guaranteed Braided and Twisted Silk, Linen, Cotton and Metal Fishing Lines.

Swastika Brand

Prescott Spinner Fly Gets em



Come home with the fish —not the story

FIFTEEN STANDARD PATTERNS

Tied on No. 1/0 hooks 50c

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BUCKTAILS

For fly and bait casting. Special types for trout, bass, and other game fish. Let us send you our catalog.

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OWOSSO MICHIGAN

FREE TO FISHERMEN

A valuable pocket size booklet (second edition) which taught thousands of anglers how to make record catches of hook wise Bass and Trout last year. Many limit catches were made in waters that were thought to be fished out. A CARD WILL BRING IT.

THE BASS-HOUN COMPANY
Dept. A Stevens Point, Wisc.
The Home of WATER-WITCH

JOHNSON'S SILVER MINNOW



Does not spin and gather the weeds, but wiggles itself through. Sterling Silver plated, highly polished. Bass size 65 cents. Muskie size 90 cents. Your dealer, or direct from

LOUIS JOHNSON
519 W. Van Buren St. Chicago, Ills.



Gets the Big Ones

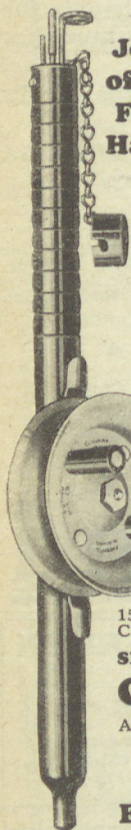
This husky muskie weighing 24 lbs. was landed with a Getum Rod and Reel and a Feather Getum Lure. Eugene Atkins was the angler of good judgment who picked this winning combination. Echo Bay, Sault Ste. Marie, was the scene of his triumph.



Dewey's

GETUM Rod and Reel

Gives you greater distance and deadlier aim for the lily pad edges. Takes all the punishment the big fellows can give it and lands 'em safely. Well balanced. Weight 12 oz.



Joints of Rod Fit in Handle

This 4 ft. casting Rod folds to fit your pocket. The handle is the case. When mounted you have an easily handled rod of comfortable casting length.

Single Action, Anti Back-Lash, Self-Oiling Aluminum Reel, Phosphor Bronze Bearings. Hollow Metal Handle which serves as case for three spring-tempered steel joints. Complete outfit. **\$4.00**

Rod only, without reel, equipped with reel seat for multiplier. **\$2.50**

Dewey's Getum Fly Rod and Reel, built on the same principle, is light and flexible, well balanced and strong. Length 9 ft. 6 in. Weight 15 ounces. Complete outfit. **\$6.00**

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Outing Mfg. Co.

Also Manufacturers of Dewey's Getum Lures, Folding Metal Decoys and other Sporting Specialties.

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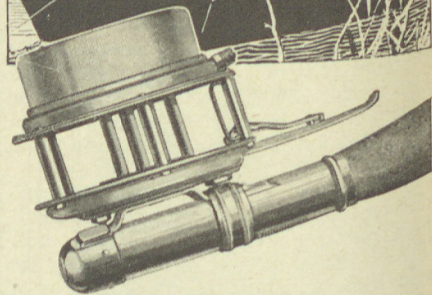
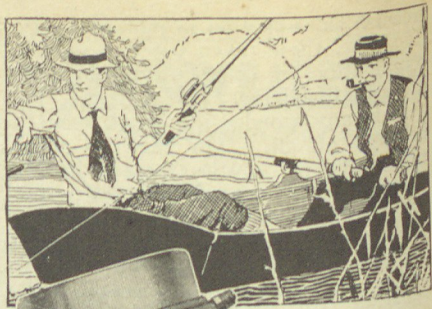
OUTING MFG. CO., 558 E. Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: Please send me complete illustrated catalog with description and prices of Dewey's Getum Rod and Reel and other Sporting Specialties.

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Address
City..... State.....

was very lonely during the Civil War when people could not visit, and frequently sent his carriage with a note to my mother requesting in the most formal way that I be permitted to be his guest. I always eagerly accepted, for birds, squirrel and fish were abundant there, and I could get my fill of riding and breaking colts. He never sat in a rocking chair, but always in a straight chair, bolt upright. He often asked me to read to him, and usually from the Bible. On one occasion he turned and said, "My son, are your legs crossed?" I admitted that they were. Then he said, "You must never cross your legs, even when alone, for you might forget yourself in the presence of ladies. Old as I am I never permit myself that indulgence." When in modern times I see the parlor gymnastics of women, I wonder how it would outrage his soul.

When a carriage of visitors left the house, a negro on horseback was always present to gallop ahead and open the two gates on his premises. One day my father, as his carriage passed out the gate, threw a half dollar to the boy. As it happened, Judge Perkins was riding in the woods, and saw the glint of the sun on the silver. A short time after my father reached home, a negro who had followed on horseback the nine miles, gave a note from Judge Perkins enclosing the money and asking him to be kind enough never to give his servants any money, adding that he provided amply for all their wants, and besides he had many guests, some of whom were not able to fee servants liberally, and he did not want them to make any discriminations in their services. He had a large garden for vegetables and flowers, about four hundred feet square. One side was toward the negro quarters, that were not visible from the house premises. Every Sunday morning after prayers he walked through this garden. There were lined up all of the negroes except the sick and infants. Every negro man had his axe, hoe, mattock, spade and rake. These Judge Perkins examined, to see if they were in good condition. He carefully looked over each negro, the condition of their clothes, and often examined their ears to see if they were washed, and had mothers expose the necks and shoulders of children, to see that the washing was not perfunctory. Then he mounted his horse, rode to the negro quarters, in the midst of which gushed a great artesian well with a stream as large as a man's arm. He inspected a number of the houses as to cleanliness, and then went to see the sick, and finally to the old granny who was in charge of the children who were too young to accompany their mothers to inspection. He died well in the nineties, almost impoverished by the war. When times got hard and food scarce, I have seen him at dinner served with the old time formality, but consisting of corn bread, sorghum, such vegetables as the season afforded, but rarely any meat or butter. Everything transportable was yielded up to the Confederacy.

I visited the place some years ago. The mansion house had burned and there was hardly a vestige to remind me of the stately grandeur of "The Oaks".



When He Strikes!

What then—do you fuss with the old-fashioned reel—fill the bottom of the boat with your good line and pray that there'll be no slack line—

Or—do you use a

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REEL

If you've never used one, you don't realize how convenient, sure, neat and compact a fishing reel can be.

A slight touch of the finger or thumb and slack line disappears. Or pull in your fish and the automatic keeps reeling up the line—no snarls—all ready to cast again as soon as you land one.

Send for free booklet describing the Martin Automatic in all models and sizes.

Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co., Inc.
Mohawk, N. Y.

OUT-O-SITE Landing Net

Newly Patented

Out of your way while wading and fishing. No dangling net to catch in the brush. Will land a six-inch trout or a thirty-inch bass.

Net telescopes in handle. Length of handle 17 inches. Diameter, 1 inch. Weight, 8 ounces. Diameter of hoop, 10 inches by 12 inches. Depth of net, 18 inches. Handle comes in two colors: Autumn Brown and Bark Green. Ring and clip attachment. Clips on belt or vest pocket, creel or creel-trap.

A net every fisherman has been looking and longing for. Snaps into position with a flick of the wrist. Positively will not stick, jam or foul. Impossible to make this net misbehave at the critical moment. Through your dealer, or sent direct for \$5. Money back if not satisfied.

Angelus Manufacturing Company
352 Bradbury Building, Los Angeles, Calif.



OLD FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR 1925
Used by thousands 1925
Price, 25c. 8 for \$1.00
Money back if Dissatisfied
O. F. CALENDAR
Box, 1577 Highland Station
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America



A Congressional Classic

(Continued from page 48)

This makes a total of 2,988 proposals of amendment.

This, of course, is by no means so formidable as a mere statement of numbers might cause one to at first think, because hundreds of them are duplicates while other hundreds are repetitions of proposals made in previous Congresses.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

I come now to an analysis of the amendment which I have proposed and which the Committee on the Judiciary have reported in House Resolution 68.

It is quite simple in terms and makes four changes in Article V as it now exists.

First. It makes it mandatory that at least one branch of a ratifying legislature must have been elected subsequent to the submission by the Congress of the amendment acted upon.

Second. It permits a State to require that the act of ratification by its legislature may be subject to confirmation by popular vote.

Third. It gives to a State which has ratified the right to reconsider its vote of ratification at any time before three-fourths have ratified or more than one-fourth have rejected.

Fourth. It is proposed by the use of the words "or more than one-fourth of the States have rejected or defeated" to bring the matter to an end so far as the States are concerned, and make it necessary that any amendment so rejected by more than one-fourth shall be again submitted before further action can be had.

I shall endeavor to discuss these in the order named.

The reason for the first change requiring that at least one house of a legislature which acts upon a proposed amendment must be elected subsequent to submission appears to me to be obvious. It gives an opportunity for the people to pass upon the issue in selecting their members of the legislature. There is no way now by which such an opportunity may be compelled. Under the doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Hawke v. Smith*, secretary of state of Ohio (253 U. S. p. 221), provisions of a State constitution can not control the actions of a legislature in passing upon a Federal amendment. The court said:

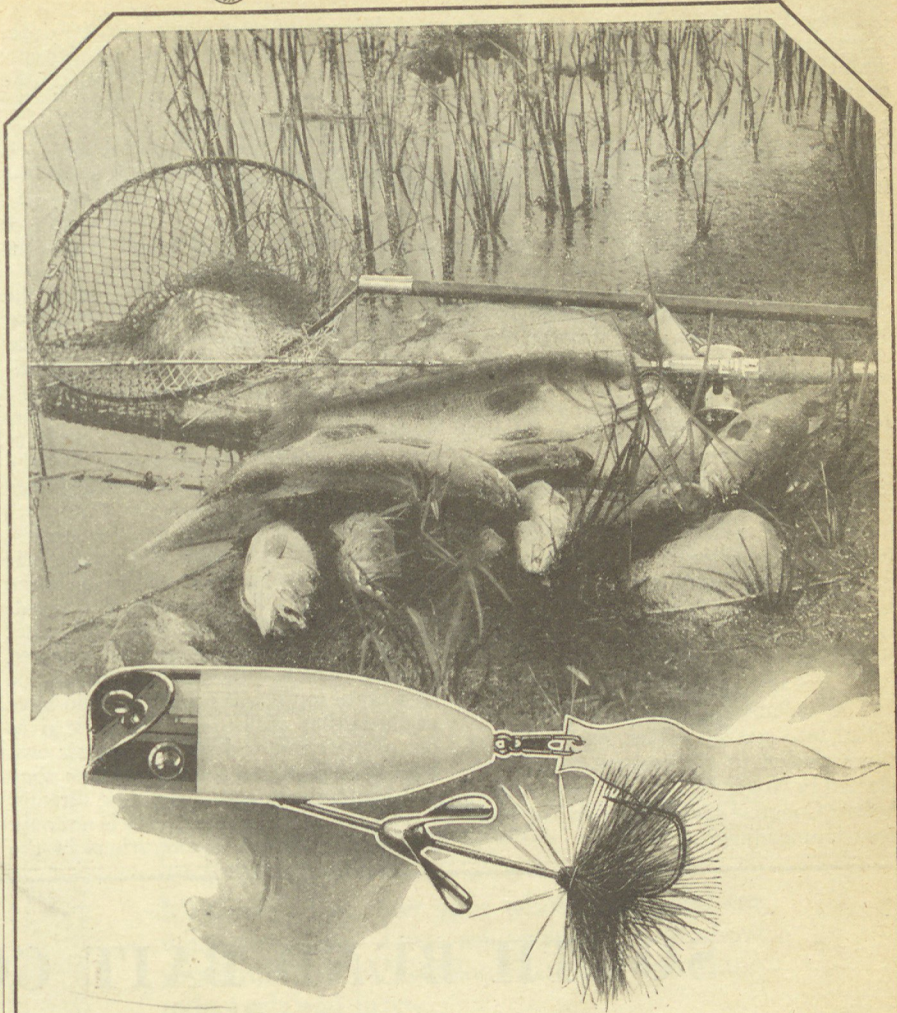
"The function of a State legislature in ratifying a proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution, like the function of Congress in proposing such amendments, is a Federal function, derived not from the people of that State, but from the United States Constitution."

The State of Ohio has in its constitution a provision that—

"The people also reserve to themselves the legislative power of the referendum on the action of the general assembly ratifying any proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States."

After the Legislature of Ohio had ratified the eighteenth amendment an effort was made, in accordance with the law of Ohio, to have a referendum as provided for in the language quoted. A petition was filed for a writ of injunction seeking to restrain the secretary of state from spending public money in preparing and

Your Chapter Must be Represented.



HERE'S the lure to use when they're lying upshore 'neath the lily pads and rushes—the WIZ-ORENO—a single hook bait, practically weedless.

In action it is sensational—alluring. Wobbling erratically like a Bass-Oreno, its motion is further accentuated with a wiggly pork rind tail and a flashy, swirling spinner. Gay, crawling hackles mask the hook. It is a fish-tempter, a real fish getter. Ask your dealer—he will tell you

Jack's Wiggle-tail Pork Rind is recommended for use with the Wiz-Oreno



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Noted sportsman anglers have compiled the fishing data in our 1925 book. Gives rules of our \$2,000 Fish-Photo Contest. A 120-page book full o' fishing facts. SENT FREE!

1925 FISH-PHOTO CONTEST NOW ON!

Above is shown a prize winning photo in our last year's contest. 1925 contest now on. There are eight fish classes and \$2,000 in prizes. WRITE FOR DETAILS.

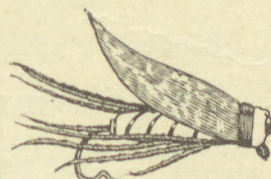


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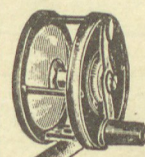
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Bass and Trout Sizes—50 each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid \$1.50.

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FISHING TACKLE

Deal Direct With the Manufacturers



Security in buying tackle comes from the honor of the house that builds it. We serve a multitude of anglers who insist upon "value received" for the money they spend and we have no comebacks. Our name on a rod or reel symbolizes the highest achievement of this highly developed art. Since 1867 we have made and sold Tackle. This is surely a recommendation in itself.

Catalog of 160 Pages Sent on Request

Edward vom Hofe & Company
97 Fulton Street New York City

Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

printing forms of ballot for use in the referendum election. It was demurred to, and the demurrer sustained by all the courts of Ohio, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which reversed the decision of the Ohio court and so wiped this provision from that State's organic law.

The States of Tennessee and Florida have provisions in their constitutions that no legislature may act upon an amendment to the Federal Constitution except one elected subsequent to the submission of that amendment, the very principle contained in the resolution I am proposing as regards the Federal entity.

The Governor of Tennessee, in August, 1920, called the legislature in special session, and in his call named as one of the items of business action upon the nineteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. Thirty-five States had ratified, and favorable action by Tennessee meant that it would become a part of the basic Federal law and that the polls would be open to the women in all the States at the November election, then just three months off.

The members of the legislature thus called into special session, except two or three chosen to fill vacancies, had been elected in November, 1918, seven months before Congress had submitted the nineteenth amendment.

A historic contest was waged for days. The doctrine of Hawke against Smith was invoked, and under an opinion of the distinguished attorney general of the State, and acting upon their own conceptions of the law, the resolution of ratification was passed and certified to the secretary of state, who proclaimed the ratification. And so that provision of our Constitution was wiped from our organic law.

I believe that in some way, when the people desire it, they should have an opportunity of passing upon a modification or alteration of the Federal Constitution. It is evident that they can not find an avenue for this through any possible action by their own State machinery, and hence the provision for the election of one branch of the legislature subsequent to submission.

This offers a way for popular expression, indirect, it is true, *but a way*. It gives the opportunity. With this alone many States will doubtless be content, but not all. Some will wish the direct method, and hence the second proposed change, which will permit the people of a State to do what those of Ohio have declared they wish to do; that is, it gives them the right and places in their own hands the power to choose whether they will exercise the right of voting directly.

This is a power which to-day is not only permissive as regards alterations in the

State charters but is mandatory, if I mistake not, in every State of the Union except Delaware.

It is not proposed to make it mandatory so far as the Federal Government is concerned, only permissive.

I may say just here that the Senate amendment as reported by their Committee on the Judiciary does make a popular vote mandatory either directly or by convention. It reads:

"The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, upon the application of two-thirds of the legislatures of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of this Constitution when ratified by three-fourths of the several States, either through their conventions or through the direct vote of their people at elections to be held under the authority of the respective States, reserving also to the States, respectively, the selection of either mode of ratification and the authentication of the action taken, and until three-fourths of the States shall have ratified or more than one-fourth of the States shall have rejected a proposed amendment any State may by the same mode selected change its vote: *Provided*, That if at any time more than one-fourth of the States have rejected the proposed

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, U. S. A.

March 5, 1925

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Attention: Mr. M. A. Bergfeld

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:

Our advertising in "Outdoor America" is pulling especially fine and ranks on our records among our very best mediums.

It seems your magazine is reaching thousands of anglers who apparently in the past have not been in the habit of getting outdoor magazines, as evidenced by the many new names we learn through the inquiries.

"Outdoor America" is on our major schedule for space and with the good showing you are making, we hope to always continue this program.

Sincerely yours,

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY

(signed)

Ivar Hennings, President.

IH-HC



amendment, said rejection shall be final and further consideration thereof by the States shall cease: *Provided further*, That any amendment proposed hereunder shall be in-operative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution, as provided in the Constitution, within eight years from the date of submission thereof to the States by the Congress: *Provided further*, That no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

I do not seek to go that far. I do not seek to compel. *I would give to the people the right and leave it to them to determine whether they will exercise that right.*

As the situation now stands fewer than 4,000 individuals in this Nation of 110,000,000 people can, if they choose, alter every sentence and paragraph of the Constitution of the United States, except the clause as to equal suffrage in the Senate and with just a few hundred added they could change even that. Two-thirds of a majority of the House and Senate and a majority of a quorum of 36 legislatures can completely revolutionize our dual forms of government within the space of a few fleeting months and upon any efforts so to do there rest no legal restraints, either State or Federal. So far as law is concerned, either organic or statutory, the people have no means of prevention nor any method of recourse or review.

I have here a tabulation by States of the number of members composing the two houses of their respective legislatures.

I think it is true that in all save two States, a majority constitute a quorum. In Tennessee, I am certain, and in Indiana, I think, the constitutions require two-thirds.

In the aggregate there are 5,622 members of the several houses of representatives and 1,778 members of the several senates of the 48 States. There are now 435 Members of the United States House of Representatives and 96 Senators.

We can not, however, by taking two-thirds of the aggregate Congress and a majority of three-fourths of the aggregate number of State legislatures determine just how many individuals can bring about an amendment, since the numbers in the different States vary so greatly.

The third proposition or change is that which gives a State that has ratified a chance to reconsider, provided it be done before its action in conjunction with that of others has become law.

A State which has said "no" may now change and say "yes." What can be the injustice in permitting a corollary whereby it may, within reasonable time limits, change from "yes" to "no"?

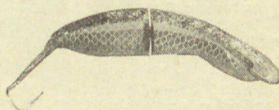
The question of the right of a State to reconsider its action upon amendment has been the subject of much profound discussion. It has never been specifically passed upon by the Supreme Court. In the case of the fourteenth amendment three States—New Jersey, Ohio, and Oregon—after having ratified, subsequently reconsidered and withdrew their consent. The two first did this before the proclamation of the Secretary of State issued July 18, and he issued a statement reciting the facts and declaring that it had been ratified provided these States were to be counted, notwithstanding their re-

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Half Ounce Baits for Light Rods

Here are two new ones—made by Heddon—small size editions of two of Heddon's most famous baits.



the same wiggly motion as its Dad—and every bit as good a teaser.

The Baby Game Fisher—*with two joints instead of three and only 3½ inches—but with*

And the Baby Vamp—*just like the big one except for its*



size—with the same lively swimming action and the same attractive colorations. Both are ideal for lighter rods.

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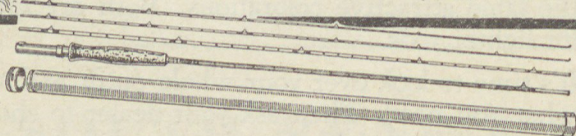
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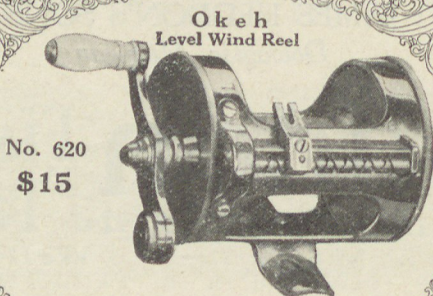


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consideration. Congress immediately passed a concurrent resolution declaring the ratification valid and sufficient, and so on July 28 Secretary Seward, accepting the dictum of Congress, issued a second proclamation declaring it a part of the organic law. It is for this reason, among others, that many lawyers have taken the position that the fourteenth amendment was never legally ratified.

New York, in the case of the fifteenth amendment, ratified on April 14, 1869, but on January 5, 1870, passed resolutions withdrawing consent. This was before the Secretary of State had issued the proclamation, but New York was nevertheless included therein as one of the ratifying States. There were three-fourths without New York, however, and so her action was of no legal moment.

On the other hand, there are several instances where States reconsidered acts of rejection of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments and ratified, and concerning these actions reconsidering negation no question apparently was ever made by the Secretary of State, or, so far as I know, by the Congress.

In practice, therefore, it may be said—and I think it is generally regarded to be—the law that a State may reconsider and change a rejection, but may not reconsider and change a ratification.

Jameson, in his work on constitutional law, in reasoning upon the proposition says, in substance, that this is true because the amendment is submitted for consideration; that after ratification the legislature has lost control. It has passed from its forum, so to speak. But the act of rejection does not have a similar effect. It does not put it beyond their reach if they choose to reach again.

I believe and undertake to maintain that there is no more reason in governmental ethics why an affirmative act should not have the right of reconsideration than a negative prior to the time when the affirmative act actually makes law, and hence the third proposed change.

As for the fourth proposition which would make rejection by more than one-fourth final and require another submission before further action, it seems to me to be justified upon considerations of wise public policy. The people are entitled to have a reasonable end to an issue. They are entitled to be able to know that a question of proposed organic law is settled for a time at least and with the power of resubmission by the Congress left untouched no harm can come, but on the other hand it will, I think, promote better feelings of tranquillity and peaceful progress.

The eighteenth amendment is the only one ever submitted which carried in a resolution of Congress a time within which it must be ratified. The power of Congress to fix a time limit was questioned in the Supreme Court and was expressly upheld by that tribunal in the case of *Dillon v. Gloss* (256 U. S. p. 368).

Mr. Chairman, it has been suggested that this amendment, if adopted, will render it more difficult hereafter to amend the Constitution of the United States. I desire here and now to declare that such is not the underlying motive or funda-



mental purpose of its introduction, nor is it necessarily a logical or proximate result. The desire is to render it more certain than is now the case that amendments adopted in the future shall be truly representative of the wishes of the majority of the people of the States. [Applause.] It does assure, at least, the opportunity for popular study and of deliberate expression upon proposed amendments. *I think he would be an unwise man who would take the position that the Constitution has reached such a state of perfection through the progress of the years as that there will never again be occasion to amend it.*

The framers of the original document, certainly as profound a body of statesmen as ever assembled together upon the earth, realized their own limitations and appreciated that *it must not be made unchangeable law.* Their prophetic visions saw clearly that in the shifting processes of human thought and progress and development *changes, must come;* that if they could not come through peaceful and orderly methods they nevertheless would come, even though it meant revolution, war, bloodletting. And so with discriminating and superb statesmanship they inserted in the instrument itself a method for its peaceful alteration.

Assuredly we would not assume to ourselves a *wisdom superior to theirs* and, directly or indirectly, render the Constitution static.

We would not emulate the example contained in the efforts of the Medes and Persians, but we have the right and, to my mind, it is our duty to meet the changed conditions and the altered psychology of our State and National life wrought by near a century and a half of vicissitude and experience, of education and evolution.

I am rather of opinion that there are some amendments now a part of the organic law—and I say this wholly without reference to my own convictions of their merits, because that is immaterial—which would never have been adopted had there been an opportunity for popular expression. I believe the Constitution has been amended by minorities and that in it are to be found some expressions of minority rather than majority sentiment, notwithstanding the, to some minds, extreme provisions that three-fourths of the States must affirmatively act.

The original Constitution was ratified by conventions held in the States. It was so submitted by the Congress of the Confederacy. The delegates to those conventions were, I think, in all instances chosen of vote of the qualified electors. They were representative bodies, and may be assumed, generally speaking, to have embodied the popular will in their acts.

I would not compel every amendment to be treated as was the original document, but I would give to the people of any State the opportunity to have a voice if they so desire. I do not fear them. The more I read of the history of my country, the more I am convinced that popular government, among a people of our blood and race, is the nearest ap-

(Continued on page 89)

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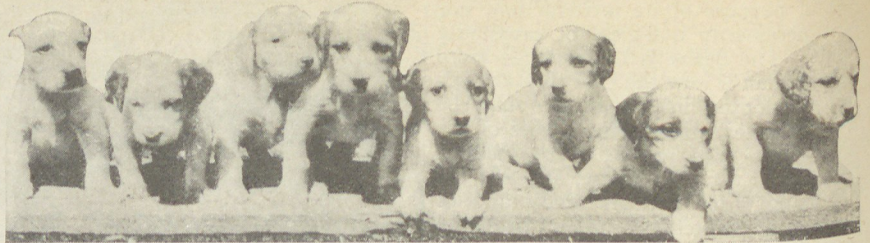
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Exploding Certain Notions

The letters that come in to men who are in any way connected with kennel departments of magazines are both replete with helpful ideas and redundant with queer notions about man's best friend, the dog. The world loves a dog, and the occasional individual that has no fondness for one is hardly worth consideration. And yet, with this close association of mine with dogs, it is very

wonderful what strange notions men have about them and still more so how they adhere to certain beliefs of which no one can tell the origin.

The Negro of the South lets superstition hold sway, but superstition does not explain why he believes that a puppy that walks over a broom on the floor, placed there for test purposes, instead of making a little jump over it, will



never become a good hunter; nor does it explain why he believes that certain dogs have worms in their tails and that they will be worthless unless the tip of the caudal appendage, which is always the part affected, is removed.

Now the black man alone is not the only believer in the existence of a tantalizing worm in the tails of certain dogs. Thousands of white dog owners believe the same thing, though this worm, so far, has proven to be invisible.

As proof one day while visiting in the South years ago, a Northern servant pointed out the number of dogs seen afflicted with tails ducked as proof of the existence of the worm. His notion, however, was exploded when we ascribed it accurately, not to the presence of a wiggling mite, but to the fact that so many dogs whip their tails to a raw state in weeds, brush and burrs; and the cutting off of a part prevents this, as well as saving lots of dogs, both setters and pointers, from a vast amount of self-inflicted pain.

Years ago when a boy, I was a firm believer in the idea that a puppy born with dew claws never went mad. Where I got the idea, I do not know. But recently an English kennel keeper declared the same thing. Just as I did then he had for proof the unalterable facts that no dogs that he had ever seen born with these unnecessary adornments had ever been afflicted with rabies. And we are not the only possessors of such an idea, because there are innumerable people who have faith in the same thing. Dr. Pasteur, however, in all his experiments, has never drawn a line between dogs that have dew claws and those that have not; and worlds of us have yet to see our first case of hydrophobia in a dog or human.

The writer does not want to discredit anybody's faith in pure-bred, pedigreed dogs. On the contrary, he sees the necessity of advising sportsmen to use no other kind if they wish to get the most out of the hunting sports. High class breeding is the foundation of progress in the sporting dog, and everything good is traceable to sensible breeding and keeping blood lines pure through accurate, authoritative stud books. However, the writer was not prepared for such a stupendous claim for registration as recently was disclosed to him. While handling a young dog for a newcomer in the bird dog world, on arrival of the dog, he stated the condition in which it arrived, but felt sure owing to the state of his gums that he was a sufferer from worms.

Promptly came a letter from the owner of the dog, who insisted he was mistaken because the dog was registered, and as proof enclosed his certificate of registration in the Field Dog Stud Book. What the Stud Book, efficient as it is in its own way, had to do with the presence of internal parasites, I do not know, but evidently the owner credited it with powers to guard a dog against such a frequent malady.

It would surprise many readers to know of the number of dog owners who believe that if a thoroughbred bitch is sired once by a dog of no breeding whatever, that for many breedings after with a pure dog the taint of the mongrel will

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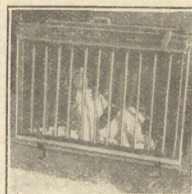
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show. They persist in this too, with a tenacity which is past sensible analysis. The truth of the matter is that only the time of mating with the mongrel brings half breed pups. If, thereafter, the bitch is mated with a pure bred sire of her own breed, and she has access to no other dog, the results of her folly in consorting with a plebian pass away immediately after she has given birth to that one litter of pups.

The obviousness of the lack of foundation in the popular opinion that a bitch is not tainted for life because she has permitted service by one of another breed would surprise some dog men if they knew the number of canine devotees who lost sleep worrying over this.

A thing bordering closely on the above gets just as much popularity by the amount of credence accorded it by the masses. The occasion displays itself when a bitch of pure breeding, through accident has been unfortunately served by several dogs of different breeding. If she has permitted herself to mate with two or three—say she is a pointer, and she has connected with a pointer and a setter, the claims of many are that the pups will partake of the blood of each dog that serves her and their characteristics will plainly show.

The facts are solely these, and most particular ones! The bitch conceives from one dog only. Breeding a setter to a pointer creates what is known in dog parlance as a "dropper." Some of this kind of get will lean strongly to the pointer's characteristics in coat and conformation and some to the setters. It is the mixture of the two bloods that affects this. The get is not the type of either breed nor a type of its own. On this account the error arises, and when two different dogs serve a pointer bitch, a pointer and a setter, the owner will vow the puppies come from both sires because some have short coats and some are long-haired fellows, yet they are emphatically the get of only one sire.

The average dog owner believes in his own estimate of dogs very thoroughly. He is convinced that on one point he is infallible and, absolutely cannot err, that is, in forecasting the intelligence of a puppy from the shape of its head. If he can feel a prominent protuberance at the back of the skull immediately he vows that it is a positive indication of intelligence.

No greater mistake can be made than by judging or forecasting intelligence of a bird dog from the formation of a head. A dog with a snippy muzzle and a poorly shaped head, without the least "stop" to it, can be as intelligent as the best formed one. The ideal in bird dog heads originated from the standards set by bench show judges. A type was produced accordingly as the representative one of each breed of bird dogs. This type was arrived at by breeding for type alone, and at the sacrifice of brains and field qualities. This can in no manner have any influence whatever on the working future of a bird dog. If we are to judge the specimens of winning bench show dogs we see afield, the opposite type of head and muzzle would give basis for forecasting brains and ability, according to performance instead of bench standards.

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Congressional Classic

(Continued from page 85)

each to ideal government, in its safety, perpetuity, its beneficences which the mind of man has yet conceived. [Applause.] It has been suggested often that the sought in this amendment—that of opportunity for popular expression—can be attained by changing the way of submission to legislatures and by the alternative of submitting amendments to conventions to be chosen by the people of the respective States.

Theoretically this is true, but, Mr. Chairman, while possible it is really impracticable so to do. Probably, with this at least, sufficient proof of the practicability of the convention method is found in the fact that Congress has never seen fit to utilize it. It needs but a thought to bring us to a realization of how cumbersome this method would be in its practical application and of the innumerable perplexing questions that would arise. For instance, what is a convention as contemplated in the Constitution?

The word "legislatures" had a well-defined meaning to the minds of the framers and that has been unchanged. The word "convention" had also a meaning at that time, but what does it mean to-day?

How shall it be chosen? Can Congress provide the method? What shall be the basis of representation? When and where shall it meet? What authority shall it have? Shall it be had upon every subject without reference to its relative importance? Who is to determine this? Shall it proceed indefinitely with puzzling questions?

The amendment proposed in House Resolution 68 is in no sense radical or revolutionary. Did I think it so I would not propose it. I am not ashamed to declare that in temperament and in opinion I am conservative; not ultra-conservative, I trust, for I stand ready to recognize changing conditions and meet them with essential and proper law, but I confess, or I prefer to say, unhesitatingly avow, that I have not yet reached a stage of either intellectual or moral intrepidity which renders me willing to embark in just any vessel without rudder or compass upon uncharted seas. [Applause.]

See nothing of either an economic or social character in the condition of society as it exists to-day which renders it necessary to either human happiness or individual security.

(Continued on page 94)

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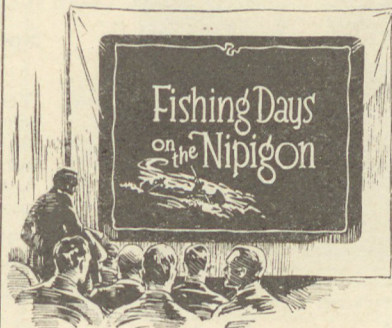
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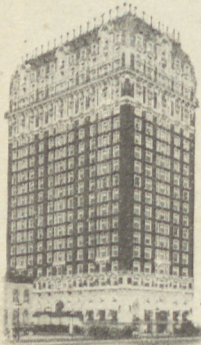
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OLD fashion coonhounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, squirrel and cat. Rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Little's Grocery, Greenwood, Miss. (4-x)

OLD time, long eared black and tan fox hound pups. Seven months old, \$35.00. Younger, less price. Denver Ackley, Cattaraugus, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Red Bone hounds trained on coon. Choice puppies. Also pedigreed fox hounds. Ten cents for photos. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

FOR SALE—Seven-eighths Red Bone, one-half English Foxhound. Trained, twenty months old, fast trailer. Photo and price on request. Powers, Harbor Springs, Mich.

OLD-TIME, long-eared, black-and-tan foxhound puppies from foremost pack extant. Illustrated, descriptive booklet, 10c. Merrett Bros., Nichols, N. Y., R. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Registered, pedigreed, broke foxhounds, \$75.00. Some cheaper ones, and puppies. Dr. M. Casper, Stark Bldg., Louisville, Kentucky.

OLD-FASHIONED, extremely long-eared black and tan registered American Foxhound puppies. Descriptive illustrated circular, 10c. Earl G. Bannock, Bannock, Ohio.

TRAINED Stag Hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. Earl G. Bannock, Cherokee, Okla.

REGISTERED Irish Wolfhound pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-5)

AT Stud—Purple Ribbon Ben, long-eared black and tan, registered American foxhound. Thos. O. Nelson, Shipshewana, Ind.

COON hound puppies from best breeding stock. Also pedigreed pointer pups. C. W. Finger, Tenn.

FOR SALE: One foxhound, fast and smart. Also one good, steady track runner. Laughman, Senecaville, Ohio.

OZARK Mountain coon, opossum, skunk, rabbit and squirrel dogs. Open and silent trained. Floyd Parker, Japton, Ark.

FOR SALE: Good trained foxhounds, 15 days' trial. Youngsters also. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

RED Bone Male, Rabbit broken, guaranteed \$20.00 approval. Graney, 607 Masters, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR SALE—Bloodhound and Foxhound puppies. McKenzie Kennels, McKenzie, N. Dak.

FOR QUALITY, buy your coonhounds from H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss.

Miscellaneous Dogs

SAINT Bernards, Police, Russian Wolf Hounds, Newfoundlands, Airedales, Collies, Black Shepherds, List 10c. Stamps. State wants. Belmont Lodge, Smyrna, Ga.

CHOWS—Excellent quality, exceptional gentle dispositions, dark red or black puppies. Also some growth stock. Glennco Kennels, Northbrook, Ill.

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, pointers. W. M. King, Cynthia, Ky. R. D. No. 1.

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, \$10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Mo. (12-2)

SELLING Intelligent Registered Mammoth Danes and Newfoundlands. N. Smith, Box 14, New Richmond, Ind.

2 NORWEGIAN Bear Hounds $\frac{3}{4}$, 14 days' trial, one year old, \$18.00 and \$20.00. Charles Hawthorne, Garnett, Kansas.

GREAT Danes. Puppies and grown stock. Farm, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Pointers and Setters

HARDY T. Rap, perfectly marked Liver & White Pointer Dog. Two years old March 1st. weighs 60 lbs. Has the size, breeding and looks for stud purposes. Being finished by John Campbell, the well known Southern Trainer. Will sacrifice for \$175.00. A. P. Campbell, Caruthersville, Mo.

AT Stud: Candy Kid's Cotton. By Dick's Torpedo. Candy Kid Ex Countess Mitsie. Dick's Torpedo. By Dick's Count Roddick Ex Eugene's Torpedo. Black, White, Tan. Wonderful studs at \$100. Wire, write and ship photo. Caldwell. Send for cards. Lockwood, Missouri. \$25.00 also puppy proposition.

REGISTERED 100% Llewellyn setter 3 years. All papers. Well broken. Also pedigreed pointer bitch, well broken, a fine retriever, \$50. Pedigreed pointer, setter dogs, well broken, \$50 each. Pointer and setter pups, \$10 each. Royce, 306 N. Garland Place, Memphis, Tenn.

ENGLISH Pointer Puppies—Bred from registered shooting stock. Sire and Dam both registered in Field Dog Stud Book. Papers furnished with each puppy. J. M. Drumm, Mercersburg, Pa.



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 94.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Con'td

REGISTERED Pointer Dog will be two years old November 26th, White, Liver and Heavily ticked. Points and backs nicely, will find all Comanches Pearl Proctor. This dog weighs 56 lbs. A bargain at \$100.00. A. P. Campbell, Carthersville, Mo.

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters, Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe and wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

BEAUTIFUL English Setter Puppies, perfectly marked, good conformation, head and muzzles, \$15.00 each, if taken while young. All papers furnished. Clarence Jones, Kampsville, Ill.

SELLING out kennels, Llewellyn setters and pointers of best breeding obtainable. Stud dog, New Plymouth, Idaho. (3-4)

WIRRHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies, Champion bred, Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City. (3-4)

CHOICE English and Irish Setters, puppies and grown dogs; will take a few dogs to train. Knap Setter Kennels, Clearwater, Nebr.

BEST Thoroughbred Setters at stud and for sale. Pups at all times. Superior quality, reasonable prices. John Kratz, Carrollton, Mo.

FOR Sale—Pointer Pups. Males, \$15.00; females, \$10.00. Lew Lehr, Elgin, Nebr.

SACRIFICING registered pointer and setter pups. Overstocked. Big huskies. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

REGISTERED English setter pups. Best of breeding. Some now pointing. Priced right. W. Wittingham, Arpin, Wisconsin. (2-4)

REGISTERED Pointers and pups. Priced to sell. Illinois State Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (3-4)

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. R. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale—Thirty beautiful light and dark police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Wittenbrook, Kremenapolize blood line; big, husky, healthy pups \$30 and \$35; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 10 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-6)

FOR Sale—Some very fine German Shepherd police puppies. Containing Uckermark, Starkenburg, Riedeckenburg and Kriminalpolizei blood lines. On approval. \$25.00 and up. Riverside Police Dog Kennels, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-5)

DOBERMAN Pinscher Puppies. Well bred; eligible American Kennel Club; reasonable; shipped on approval. Delivery guaranteed. Boyce Masters, Bowerston, Ohio. (3-5)

POLICE dogs and pups. Sturdy northern Championship eligible bloodlines. Very reasonable prices. Dawson Kennels, Dawson, Mo. (3-4)

REGISTERED Police Puppies. See ad on page 94.

Firearms—Cont'd

OVER & UNDER guns for field and trap work becoming rapidly the favored gun of trap shooters and hunters. Made by August Schuler, Suhl. Also three barrel guns, small game and big game rifles, double barrel rifles, side by side guns. Write for new catalog to Sole Agent, Frederick W. Hollender, 245 Canal St., New York City.

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

REBLUE your gun in 20 minutes. Apply cold; no equipment required. Not a lacquer. It acts chemically and is easy to make and apply. Formula and instructions, \$1.50. Triangle Specialty Co., 1517 14th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

FOR Sale—Bargains in New and Used Guns. Largest assortment in Central Minnesota. Firearms List, 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn.

FIREARMS, ammunition and components. Loading tools, rifle and revolver bullets. Ideal tools wanted. W. A. Clark, Colton, N. Y.

OBSOLETE and Foreign Ammunition a Specialty. State Wants. The Gun Room, 129 East 59th St., New York, N. Y.

TRAP grade Winchester, twelve gauge, Silver's pad, fine condition, seventy dollars. Ray Deahl, Goshen, Indiana.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice, Wild Celery, Ducks Potato, Sago Pond Plant, etc., bring ducks and fish to waters near you. Ready to plant now. 28 years' experience. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 19 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-6)

WILD Rice for Spring Planting; also parched for table use. Booklet "Wild Rice for Wild Ducks." We aim to give service on both. Also other wild duck attractions. Geo. D. Hamilton, Box 35, Detroit, Minnesota.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, 2 lbs., \$1.00. Doughbait guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., \$1.00. Preserved minnows, quart can, \$1.00. All orders postpaid. I buy pearls. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

FISHERMEN—Live bait for fresh and salt water fishing. Send for list. American Bait Company, 19 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Penna. (2-4)

For Sale or Exchange

FOR Sale: Western Electric Lighting Plant, 750 Watt, used six months. Price, \$300.00. Reason for selling, power line came in. Geo. W. Geurtz, Phlox, Wis.

FEW young hounds well started, guaranteed to make tree dogs. Coonbred for fifteen years. Want registered beagles, camp stoves or tent. William Rotter, Box A, Walford, Iowa.

SELL or Trade—Typewriter, checkwriter, add-

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale—Buffalo wolf pups, tame as kittens, fifty dollars each, either sex. Straight from dens, twenty-five dollars. Reservations made when money is received. Shipped weaned May 7th. Adult males, 100 lbs.; females, 80 lbs. Affectionate as dogs. Pictures sent. Robt. Jones, Mgr. McCleery Wolf Pack, Kane, Pa.

ENGLISH Ring Neck eggs, \$5.00 per dozen. Wild Mallard ducks mated, \$5.00 to \$5.50. Drakes eggs, \$2.25 per 15. Tom Barron strain white Leghorn eggs, \$1.00 per 15 eggs, \$4.00 per 100 eggs. Young stock in season. George G. Wiest, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa, R. R. No. 1. (2-5)

SALE—Wild captured northern Red, Grey, Foxes, Coyotes Pups, Breeding Foxes, Raccoons, Skunks, Canadian Geese, Black Ducks. Hatching Eggs—Wild Turkey, Peafowl, Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Pheasant, Mallard, English Call Duck. Also choice Breeding Stock. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill. (3-5)

BIG Money made raising Silver Foxes. 200% is common. We offer better Foxes at better prices. We help you get started and help sell your increase. Fox Farm, Cumberland, Wis.

FOR Sale—Pit game fowls. Cocks, \$5.00. Hens, \$2.50. We have fought these birds for ten years and are satisfied with results. Eggs, 15 for \$3.00. J. D. Dancer, Vermontville, Michigan.

PHEASANTS, Hungarian partridges, quails, wild turkeys, grouse, peafowl, wild ducks, wild geese. Eggs and stock for immediate delivery. Illustrated circular free. Possum Hollow Game-farm, R. 9-46, Springfield, Ohio. (1x)

SILVER Foxes are as easy to raise as dogs. Easy terms. Buy from Pioneer Ranchers. Pelts bring \$150 to \$400 each. Stamp particulars. Valley Silver Fox Farm, St. Stephen, N. B. (3-4)

FOR Sale—Blue Foxes. Send ten cents coin, prices, photos, literature. Grove's Blue Fox Ranch, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Dept. B. (7-8)

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Wood Ducks. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Order eggs now. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

PHEASANT Ring Neck Eggs from choice stock, hardy birds, \$3.50. Setting of twelve eggs. William Coe, Suffern, N. Y., or 27 W. 125th St., New York.

CROSSED Black and Mallard eggs, \$2.00 dozen. Book now. Very dark stock. Fine callers. Show well. Trio birds, \$5.50. L. B. Briggs, Jr., Bourneville, Mass.

WHITE Muscovy Ducks. First prize winners Madison Square Gardens past five years. Dr. Church, Eastchester and Boston Roads, New York City.

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard ducks, \$5.00 pair. Eggs in season, \$10.00 per hundred. L. F. Sutton, Akron, New York. (4-7)

FOR Sale—English Call duck eggs. Wild geese all kinds. Write Earl Haswell, Tekamah-



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 92 and 93.

Indian Goods—Continued

GENUINE Navajo Indian Rugs; 35 Years Selling Indian Curios. Illustrated Catalogue, 10c. Moab Co., 135 Regent St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

INDIAN Relics—20p. clearing catalog for stamp. Grutzmacher, Mukwonago, Wis.

INDIAN made Baskets, Blankets, Beads, Catalogue. Gilham, Kelseyville, Calif. (12-12)

Miscellaneous

PROSPECTING while hunting. Easy methods for sure detection of gold, silver and 26 other minerals. Simply explained for hunters and trappers, \$1.50. How to successfully pan gold, \$1.00. Both for \$2.00. Triangle Specialty Co., 1517 14th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

COON Hunters, Dog Trainers and Trappers. I have important information for your benefit and success; can show you how to be more successful. Particulars free. Raymond Bingham, Batavia, Ohio, R. 1.

OREGON Wool Blankets, Hudson's Bay Point Blankets, Elderdawn Sleeping Robes, Stag Coats, Outing Equipment. Factory shipments. Theo. Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-6)

BEVERAGES, your favorite, formulas for making. Other listings. Free valuable information. The Formula Co., Dept Y, 122 West Howe St., Seattle, Wash. (3-5)

"BOOT-TITE" will waterproof your boots. Absolutely guaranteed, 17 years experimental. Ask your shoeman or Large can 35c postpaid. "Boot-Tite" Co., Two Harbors, Minn. (3-4)

THE North Sewage Screen will remove pollution from domestic or industrial sewers. Bay Foundry & Machine Works, Green Bay, Wis. (3-5)

PURE Extracted Honey, prepaid, five pounds one dollar. Ten, \$1.85. Sixty, \$10.00. Robison Bros., Carlinville, Ill. (2-4)

QUIT Tobacco easily, inexpensively with pleasant Florida root. Send address. Paul Stokes, Nohawk, Florida. (4-4)

PURE Maple Syrup, new crop, \$2.50 per gallon, transportation extra. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis.

TYPEWRITERS: \$20 up. Easy payments. Free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kansas. (6-5)

Photography

5x7 ENLARGEMENT 25c. Send Negative. J. Frey, 53 Walnut St., Newark, N. J. (3-6)

PHOTO Enlargements that are different. Send your film for outline and price. M. E. Cowen, State Branch, Cresson, Pa. (3-4)

Printing

LABOR saving equipment and low overhead permits us to offer low printing prices. Estimates and samples on request. Bement Printing Co., Bement, Illinois. (3-6)

\$2.00 FOR 125 Letter Heads, 8 1/2 x 11 (bond paper) and 125 Envelopes. Cash. Delivered. Get samples and prices. Pershong & Co., South Bend, Indiana.

200 BUSINESS or calling cards neatly printed. Plain or fancy type, \$1.25 postpaid. Card case free. Schwer Bros., 318 Bush St., Covington, Ky.

YOUR name and address printed on 250 fine white envelopes for \$1.00 postpaid. Alfman, B824, El Paso, Texas.

Real Estate

NORTH Wisconsin. Fifty-two acres primeval forest and five-room summer cottage on lake, Ashland County, Wisconsin. Seventeen hundred feet shore line. Five other lakes within half mile. Bass, partridge and deer abundant. Highest part Wisconsin making summers always cool. \$3,000. Write Prof. Ralph H. McKee, Columbia University, New York City, for details and photos.

MOOSE Horn Ranch for sale in big game country, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. Plenty of big game near ranch. Good fishing. Lots of game birds. Beautiful scenery. Good buildings. Fine place for tourists' resort. Good cattle country. J. L. Eynon, Grovont, Mont.

SHORE lots, acres, cottages, on finest fishing lakes in northern Wisconsin. Muskalonge, bass, trout, pike; deer, ducks, partridge. Large selection, near towns or in wilderness. Low prices. Wise Land Company, 11 S. La Salle St., Chicago.

NORTHERN Wisconsin—For Sale: Beautiful heavily wooded, 100 ft. lake front lots on Star Lake. Clear, sandy beach; best of Muskie, Pike and Bass fishing. Lots \$500.00 each; terms if desired. J. Chester Ole, 4215 Potomac Avenue, Chicago.

Real Estate—Cont'd

FOR Sale—Cottage on Lake Koshkonong six miles by road on beautiful Rock River—Boat House—Two Boats—Cottage completely furnished. Write for full description and price. Henry Schempf, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

WILL sell 160 acres in Washington, suitable for hunting lodge and other money making possibilities. Or consider partner with capital. Appointment for interview. Box 400, Outdoor America.

PECAN-ORANGE Groves "On the Gulf" \$10 monthly. Guaranteed care. Soon produce \$500.00 yearly. Suburban Orchards, Dept. A, Biloxi, Mississippi. (3-5)

LAKE frontage in the dense Wisconsin forest. Virgin timber, pure water, good fishing and bathing. Find rest, recreation and health. Morse & Tradewell, Antigo, Wisconsin. (2-5)

NORTHERN Wisconsin Lakeshore lands, Lake Owen, Namakagon, Diamond and other good lakes. Wilderness timbered country off main auto trail if desired. Write for folder. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-6)

\$5 DOWN, \$5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks \$100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

SPIDER Lake, Sawyer County, Wisconsin. Muskie and Bass—Log Cabins on beautiful lots. Very easy terms. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe St., Madison, Wis.

TWENTY-SEVEN acres, Spider Lake, Wis. Fine timber, good shore. Exclusive. Will build cabin—long easy terms. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe St., Madison, Wis.

1,300 ACRES—North Central Michigan. \$6.00 per acre. Lakes, streams, fish and game. Porter and Wyman, Muskegon, Mich. (3-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-6)

Situation Wanted

ATTENTION Museums: An authority on birds, animals, fish, reptiles and insects, an expert taxidermist, paleontologist, entomologist, years' experience collecting and preserving natural history specimens, scientific and mechanical ability, enthusiasm and energy, desires position as superintendent and curator of museum. Address, Box No. 500, Outdoor America.

Stamp Collecting

STAMPS on approval at 60% discount. References, please. J. A. Flaten, Fertile, Minn.

Taxidermy

FUR and leather tanning, remodeling, dyeing, repairing, taxidermy and manufacturing of all kinds. Snake and alligator for leather a specialty. Henry Breuer and Son, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. (3-6)

MOUNTED Trout—Rainbow, Eastern Brook, Cutthroat, choice specimens. Theodore Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-4)

F. SCHUMACHER, manufacturer of glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermists' supplies, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-4)

BROWN bear skin, tanned, will make splendid rug, \$35.00. Other skins; write today for list. Albert Gerlach, New Orleans, La.

Wanted

OLD Money Wanted—\$2 to \$500 each paid for hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep all old money, it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed Prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, P Street, LeRoy, N. Y. (5-5)

WANTED—Sportsmen come get real salmon, trout—fishing and canoe trips. References sent. Apply to Solomon Gillam, Guide, Robinsons, Newfoundland. (2-4)

WANTED: A married man, no children, in poor health, that would like to make his expenses in northern Wisconsin running a tourist camp. Address C. E. Shamon, Edgerton, Wisconsin.

WANTED: Block Decoys, Mallard, Pintail, Geese; state amount, kind and price. Charles Einfeldt, Box 65, Forest Park, Illinois. (3-6)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS and Shetland Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland; the "real thing" for distinctive Sports Suits; hand-woven and wonderfully good-looking. Booklet and latest exclusive patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-9)

Congressional Classic

(Continued from page 89)

I believe in the deep things that find expression in the Constitution of my country. I know that it brought into existence the most unique scheme of government ever devised by the genius of man for men, and, I think, the greatest.

The very theory which was wrought into its web and woof by the master weavers of that glorious era was different from that which had been the warp of all other confederations.

All history is filled with tales of alliances and leagues of covenants and confederations between sovereign states, and all history is cluttered with their wreckage.

Through the dim and mystic corridors of the ages there swarm and stroll the silent ghosts of long-expired confederacies, "the hollow wraiths of dying fame."

The inherent weakness of these systems as a rule lay in the fact that the general government formed under them or by them was not a coalition of the peoples but a mere combination of the State. That was the very germ of the weakness of the American Confederation proposed in 1776 and adopted finally by the last State, Maryland, in January, 1781.

The Constitution builders did a new thing in the world. They evolved a plan which has no precedent in history and which probably will have no counterpart in ultimate destiny.

They created a new governmental entity which was once a confederacy and a nation. It draws its powers, holds its authority not from the States, but from the people of the States, its perpetuity, so far as the provisions of the Constitution control, depends upon the whim, the caprice, or even the intelligent will of the States, as States, but upon the wish and wisdom of the people of the States; its functions are exerted and powers are exercised not upon the States, as States, but upon the people of the States.

There is deep significance in the terse and powerful language of the tenth amendment:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

This is true because the Constitution while creating a nation yet left to the States, the integrals or units composing it, not a mere modicum but a vast quantum of sovereign powers, and guaranteed them against either foreign or domestic aggression or interference in their exercise.

This was the first of the things that made the scheme worked out in the Philadelphia Convention, under the eye of Washington, the immortal, unique in the annals of mankind.

The other was the nicety with which the powers of the general government created were distributed and balanced between and among the three departments created—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial.

These two things constitute at once its uniqueness and its greatness and are the



This Emblem



Was designed to give manufacturing members the very opportunity mentioned in the following letter:

AMARILLO, TEXAS, February 2, 1925.

Izaak Walton League of America,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Being in sympathy with the noble work of your organization, as well as being a member and ex-secretary of our local chapter, naturally I am interested in the welfare of our mutual success along the lines of conservation of game.

There has frequently come into my mind, and I believe into the minds of thousands of other members, a curiosity to know "Who's Who" in our league; that is, who are the leading contributors and supporters, outside of the Editorial Department and the literary contributors.

The point I am trying to make is, how many and who are the Ammunition, Arms, Fishing Tackle and Outdoor Supplies Manufacturers, etc., who primarily live because of Game and Fish? The publishing of the manufacturing members' names will inform the users of their wares just who are in sympathy with, and support, our league. I consider that this information would be beneficial and just to those who advertise in our magazine; also it would give to members an opportunity to trade with and use the products of, friendly manufacturers.

My desire is not to create any boycott or enmity among those who do not support us, but to help those who do help us; and I feel that in time this information to the league's members will help transform those that are not members. In other words, as a member, I feel that I have a right to know those who are in sympathy with our cause. There are not so many manufacturers along the above lines but that this information can be given without very much space or time being consumed.

Yours truly

(Signed) H. L. Murphy.

Write today for Information relative to a manufacturing membership and the use of our emblem in your advertising and literature.

mudsills of its grandeur and sublimity, and these assuredly I am unwilling to lay hands upon to alter. To me that would be a profanation.

There exists to-day, as strongly as there existed 138 years ago, the necessity for maintaining the independence, each of the other, of the great departments through which the national authority finds concrete expression. There exists to-day as strongly as there existed then the necessity for keeping governmental functions divided between the Nation and the States, and in general, I think, the sound rule of action may be found in the policy of leaving all powers that can be as well exercised through State agency as to be there exerted, and extending the arm of the Federal Government only to those things and themes which the States can not—I do not mean will not; I mean can not—reach.

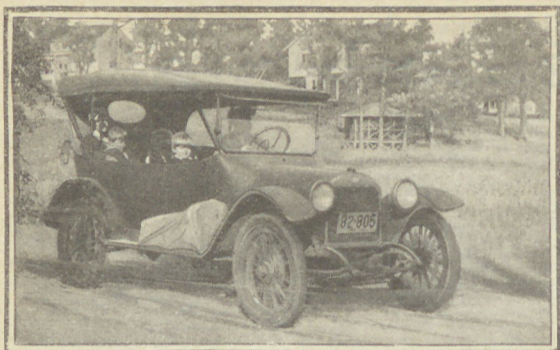
I see no reason why any person imbued with the real spirit of constitutional government and devoted to the principle of majority rule—which after all is the very bedrock of peace, order, security, and perpetuity—may not support this amendment. I think I see every reason why they should.

Those of us who propose it and urge it are certainly not of the revolutionary or radical type. We are not of those who would with ruthless roughness and contemptuous impatience kick the Constitution from our pathway or tread it into the dust beneath our feet.

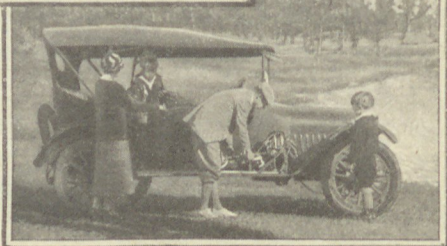
We revere it as the preserver and the hope of human freedom. In it the great heroes of the past crystallized the insights which had been bought with patriot blood; in it they gave to liberty for all time "a local habitation and a name." We think of it, sir, with unstinted emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving as having been, in sunshine and in storm, the sheet anchor of our past—our past with its hectic passions and its exalted powers; we recognize it to be the shelter of our present—our present with its prayer and its praise; we hold fast to the faith that it is to be the shield of our future—our future with its dreams and its dreams.

It is strange, Mr. Chairman, but it is true that almost every step which has been taken toward human liberty, apparently the natural state of man, has been taken upon and over the pulseless forms of battle-slain dead, and blood-stained flags are almost the only symbols that signal across the ages the accomplishment of fundamental governmental things. To this latter our Constitution was the noblest and most notable exception. War, indeed, opened the way for its creation and acceptance, but it itself came into being through orderly and peaceful processes. It was a revolution of peace.

The amendment does not propose to stir or agitate the depths of its pure, clean waters. Upon the direct contrary, the compelling impulse which has presented it is to render them more secure in placid serenity. It is for this reason that I earnestly invite my colleagues to its study in the hope that they may see eye to eye with those of us who so strongly believe in its submission and adoption. When writing to advertisers give credit to Outdoor America



With the Johnson Outboard Motor in its canvas carrying case clamped on the running board of the car, any family within 50 miles of boating water can run out to the shore, and then—



—park the car, lift off the Johnson Motor (it weighs only 35 pounds, and is easy one-hand carry), and then—



—quickly attach it to any boat (their own or rented) by tightening just two wing screws, and then—



—enjoy a day on the water, where there are no crowds and no dust, where the air is clear, fresh and invigorating—and plenty of ideal picnic spots along the shore.

Out on the water away from the crowds

NO more dust and gasoline fumes on over-crowded highways for the family with a car and a Johnson Outboard Motor.

Theirs is the joy and sport of motor boating—where there are no roads to restrict, no crowds, no sign boards between them and the scenery.

The Johnson Motor makes it possible—for the Johnson is the *only really portable* outboard motor.

It weighs only 35 pounds—*complete and ready to run*. No batteries, no coils, no rudder, no tiller ropes—an easy one-hand carry.

The Johnson is the *dependable* outboard motor. Dependability was L. J. Johnson's first consideration when he designed it. *Absolute dependability*—not "pretty dependable" or "usually dependable" or even simply "more dependable than others."

The Johnson makes a motor boat out of any boat or canoe. Boat livery men don't mind your using the Johnson on rented boats because they know it cannot injure them. It is the only outboard motor that can be attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering any of them.

More Johnson Motors were sold in 1924 than any other make.

If you want to know what real sport is *get into the boat and see for yourself*. Any Johnson dealer will give you a free demonstration.

If you don't know the Johnson dealer write us for **FREE** catalog and we will gladly send you his name.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY

912 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.

Eastern Distributor and Export: New York Johnson Motor Co., Inc.
4 West 61st Street, New York City, N. Y.

Canadian Distributor:

Peterborough Canoe Company, Peterborough, Ontario

Johnson OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

1925 Model Better than Ever

Power increased 25 to 30%.

* * *

Drives rowboat 7 to 9 miles per hour, canoe 9 to 12 miles.

* * *

Improved Super-quick Action Magneto gives even easier starting.

* * *

Johnson Shock Absorber Drive is standard equipment—permits running over submerged rocks, logs, sand-bars, etc., without injury to propeller or motor.

* * *

**Weight Remains
Only 35 Pounds**

Power
increased
25-30%

Weight
remains
only
35
pounds



Elto GIVES YOU

Ole Evinrude's
LATEST TWIN
OUTBOARD MOTOR

An
EXTRA H.P.
without
Extra Cost



Here is the year's unmatched value in rowboat motors. The new 3 H.P. Elto gives you a full extra horsepower without extra cost. Think of the extra speed, the greater power, the surer safety in rough waters, and the constant satisfaction these things afford. Remember, Elto with its heaping measure of power costs you no more.

Starts with a Touch

Perhaps no Elto feature is more appreciated. Just step into your boat and go. No coaxing and priming. No spinning. No rope to pull. Give the starting button a quarter swing, and as easily as you step on the starter of your auto, Elto jumps into action. The Atwater-Kent Uni-Sparker Ignition with Columbia Waterproof Hot Shot Batteries throws a spark of such intensity and fire, your Elto simply *must* "Start with a Touch," even on cold days.

Only Motor with the Propello-Pump

This feature alone is priceless—especially in muddy or sandy waters. For Elto owners, all pump troubles are forever ended. There is not a single moving pump part—no valves to stick—no parts to wear.

The Propello-Pump is operated by siphon, suction and the driving force of the propeller blades. Screened openings in the rudder constantly feed an abundance of cool water to the Motor. It never overheats. As long as the engine is running, the Propello-Pump is working.

Write for Free Catalog

See for yourself the many advantages and the extra value Elto offers. For example,

Elto—with its heaping measure of power, costs you no more.

Elto—with its instant easy starting every time, costs you no more.

Elto—with its safe rudder steering, enabling you to guide from any part of the boat, costs you no more.

Elto—with the Propello-Pump, which absolutely ends all pump troubles, costs you no more.

Before you select any Motor, take time to compare and see for yourself the extra value Ole Evinrude offers you in Elto—the Fastest Light Twin. Write for Free Catalog today.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.

OLE EVINRUDE, President

Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.



Designed &
Built by
Ole Evinrude

Do not confuse the Easy-Starting Light-Weight Elto Twin with any other Outboard Motor, as for 11 years, Ole Evinrude, founder of the industry, has had no connection with any other Outboard Motor Co. The Elto is built in his own factory, under his personal direction.

The Motor that Starts with a Touch

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gentlemen:—Send me complete catalog describing the new Elto Outboard Motor.
Name
Address



*Model 12
Take-Down
Rifle*

Put This .22 Repeater In Your Car

THE Remington Model 12 Hammerless .22 Repeater is reliable and fast. Swing one of these little rifles to your shoulder, and you'll know what perfect balance means. It just seems to point itself.

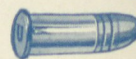
Like all Remington repeaters it has that lightning-fast, smooth-working pump action. Recall how the speediest duck-shot you know can empty a Remington Repeating Shotgun after a flock of mallards. Think what happens when you put that same type of action on a .22 with its shorter slide, and no recoil to bother you. You can cut loose and rattle

the bullets out so fast you can hardly detect the intervals between hits.

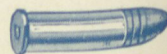
The magazine holds 15 .22 shorts, 12 long, or 10 long-rifle cartridges; and that beautifully rifled Remington barrel puts them where you aim. Weighs only 4½ pounds and is take-down. Has solid, reliable breech-blocks that really lock and protect; extractors that really extract and eject.

There's not a thing to worry about when you shoot a Remington.

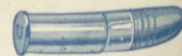
Remington Arms Company, Inc.
Established 1816
25 Broadway New York City



*.22 Short
Lesmok*



*.22 Long
Lesmok*



*.22 Long-Rifle
Palma*

Remington small-bore cartridges hold the world's records for target shooting. Best on the bull's-eye is best on game.

Remington

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Ammunition

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